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THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
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PUNCH

OR THE London Charivari.

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PREFACE.

WHAT shall we say for ourselves? What apology shall we make to the thousand-and-one prophets who predicted our early dissolution, for again disappointing them?

OUR THIRD VOLUME!

Hem! We pull out our frill, and advance our best carved leg in admiration of ourselves. We feel that we have made the "Times," and bestowed an immortality upon "*our* Morning Herald."

What a morality have we taught! Our wit has converted our deformity into beauty. The sweetness of our philosophy has changed the "shrill treble" of our voice to "golden harmonies."

We are no longer the vagabond brawler of bye lanes and alleys—the baited of policemen—the motley mendicant of the drama. No; we are now—what word can express the thing we are but—"PUNCH?"

It is narrated of the philosophic Bayle, that his only relaxation from the severest studies, was to wrap his cloak around him, and watch the vagaries of PUNCH. Philosophers have accorded the same homage to ourselves—our weekly show-box is anxiously sought by all who are unwilling to let their minds moulder; and, amid our own wearying exertions for our country's good, we derive a priceless consolation from the reflection that myriads are made wiser and happier for "PUNCH."

Gentle readers—sensible Subscribers—we touch our cap, and honestly and heartily wish you a merry Christmas—such as we knew of old, when

"The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen,
The hall was dress'd with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry men go
To gather in the misletoe:
Then open wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doff'd his pride."

SCOTT.

PUNCH'S PROLOGUE TO HIS THIRD VOLUME.

A MYSTIC Number, is Number Three!
For are we not told
By Pliny of old
That three, and but three, were the Sibyllæ?
Three were the books they left behind;
(A second edition who can find?)
Three are the thimbles, and only three,
That have covered the wonderful little pea.
The Poor-law Commissioners are no more;
Their spell would be broken if they were four;—
And never again could the poor be fed
On a ha'porth of cheese and a ha'porth of bread.
Fatal that Number has been, for we
Married our wife from Number Three;
And won't the next year as ever is, be
Eighteen hundred and forty-three?

Over the paper and on to our quill,
Jumping from table to window sill,
Are two little imps,
As lively as shrimps
Before they are boil'd—Will they never be still?

One has settled at last—such a strange little prig—
In a square-cut coat and a full-bottom'd wig,
And under his arm he has placed, ha! ha!
Such a queer little three-corner'd *chapeau de bras;*
The buckles are silver he wears in his shoes,
Which were made when they used to be square at the toes.
Bless us and save us! how changed he appears,
His pucker'd-up face seems the text-book of years,
And no one would think that a moment ago,
He was skipping about like Ma'amselle Cerito!

With his toes turn'd out as tho' he had stood
In the wooden box,
'Yclept the stocks,
Which is used to turn naughty girls into good;
He hands us a card which we never can hope
To decipher without we'd a microscope;
But the little sprite
Now does the polite,
And stepping up with a gentle hem!
Says, "The name you see, belongs to me,
It's Doubleu—i—s—dee—o—m."
"WISDOM!—Are you that hoary sage?
Really you seem very small for your age."
Says he,
"I be,
And I've come to assist at 'PUNCH,' Volume Three."
And then without pausing a single minute,
He has leap'd to the throttle
Of our little ink-bottle,
And just like a dabchick, has soused himself in it.
Help! help! he will surely be drown'd,
And what will the coroner say when he's found?
We've poked all about with our pen, but O la!
We can fish nothing up but his *chapeau de bras!*

The other sprite
Doth now alight,
As though to inquire "What *are* you at!"
O my! what a pair of luminous eyes,
We never saw any so bright for their size,
And so wide awake,
O wouldn't they make
Two "Union-pins" for a satin cravat,
With one of the "Albert ties?"

Gingerly over the table he trips,
Swaying his body about from the hips,
As much as to say
If you wish to convey
To the world that you're made out of porcelain clay,
You'll own that my style is the right time o' day!

"I'm Wit," says he,
"So, Signior P—,
'Twill be rather hard if we cannot agree.

"You've occasioned some sport
In my own joyous court,
So I've come to assist in your Volume Three;
And, to prove my good will,
Let me creep in your quill,
And each word shall sparkle that flows from its tip.
We can surely devise
To be witty and wise,
For Wisdom lies hid in the fount where you dip!"

Presto!
Just so—
Or the time was, if anything, shorter—
Wit flew to our pen,
And its nib we saw then—
Was a gem of the very first water.
So, tho' wondrous the tomes that we've written may be,
You'll find they 'll be nothing to Volume Three!

ST. PAUL'S AT SEA.

We take the following from *The Times* :—

"On the passage out in the Acadia, Captain Alexander Ryrie reports that, on the 16th of May, in latitude 46, longitude 47, there were seen about 100 icebergs, some of them of large size, and one from 400 to 500 feet high, *bearing so strong a resemblance to St. Paul's, that it was at once christened after that celebrated cathedral.* The dome was perfect, and it required no extraordinary stretch of imagination to supply the turrets, pinnacles, and other parts of the building. But this is not the most extraordinary part of the affair; on the homeward passage of the Acadia to Liverpool, on the 6th inst., the same object was seen; and the immediate exclamation on board was, '*There is our old friend St. Paul's.*" In the interim between the two views, the iceberg had drifted about 70 miles."

There is something more than curious in this ice-formed cathedral. We have little doubt that it is intended as a significant warning to certain dignitaries of the church—to certain bodies of pretesting Christians. For our part, iceberg as it is, we think it should be immediately dignified by deans, prebends, canons, choir, and all the other ecclesiastical ornaments to be found in the stone St. Paul's. We should mightily like to have the appointment of the whole body. We think we could lay our finger upon a bishop, whose hot political zeal would be reduced to a very healthful temperature, if submitted to an ice-pulpit. Then his discourses would have the refreshing coolness of his own port. Most of us know what hot Bishop is;

LOSING HIS BALANCE.

therefore, for a trial, we should mightily like to taste the bishop we *could* name—well iced.

We know not whether Sir Christopher Wren's Saint Paul's could spare a few of its body for its glacial counterpart, but we have no doubt that Sidney Smith can immediately resolve that question. We think there are many attached to the stone edifice, very much too warm for zealous churchmen—they would cool down admirably, preferred to an iceberg.

As for the congregation, we could ship off thousands who, with lips of Christian love, have hearts of snowballs—zealous church-goers who come and go, frozen in their orthodoxy, whose constitutional piety never rises to blood-heat.

There is, however, one appointment that we insist upon having in our own gift—it is that of Beadle, which, in the handsomest way, we shall bestow on Mr. PLUMTREE, whose recent efforts in Parliament to stop by statute the chirping of sparrows on Sundays, demands the grateful acknowledgments of the whole Christian world. Neither, should Sir ANDREW AGNEW apply for the place, do we think we could find it in our hearts to refuse him the appointment of Pew-Opener.

We have not entered upon this subject in a thoughtless vein. We are aware that the frequent cry of "The Church is in danger!" may be repeated on board the iceberg St. Paul's, the more especially should it float into a warm latitude. We have heard of the dissolution of abbeys; but what a dissolution would there be of the Cathedral, as, piece by piece, it melted into the relentless waters! We have, however, provided for the dignitaries and the congregation; nay, the Beadle and the Pew-Opener shall partake of our benevolence: for, in the true spirit of philanthropy, we propose to present one and all with—a cork jacket!

Q.

BLACK AND WHITE.

THE French papers give the following story—received neat as imported from the isle of Cuba. Six hundred negroes had been sold by an American slave-dealer, but in three weeks after the sale, they all disappeared in one night.

A LEFT TENANT OF THE LUMBER TROOP.

It was afterwards discovered that the 600 pretended negroes had sailed for Jamaica, taking their places as—white passengers! The fact is, they had stained their shins with nitrate of silver or lunar caustic to pass for blacks—a fraud deposed to by a chemist who had sold the commodity.

We have received a letter from Cuba (from "our Own Correspondent,") on the matter. He states that the authorities are so indignant at the fraud, that they are about to pass a law to prevent its repetition. Henceforth, every person who buys a black man will be allowed *to boil him* before paying for him. If he stand colour, the bargain stands good; if not—NOT.

SONGS OF THE SEEDY.—No. XVI.

My lute hath only one sad tone,
It hath a mournful twang,
Its other strings are crack'd and gone,
By one unlucky bang.

PUNCH DELIVERED GRATUITOUSLY.

You ask me why I don't restore
Its early sweetness, and fresh cord it;
Oh, no! I'll play on it no more—
Between ourselves—I can't afford it.

You tell me that my light guitar
Is new as silent as the grave,
That on it now I play no bar,
Though once it thrill'd with many a stave.
Alas! to strike it once again,
More power than I possess requires;
The effort would be worse than vain—
My light guitar has lost its wires.

My heart, my lute, my light guitar,
All broken as they be,
As like unto each other are
As little pea to pea.
Come heart, come lute, guitar, and all,
In one lament ye all are blended!
Hang on your nails against the wall,—
I can't afford to get ye mended.

WAR PRIZES.

A GENTLEMAN at Holborn Chapel, Holborn Bars, a few nights since propounded this doctrine, viz., "That the tenth of all spoils of Christian States" ought to be devoted to the Church! A deputation of Chelsea and Greenwich pensioners attended on the occasion, and were so convinced that a tenth of *everything* obtained by war was justly Church property, that both Greenwich and Chelsea have sent a tithe of their *wooden legs* to be manufactured into Lucifers for the service of the Chapel aforesaid!

HORTICULTURAL INTELLIGENCE.

CONVICTED OF HIGH TREES-ON.

THE new process of grafting cherries on to pieces of stick, by means of twine, is just now very popular; and the introduction of a piece of cabbage leaf between the fruit itself and the wood on to which it is grafted, gives an aspect of great freshness not unmixed with cheerfulness.

TIDE TABLE.

IT will be high water in the coal-cellar of the Ship-tavern, on Milbank, at half-past two in the afternoon, and the tide will ebb from the front kitchens on Barnes' terrace, at three P. M., on Tuesday.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF COURTSHIP.

Chapter I.—Concerning the Origin thereof.

ND be sure you make it sharp," exclaimed the blacksmith's lady, as she stood over him at his work.

"As the tongues of Hydra, my love," answered the obedient husband, bouncing his hammer upon the anvil with an unnecessary clatter, so as to drown the sound of his wife's voice. Of the two noises he liked that of his own making by far the best.

"And when Eros comes back with the shaft, do not lose a minute in finishing the arrow. Where can he be staying? He has been gone nearly an hour, and it is not quite two hundred miles to Paphos! Meantime it is really quite distressing to think how many of my admirers this newly come-out beauty may have withdrawn from the sphere of my attractions."

At this moment the missing young gentleman appeared, and the arrow was completed in a trice.

"And now," began Venus, when her son was equipped, "fly your swiftest to where all the eligible men in the world are flocking to behold this Psyche, whose beauty is said to rival mine. Transfix her heart—inflame her with a passion for something mean;—for the clerk of a Memphian bank—or, if you like, for one of our cyclops. This will spoil her coquetting, and she will soon fret herself into the ugliness of Atropos."

"Mother, I fly!" exclaimed the dutiful son, suiting the action to the word.

When the young archer arrived at his destination, he heard that the belle who gave his mother so much uneasiness was dispensing the hospitalities of a *fête champetre* to the *élite* of the surrounding plains. He instantly sent in his card, and concealed himself amidst a group of nymphs to watch the effect the announcement would have upon the hostess.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the beauty, on receiving the card, "what an odd sensation! I never felt so strangely in all my life. I—"

"Hadn't you better faint, my love?" interrupted her *chaperon:* "there is young Dandelius and several of your admirers looking on."

"No, no. I really am too much overpowered for that. To think that *he* should come to do me homage! All the way from Lemnos, too. Say, how do I look?"

"Divine! Yet, now I examine more closely, there is one stray curl which—"

"To the brook, to the brook, for goodness sake! and let me arrange it." 'Eros, Deus Amoris!' she repeatedly ejaculated, speaking 'by the card.' "Where will my triumphs end?"

But Psyche's agitation was stoicism compared with that of her new visitor. At the first glance his heart was in a flame. He saw—and loved! Had he committed psychological suicide, by shooting himself with one of his own arrows, he could not have been more dead to all around but Psyche. In his ecstacy he dislocated one of his wings, while flapping them for joy. He rushed to the brook where the nymph was arranging her *coiffure*, but fearful of committing himself to the ill-breeding of a scene, stopped suddenly short, apologised, and politely tendered the compliments of the season.

Psyche's embarrassment was of short duration; she received the god cordially, and pressed him to make a long *sejour* as the shooting season was just commencing. Alas! with Cupid it was over; for he not only forgot all about his arrow, but his errand.

Time (considerably more than twelve hours) passed on, and again Venus had to call her son a naughty boy for staying so long on his errands; whilst he, to make amends, sent his anxious mother a message in which he gave an exaggerated account of the accident to his wing, and referred his detention to that cause. But Venus, a shrewd woman, was seldom out, though she knew her son was. She guessed the truth. The new beauty *did* possess all the powers which were attributed to her, had—*horresco referens*—actually entrapped her son! The ——! but no, she would not call names—thank the gods, she was too well bred for that. "The nameless minx!—to be sure she was called 'Psyche;' but what did that mean?—'butterfly.' A more suitable title would have been 'mushroom;' for nobody knows who or what her family were; as to fortune, the Delphian *on dits* declare she has not a penny! And to dare to aspire to so splendid an alliance! Something must be done—something desperate. I'll speak to Mercury on the subject, and if he cannot hit upon a prompt and effectual scheme, the whole affair, together with the parties to it, shall be swallowed up in a grand catastrophe. Vulcan *must* oblige me with an earthquake."

By a fortunate *apropos*, Mercury had just arrived at the forge with an extensive order for thunderbolts from an "illustrious personage." The irate goddess instantly stated her case, which even Vulcan, who was by, agreed was a hard one. Mercury heard her to the end with wonderful patience, and then addressed her thus:—

"I grieve, my dear madam, that any son of mine—but more particularly *such* a son—should prove so extremely soft as to fall in love. Had it happened before our divorce, I might have cured him by stopping his allowance, or cutting off the entail of the Paphian estate. As it is, however, I am rather glad that this affair has happened. Don't start. The truth is, it offers me a valuable opportunity for introducing some reforms into the Olympian legislature that I have long contemplated. The privileges belonging to both of us are shamefully circumscribed by the simple, artless state in which the law of elections at present stands. I of course mean the mutual election and (by our son) predestination of lovers. A glance of the eye—one *coup* from his arrow—Hymen is called in, and the whole matter ends. Matrimony, which most of us have found a serious matter" (here Vulcan groaned assent), "is brought about in by far too off-hand a manner—difficulties ought to be thrown in the way—difficulties of the parties' own making. To enjoy the happiness of wedded bliss with the greater zest, lovers ought to pass through a previous purgatory. Beauty, my dear Venus, will then possess a new power—that delicious one of teasing; while my privilege, chicanery, will also have full scope. What say you? May I count on your support? Grant it; and Cupid and Psyche shall be our first victims."

He said; and off the trio started for Olympus, delighted with the measure.

Meantime, Cupid was in the most agonising *embarras*. He knew full well that, by marrying without parental consent, he stood a disgusting chance of being kicked, like his father-in-law, out of heaven. Yet, could he forget Psyche?—Never. Besides he had no time to reflect, for at that moment she was flirting with Dandelius; should *he* cut him out? Distraction!

His mind was made up, and his bow-string—he aimed point blank. His victim approached—he shot—she staggered, and fell—into his arms.

"It's all right!" exclaimed the god, in the poetical fervour of passionate enthusiasm. "She's mine! Send for Hymen, and tell Bacchus to prepare a champagne breakfast for the entire population!"

"Too late!" screamed Venus, who, with Mercury, became disagreeably visible to their son. "Faltering boy! how dare you act so unworthy of your parentage and education? Alas! as you *have* inspired the girl with a passion, there is no help for it."

"But *un peu de révanche*," interjected the father of Frenchmen,—the light fantastic Mercury.

"Since we last met, the union has been repealed. Love was, last evening, partly taken out of your and Nature's hands—it is now decreed to be an art, which not only yourself, but all under your influence, will in future have to study as a practical science; and before Hymen's torch can be lighted you must pass through an intermediate state, which, by the DCLX. of Jupiter I. cap. 11, is intituled—

COURTSHIP

* * * *

Here the paper from which the above is translated (a Greek MS. consisting of an *acta diurna*, called "The Lemnonian Morning Post, and Olympian Court Circular," for which we beg to return our sincere thanks to King Otho, who obligingly discovered it amidst some ruins on purpose to present to us,) breaks off. Other historians, and particularly Tooke, in his "Pantheon," inform us that, after a series of reverses, Cupid and Psyche *were* married, and had one pledge, called "Pleasure." That the story is authentic, the existence at the present day of Courtship, as one of the finest of the fine arts, fully proves.

And now, my dear Lady Letitia, cease to simper, and say you are only thirty—You, excellent Miss Smith, who are dying for matrimony, yet have said "No" to a dozen offers—You, enchanting Angelica, who love Julian to distraction, because your mamma approves of Jenkins—You, amiable Rosa Gaiety, do leave off waltzing with every man who asks you—Let me implore you, beautiful Lydia, not to ask any more my "candid opinion" of your love verses—

Don't, my dear Muffins, make yourself further conspicuous by walking all day before Ellen's door—Cease to protest too strongly to the widow, my Lord Scheemer, because she has a couple of thousand per ann.—Forbid, romantic St. Clair, Julia to direct your letters again to the green-grocer's, and no longer answer her through the *Times* newspaper—Cease, forlorn bachelors, to advertise in the *Sunday Times* for connubial felicity and a comfortable competency—Each and every of you, abandon your *maladroit*, rude, unskilful systems of courtship, and listen to mine; which is based upon immutable principles; and will form, when complete, an unerring manual of matrimony—an infallible hand-book to the heart.

NEW BENEFIT-SOCIETY.

We are happy to hear that the poorer classes are forming Benefit-Societies for almost every purpose; and we have just received information of a Penny Corn and Bunion Club. Any one is eligible who is afflicted with Corns; but no one can join who is, at the moment, a sufferer from Bunions.

RIGHT OF SEARCH.

ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

On Monday the Band of Orion will play over Kensington Gardens from seven until nine.

SINGING FOR THE MILLION.

On Tuesday Cancer will pass through the breast of the Great Bear, and the Milky Whey will be in the ascendant at Hyde-Park Corner.

On Wednesday the Moon will be in the Crescent, but whether Burton or Mornington Crescent we have not yet been able to calculate.

On Thursday the Zodiac will be in some commotion—the Fishes getting entangled in the Scales.

LAYS OF THE LEAN.

I know that I am quickly wasting,
I feel that I am getting thin;
I see them almost daily basting
My clothes, alas! to take them in.
And, when they think that I am soundly sleeping,
My eyes are gazing—ever fix'd on them;
I see them o'er my waistcoat wildly weeping,
Whilst turning down a most tremendous hem.

I'll ask them, wherefore they are gloomy?
Why at my leanness should they start?
Though for my frame my clothes are roomy,
I still possess as large a heart.
Perchance 'twere better were I somewhat fatter;
But let them banish all their vain alarms,
For if success their prayers for me should flatter,
They'd press a Daniel Lambert to their arms.

PHYSIOLOGY OF THE LONDON IDLER.

I.—WHICH IS MERELY INTRODUCTORY.

DEAR Reader! once more, at the commencement of a new volume, do we offer you our hand in greeting; not with the slight formality of heretofore, but we hope as an old friend. From week to week have we communed together in buoyant company—haply the whims and sunshine of our harmless columns have driven away an occasional cloud of vexation; and if we have not exactly met at the same board, or sauntered together on the same promenade, yet let us regard each other with such feelings of companionship, as a passing opinion in which you agreed with us, or found your own ideas reflected, should generate.

We confess that we are rather nervous at beginning our new series. Every bather will allow that the first plunge of the season is an awkward affair, even if he is not a novice at such aquatic exercises, and the sun is out, and the water tepid. So do we feel a slight timidity at making a fresh dive into the stream of public favour, although we trust we have many and kind friends about us, who will lend a hand if required, and come forward in the capacity of a literary Humane Society.

We would commence with the usual invocation; but we found in "Evening Parties," after every spell we could summon to our aid, that no muse appeared to inspire us: we almost think the lady has been so much called upon of late, to no purpose, by various amateurs, that when an author in sober earnest raises the cry of "Help!" she refuses to come.

Neither can we hope for any necromantic assistance from the most potent incantations: even if we illuminated our laboratory (by which, be it understood we mean our solitary attic) with candles made from Madame Tussaud's choicest figures melted down—if we kindled the fire which heated our alembic with the last new plays and ballads—blew it with a full band of ophicleides, trumpets, bassoons, and cornopeans, and damped its ardour when it burnt too fast with certain newspapers and periodicals. But the glamour of magic expired with Dr. Dee; and the happy purchaser of his piece of small-coal at Strawberry Hill, found no longer any visions reflected on its polished surface: the imp of darkness has not appeared since his celebrated "Walk"—possibly feeling hurt at O. Smith and Wieland, for their assumption of his character: the race of wizards left in dudgeon, when Dobler and Anderson came to conjure at our theatres; and the wrinkled hags of old ordered relays of broomsticks at the different posting clouds on the air-roads to the Hartz mountains, and flew off, as soon as they became sensible that Vestris, Nesbitt, and Murray, with the score of beauties that twinkle around them, possessed far more powerful spells to enchant us in their eyes and lips. Despairing, at length, to elaborate any new subjects at home, we will rush out into those never-ending miscellanies of original and striking scenes, which cost nothing to study, and never tire by their monotony—the streets of London.

We adore the streets. We know there are thousands of our fellow-men who regard them merely as the spaces included by two boundary lines of bricks and mortar, subservient only to the purposes of commerce, or the transition from one spot to another. But we look upon them as cheap exhibitions—*al fresco* national galleries of the most interesting kind, furnishing ever-varying pictures of character or incident; and in this feeling we will loiter on the pavements of their noisy and bustling thoroughfares, and strive to draw our likenesses from the every-day life and every-day people we may there encounter. But we will not keep exclusively to the streets; if occasion requires it we will follow the idlers of this great metropolis to their different haunts—for the idlers alone are we about to sketch in their various spheres and phases.

And so, loitering loungers, we warn you all—"a chiel's amang ye takin' notes;" and he may be at your elbow when you least expect it. The simple pavement-beater of Regent-street; the listless bachelor of small independence—that unfortunate medium, which debars him from indulging in the most available luxuries, whilst it gives him a distaste for any exertion; the mere sight-seer from the country; the habitué of the playhouse; the spectator of the street exhibition—may all find a place in our Physiology.

And, finally, in the words of Fielding, we will submit our sketches to the candid reader with only two requests; "first, that he will not expect to find perfection therein; and secondly, that he will excuse some parts, if they fall short of that little merit which it is hoped may appear in others." For we would be respectful to all, and not, like the great novelist, fly in the face of the critics, upon whose comment we place great weight, seeing that the present is an age wherein people are governed much more by the opinions of others than their own.

PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

Dedication.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN (WHOEVER HE MAY BE.)

My Lord,

Take my word for it, you have greater reason to be proud of this Dedication than of your wand of office. Having read it, you may, for the remainder of your official life, walk in the eyes of all men at least half an inch higher. As, however, persons in your exalted rank are not always inevitably promoted to the eminence by the profundity of their reasoning powers, or the subtlety of their wit, it may, perhaps, be necessary for me to explain to you why, from this day forward, you should enjoy an increase of official altitude. Few things irk a man more, than to know he has inflicted the heaviest, yet withal the sweetest obligation on another, who yet obstinately remains in the most Stygian ignorance of the fact. Fancy, my lord, a pearl-diver—your lordship may possibly guess the perils of the trade—having plunged to the bottom of the oozy deep; strange, horrid monsters about him; the ocean booming and rolling over him; fearful thoughts of his wife and little ones stirring in his breast; imagine him groping for the treasure which, it may be, is destined to repose upon the palpitating bosom of an Eastern queen. He rises to the surface of the deep—he is on dry land. Happy diver! he hath fished up an onion—

"Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn!"

He believes his fortune made; the precious pearl has enriched him, his wife, and little ones for life. Alas, no! the waywardness of Fate denies to his pearl the asylum of a crown, refuses to it the ear of a queen. No: that pearl, by the very wilfulness of Destiny, is flung among the wash of pigs, and is swallowed with a grunt by that bacon hog, altogether unconscious of the treasure to be dissolved into nothing by his porcine chyle. Now, he must be a hard-hearted man—a lout, a churl—who would deny to the poor pearl-diver the barren satisfaction of pinching the pig's tail, to assure the beast, as well and as reasonably as a beast can be assured of anything, that he has swallowed the jewel—that he has the worth of I know not how many bars of gold in his ignorant bowels. No: Justice—who though she may not choose to use them, yet keeps her scales and weights in every man's breast—Justice declares that the man shall have the rightful privilege of pinching the pig's tail; or, in familiar phrase, that he shall not lose his pearl without having a squeak for it*!

Now, my lord, hold me not guilty of any unseemly parallels. It is true, in the following letters you will, I know, meet with as many pearls as you ordinarily see at a royal drawing-room; nevertheless, do not for an instant believe that I libel you as a hog. No, my lord, repress, annihilate the nascent thought. Yet, consider, that as this Dedication, like a patent iron coffin, is expressly hammered out to last until doom's-day—consider, my lord, how many chamberlains, and how various their capacities, may exist between this time and the world's end! It is to meet all possible accidents that may occur to all

* It is, perhaps, not generally known, that this common expression originated in a decree of one of the Eastern courts; which alluded to a pearl-diver, deprived of his property by the ignorance of a hog, all the satisfaction that was to be obtained from the hog's tail.—See *Asiatic Researches*.

future Lords Chamberlain, that I here insist on dwelling upon the obligation I have laid them under, by dedicating to them these—adamantine letters!

Having resolved to publish, I looked serenely round the world for a nominal patron. At first, I thought the Lord Chancellor, as legal guardian of the defenceless rich—for there is not one of these letters that may not be considered as the orphan inheritor of invaluable wealth, that is, if wisdom always went as at the trunk-maker's, by avoirdupois weight,—I thought the genius of the woolsack might fitly protect these costly epistles; but reflecting upon the many orphans, the many lunatics, too, yet upon his lordship's hands, I instantly resolved *not* to swell the number of his responsibilities, and, therefore, thought again.

Next, the rattle of the Prince of Wales fell upon my ear. "These Letters," said I, "shall be dedicated to the Prince: they will especially serve to commemorate the day on which his Royal Highness was taken out of long frocks—the brevity of every epistle will touchingly illustrate the shortness of his coats." My wife exulted at the idea. "The very thing," said she; "for, isn't there our last boy, Ugolino? he'll want something as he grows up; and the Prince can't do less than make him a tide-waiter." The mercenary speculation—for all women are not mothers of Gracchi—determined me to give up the Prince of Wales. "No!" said I, "the dirty motive-makers of the world will be sure to misconstrue the act; they will swear that 'PUNCH' was only loyal that he might be prosperous; they will say that he only worshipped the rising pap-spoon that his own brat might catch the fragments that fell from it." My heart swelled at the suspicion, like a new-blown bladder, and I struck off from my list the Prince of Wales.

I next looked into the Houses of Parliament. Here, I thought, are people whom the world sometimes persist in taking for my blood relations; and, it must be confessed, that both in the Upper and Lower Senate words are spoken and capers cut, that—were I to be impeached for either—it would, I fear, be very difficult for me to prove an *alibi*. "Why, there's fifty of 'em, at least," said Judy, "that you can't persuade the world ar'n't your own kith and kin." "And for that reason, Judy," I replied, "I will have none of 'em. No; I am fully aware of the relationship myself; but it's their dirty pride that chokes me—their arrogance that makes them sometimes pass me, even in Parliament-street, as if I was to them an alien in blood, in manners, and religion. And why?—I get my living in the open air. Well; didn't Julius Cæsar, the Duke of Marlborough, do the same? And when Wellington and Sibthorpe were on service, didn't they labour, too, *sub die?* Can you gather laurels in a back parlour—can you grow bay upon a hearth-rug?"

It was then, my lord, I resolved to dedicate these Letters to you. The reason is obvious: *the Lord Chamberlain never did anything for* "PUNCH!" You have graciously let me alone; and I have flourished under the benignity of your neglect. I pitch my stage wheresoever I will, in Westminster or not, without your warrant: I act my plays without your licence. I discourse upon the world as it is, on the life that is moving about us, and on the invisible emotions of the heart of man, and pay no penny to your deputy. I increase in social importance; for I am not withered by your patronage.

Had Fate made me, for these last two hundred years, the master of a play-house, how different might have been my condition!—Had I, since the Act which made you protector and censor of the dramatic sisters, Melpomene and Thalia—poor girls! there are people who swear you have treated 'em worse than Mrs. Brownrigg used her apprentices—had I felt your patronage, how often had I been *banco rotto*,—how often had I played—understand me, not paid—a "doleful dump" in Portugal-street!

Wherefore, then, do I dedicate to you these Letters?—From an exalted spirit of independence. I owe you nothing, my lord, and have flourished rich upon the obligation. "PUNCH."

CROPS AND THE WEATHER.

They have already begun to gather in the barley for barley-water in some parts, and a small grower at Brompton housed a pound and a half of new potatoes last week, from the sixteenth of an acre of ground, with a fine S.S.W. aspect.

The buttercups are very promising in the neighbourhood of London, and if the fine weather continues, we may expect to see more of them. Groundsel, which has lately risen into an important article of commerce, is plentiful on the romantic embankments that skirt the suburban lanes; and when we see the individuals clambering half way up in the dangerous pursuit, with a ditch yawning at their feet, we are reminded of the description by Shakspeare, of "those who gather samphire."

British Association

FOR THE

ADVANCEMENT OF EVERYTHING IN GENERAL, AND NOTHING IN PARTICULAR.

GENTLE READER this enlightened body is now at Manchester, whither we have despatched our own reporter, for the purpose of collecting all the interesting information to be had; and we are happy in laying before our readers the following very exciting particulars:—Professor Dowell, in opening the business of the day, was glad to observe a large attendance of foreigners. There was the distinguished Herr Crackenjaw, from Poland; Professor High-Sky-High, the great Astronomer; and, besides *Him*, Punch; there was also *Herr* Judy. A deputation was also present from the Eel Pie Islands, and Professor Gratisgrub was also among the distinguished foreigners.

The Chairman began by announcing the gratifying fact, that the Queen had graciously placed at the disposal of the Association, the modern building in Richmond Park, formerly used as an Observatory and latterly converted into a cow-house. (*Hear! hear!*) A deputation had visited it, and found it very commodious. It was certainly falling to pieces, and no one could venture up the stairs; but a civil engineer, and a very civil engineer he was, (*hear! hear!*) had said that it would hold together for twenty years, for any use that the Association were likely to put it to. It was stated that the Royal Society had declined the building, but they, the Association, had jumped at it. (*Loud cheers.*)

A Member begged to inquire whether the building was not sometimes resorted to by the park-keepers in a shower.

The President admitted that it was. He, however, thought the building chiefly of importance, as it gave a sort of local habitation to the Association, which had hitherto had no direction to give, if called upon for its address at a moment's notice. (*Hear!*)

It was then moved, that the children of members be admitted.

A member approved the suggestion, and proposed, that the admission should be confined to the children alone; but as it was suggested, that the presence of the parents would be necessary to make the fun, of which the children were to have the benefit, the amendment was withdrawn.

OFFICERS, CIVIL AND MILITARY.

The association next proceeded to appoint the sections, and to arrange the business of the week. The president was happy to say that the civil authorities had met the association in a proper spirit, and had resolved to throw open to members the Blind Asylum, the Deaf and Dumb School, the New Prison, (*hear! hear!*) and last, but not least, the Asylum for Lunatics. (*Tremendous cheering.*)

A member wished to know whether any order would be required for obtaining admission to the Lunatic Asylum?

The president had no hesitation in saying, that the mere fact of belonging to the association would be considered, of itself, a sufficient qualification to obtain an introduction to any of the Asylums for Lunatics. (*Loud cheers.*)

The sectional meetings commenced on Thursday.

SECTION A included Physics; and Professor Woodenhead read a paper on the Blue-pill, taken in connexion with the Black-draught, which excited considerable interest. A paper was also read on the Distribution of Light, which included a very interesting episode on the Window-tax. A practical illustration of the Polarization of Light

was unexpectedly exhibited, by a scaffolding-pole being accidentally thrust through the window of the room in which the members were sitting.

Section B.—Dr. Dulltone made some observations on the pendulum of a clock, as affected by the playfulness of a kitten; and concluded, from experiments he had made, that no clock could bear more than two minutes worrying. He had also remarked that a person who ate well and took little exercise rapidly fattened; while the Bedouin Arabs, who hunted a great deal, were lean and sinewy. He attributed the active properties of tea to the quantity of birch introduced into it; while its sedative qualities were accounted for by the sloe particles.

Section C.—Geology.—Mr. Professor Blowhisnose read a paper on the chain of the Alps, which he contrasted very cleverly with St. Paul's Chain; and he concluded his remarks by some allusion to the ordinary Berlin chains, one of which was attached to his eye-glass. He thought that the word straighter or strata should not be applied to the soil of mountains, but that the word crookeder would be much intelligibler, if he might be allowed to say so.

Mr. Softinwitz, who had been appointed to keep a register of the shocks of earthquakes in Regent-street during the past year, handed in four reams of blank foolscap as the result of his observations.

Section D.—Botany.—Professor Sorrytwaddle produced a large quantity of preserved leaf, which he had met with in a cupboard of his own residence: it was red and crisp, exhibiting all the ordinary characteristics of pickled cabbage. A committee was immediately formed to set upon it; and they did set upon it in good earnest, for in a few minutes the jar was empty. A verdict was unanimously returned of *preserrata vehiculi ætas*; or, pickled cab-age.

Mr. Moore exhibited a piece of pickled salmon, which gave rise to an interesting discussion, for the salmon was at once discussed, in conjunction with a rare specimen of Dublin stout, and a curious collection of rolls, usually called French-cut, entirely manufactured in England.

Section E.—Medical Science.—Colonel Sibthorpe, and Mr. Muntz, who were both invited to the Society as extraordinary fellows, presented two alarming cases of enlargement of the whiskers.

Section F.—Statistics.—This section came out, as usual, particularly strong. A paper was read on the average number of Congreves in each box sold in the streets, and some very interesting calculations were gone into of the amount of cherry-stones picked up between Clerkenwell Green, and Clapham Common, on the 15th of last August.

At the general meeting a statement of the funds was gone into by the chairman. It appeared that the association had got its own reports in hand, which at three pence a pound (and a scientific butterman had offered three-pence halfpenny) (*enthusiastic cheers*), would bring the members quite home, at least as to being called upon for any deficiency. It now became a question, what was to be done? The association had already visited all the large towns, and it was very doubtful if it would be advisable to return to any one of them; or, to speak candidly, it was pretty certain that the large towns would rather decline their company. It was true there were smaller places, and Hockley-in-the-Hole, as well as Stoke Pogis, had sent pressing invitations, and probably, if they went to either Stoke Pogis or Hockley-in-the-Hole, they ought on the whole to prefer Hockley.

THE NELSON MONUMENT.

The rapidity with which the works of this national column are proceeding, astonishes, it is said, even the subscribers themselves. The two workmen have actually succeeded in raising another stone! A seventh hand is to be taken on immediately!

CONCERNING SISTERS-IN-LAW.

I.

They looked so alike as they sat at their work,
(What a pity it is that one isn't a Turk!)
The same glances and smiles, the same habits and arts,
The same tastes, the same frocks, and (no doubt) the same hearts.
The same irresistible cut in their jibs,
The same little jokes, and the same little fibs—
That I thought the best way to get out of my pain
Was by—*heads* for Maria, and *woman* for Jane;
For hang *me* if it seemed it could matter a straw,
Which dear became wife, and which sister-in-law.

II.

But now, I will own, I feel rather inclined
To suspect I've some reason to alter my mind;
And the doubt in my breast daily grows a more strong one,
That they're not *quite* alike, and I've taken the wrong one.
Jane is always so gentle, obliging, and cool;
Never calls me a monster—not even a fool;
All our little contentions, 'tis she makes them up,
And she knows how much sugar to put in my cup:—
Yes, I sometimes *have* wished—Heav'n forgive me the flaw!—
That my very dear wife was my sister-in-law.

III.

Oh, your sister-in-law, is a dangerous thing!
The daily comparisons, too, she will bring!
Wife—curl-papered, slip-shod, unwashed and undressed;
She—ringleted, booted, and "fixed in her best;"
Wife—sulky, or storming, or preaching, or prating;
She—merrily singing, or laughing, or chatting:
Then the innocent freedom her friendship allows
To the happy half-way between mother and spouse!
In short, if the Devil e'er needs a cat's-paw,
He can't find one more sure than a sister-in-law.

IV.

That no good upon earth can be [illegible] undiluted
Is a maxim experience has seldom refuted,
And preachers and poets have proved it is so
With abundance of tropes, more or less *apropos*.
Every light has its shade, every rose has its thorn,
The cup has its head-ache, its poppy the corn;
There's a fly in the ointment, a spot on the sun—
In short, they've used all illustrations—but one;
And have left it to me the most striking to draw—
Viz.: that none, without *wives*, can have *sisters-in-law*.

"BROUGHAM FOR SALE."

This important sign of the times appeared last week in the Herald; coincident, too, with his Lordship's Tory Speech on the Income-Tax. The price was not stated.

HAVING HONOURS THRUST UPON HIM.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

Byron Ties, which are small ends of silk commonly called remnants, and sold for eighteen-pence, will be much worn by shop-boys on Sunday afternoons; and the Tweedish pantaloons will be replaced by Russia drills, which are made to measure for nine-and-sixpence.

TAKING HIS MEASURE.

A very light and delicate coatee of brown holland will be a good deal seen; and straw hats will be met with here and there—particularly if there happens to be a smart breeze at the time of wearing them.

MISS TICKLETOBY'S LECTURES ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

A CHARACTER,

(TO INTRODUCE ANOTHER CHARACTER).

E have the pleasure to be acquainted with a young fellow by the name of Adolphus Simcoe, who, like many another person of his age and rank in life, has been smitten with a love for literary pursuits, which have brought him to early ruin.

He gained a decent maintenance as assistant in the shop of Messrs. ———, apothecaries, Cheapside, but even then was observed never to move without a Byron in his pocket, and used to amuse the other gents in the establishment, by repeating whole passages from Shelley, Wordsworth, and Moore. To one young man he confided a large ledger of poems, of his own composition; but being of a timid turn, and the young man falling asleep during the reading of the very first ballad, Adolphus never attempted a similar proceeding with any of his comrades again, but grew more morose and poetical, frequenting the theatres, coming late to business, living alone, and turning down his shirt collars more and more every day. Messrs. Butler had almost determined, although with regret, to turn away the lad, when he prevented that step on their part, by signifying his own intention to retire. His grandmother, who, we are led to believe, kept a small shop in the town of York, left Adolphus a fortune of three hundred pounds in the three per cents., which sum he thought fully adequate for the making of his fortune in his own way.

His passion was to become an editor of a Magazine: to assemble about him "the great spirits of the age," as he called them; and to be able to communicate his own contributions to the public, aided by all the elegances of type, and backed by all the ingenuities of puffery.

That celebrated miscellany, the "Lady's Lute," then being for sale—indeed, if a gentleman has a mind to part with his money, it is very hard if he cannot find some periodical with a broom at its masthead,—Adolphus, for the sum of forty-five pounds, became the proprietor and editor of the Lute; and had great pleasure in seeing his own name in the most gothic capitals upon the title-page—his poems occupying the place of honour within. The honest fellow has some good mercantile notions, and did not in the least hesitate to say, on the part of the proprietors, and on the fly-leaf of the magazine, that the Public of England would rejoice to learn, that the great aid of ADOLPHUS SIMCOE, ESQ., has been secured, at an immense expense, for the Lady's Lute; that his contributions would henceforth be *solely* confined to it, and that the delighted world would have proofs of his mighty genius in song.

Having got all the poets by heart, he had a pretty knack of imitating them all, and in a single ballad would give you specimens of, at least, half-a-dozen different styles. He had, moreover, an emphatic way of his own, which was for a little time popular; and the public, for near a year, may be said to have been almost taken in by Adolphus Simcoe—as they have been by other literary characters of his kind. It is, we do believe, a fact, that for a certain time Adolphus's Magazine actually paid its contributors; and it is a known truth, that one India paper proof of the portrait of himself, which he published in the second year of his editorship, was bought by a young lady, a sincere admirer of his poems.

In the course of eighteen months he exhausted his manuscript ledger of poetry—he published his "Ghoul," a poem in Lord Byron's style; his "Leila," after the manner of Thomas Moore; his "Idiosyncracy," a didactic poem, that strongly reminded one of Wordsworth; and his "Gondola, a Venetian Lay," that may be considered to be slightly similar to the works of L. E. L. Then he came out with a Tragedy, called "Perdition, or the Rosicrucian Gammons," of which the dulness was so portentous, that at the end of the fourth act it was discovered there were not more than thirty-three subscribers left to the magazine.

Suffice it to say, that though he continued the work desperately for six months longer, pouring, as he said, the whole energies of his soul into its pages—(the fact was, as that there was no more money, there were no more contributors)—though he wrote articles pathetic, profound, and humorous, commenced romances, and indited the most bitter and sarcastic reviews, the "Lady's Lute" fell to the ground—its chords, as he said, were rudely snapped asunder, and he who had swept them with such joy, went forth a wretched and heart-broken man.

He passed three months in Her Majesty's Asylum of the Fleet, from whence he issued in brocade robe-de-chambre, and the possessor of the cut-glass bottles and shaving trumpery of a dressing-case, the silver covers of which he had pawned, in order to subsist while in durance.

Our belief is that Miss Tickletoby is his relation: it is certain that he sleeps in her back garret (and the venerable age of the lady puts all scandal out of the question); he has, we are fully certain, instructed her pupils in penmanship, filling up his leisure moments by writing what would have been contributions to the Magazines, if those works would but have accepted the same.

He still speaks of the "Lady's Lute" as of the greatest periodical that ever was produced, and but the other day apologised warmly to the writer of this for having abused his early volume of Poems—"Lyrics of the Soul" they were called—written at sixteen, when we were students at the University of London. He persists in thinking that the author of "Lyrics of the Soul" has never forgiven him, that he has never been the same man since, but has pined away under the effects of that withering sarcasm. Our next work, he says, was the bitter Slough of Despair—it was called "The Downy Dragsman, or, Love in Liquorpond-street." This, at least, the reader will remember. Could anything be more frank than its humour—more joyously low than every one of the scenes in that truly racy production?

It is needless to say, we have no sort of anger against poor Adolphus; but that on the contrary meeting him very wild and gloomy, and more than usually dirty, at the Globe, in Bow-street, which we both frequent, it was a great pleasure to us to lend him seven shillings, and enable him to order a dish of veal in addition to that unhappy half-pint of beer which seemed really to form all his dinner.

The dinner and the money made him communicative; and he was good enough to confide to us the history of a vast number of his disappointments—"His blighted opes—his withered dreams of hearly years—his 'vain hambition,'" (Adolphus is a Londoner, whatever his grandmother may have been), and at the end of all, he pulled out a manuscript (which is always rather a frightful object to a literary man), but instead of reading it began, thank Heaven! only to discourse about it. It was another's writing, not his own.

"Halfred," said he, "you know I hoccupy no common position in the literary world. I ave at least done so, until misfortune hovertook me. Since my sorrows, I've been kindly oused by a munificent being—a woman ('ere's to er,'" said he, draining his glass solemnly, "who doubles hall our joys, and alves hall our

sorrows—to woman!") Having finished his brandy-and-water, he resumed:—

"Hever since hi've been in the ouse of that hangelic being—she's hold, Halfred, hold enough to be my grandmother, and so I pray you let the sneer pass away from your lips—hi've not neglected, has you may himagine, the sacred calling for which hi feel hi was born. Poesy has been my solace in my lonely hagonies, hand I've tried the newspapers hall round. But they 're a callous and ard earted set, those literary men—men who have feasted at my table, and quaffed of my wine-cup—men, who in the days of my prosperity have grown rich from my purse—will you believe it, they won't accept a single harticle of my writing, and scornfully pass me by! Worse than this—they refuse to elp me by the most simple puff, for me and mine; would you believe it, my dear friend, Miss Tickletoby has just commenced a series of lectures, for which hi'm hanxious to get the world's good opinion, and not one paper will hinsert the little description I've written off. The Hage, the Hargus, the Hera, hi've applied to 'em all, and they 're hall the same—hall, hall, ungrateful."

"My dear fellow, if you will write verse," said I—

"It's not verse," answered Adolphus, "it's prose—a report of Miss T.'s lecture, prefaced by a modest leading harticle."

"I'll see if I can get it into 'Punch,'" said I.

"Hush, Punch!" shouted he, "Heavens, have you fallen so low? I, write in Punch! Gracious powers! In Punch—in Punch!"

"Rum or brandy, sir?" said Betsy, the waiter, who caught the last word.

"*Rum*," said Adolphus (with a good deal of presence of mind); and as he drank the steaming liquor took my hand. "Halfred," said he, "tell me this one thing—does 'Punch' *pay*? for, between ourselves, Miss Tickletoby says that she 'll turn me out of doors unless I can make myself useful to her and—pay my bill."

Adolphus Simcoe is to be paid for his contributions, and *next week* we shall begin Miss Tickletoby's Lectures.

THE NEW HALF FARTHINGS.

It is expected that the new half farthings will have a very powerful effect upon the money market, and a great deal has already been prospectively done in them. We have heard that the difficulty of expressing the value of the great unactable tragedy of *Martenuzzi* by any coin then in existence, first gave the idea of coining a piece of half a farthing; but even this measure, it is supposed, will not meet the case alluded to. We beg to submit the following design for the reverse.

THE HEALTH OF THE METROPOLIS.

For the week ending June 25th, there were no less than five million sneezes and twenty-four thousand colds in the head, which, taking the population at ten millions, gives half a sneeze to each. This is a quarter of a sneeze less to each person than in the corresponding week of last year, and one-eighth of a sneeze less than the average of the last four years.

It appears, from a report given in to the Board of Health, that there have been twenty thousand cases of chilblains among fifty thousand tight boots; so that dividing the one by the other, and seeing how many times the chilblains will go into the boots, we find that Two forms the very alarming quotient.

CONUNDRUMS OF THE SEEDY.

When are my snuffers not my snuffers?—*Ans.* When they are my scissors.

Why is my purse like Sibthorpe's brains?—*Ans.* Because I have not got any.

Why is my coat, whether in doors or out of doors, exactly the same?—*Ans.* Because when it's worn at home it is also worn out.

Why am I not to be imitated by any well-dressed person?

Ans.—Because no one who wished to be taken for a gentlemen could possibly walk in my shoes.

What is the difference between me and my tailor, now that I am in prison at his suit?—*Ans.* He won't let me out, and I have let him in!

Fashionable Intelligence.

The *Promenades de Soir* have commenced for the season in Lambeth-Walk and the New-Cut, where they will be continued every Saturday. There was an excellent Show in both places of Congreve lights, children's chairs, and three-penny cinder-shovels. The amusing process of selling spinach at a halfpenny a lapful, is to be continued every Saturday until further notice.

Ciur pe Rinaldi has left Town for Margate, with his hand organ. His suite included a monkey.

Among the arrivals we have only to notice Frow Swindel (the broom-girl), from Bavaria.

THE "SLIGHT" SCHOOL OF DRAMA.

August "Punch,"—Inasmuch as I find my little exhibition of the Elizabethan style hath called forth, from an abler hand, another in the Victorian style, I do flaunt myself about right heartily; for I find I am likely to be the father, as it were, of those who do subtilely investigate matters connected with stage-plays. Allow me, therefore, to send you an entire Drama, belonging to what I call the "Slight School," for it be very slight, in construction, language, wit,—in short, of the mass, I know not what it be not slight in. I send it, not because I am vain of my work, for I do utterly despise it, but to show what I think to be the amount of wit in such stage-plays as are written about Sylphides, Gnomes, Grottoes, and the like. The play itself, I warrant not to occupy ten minutes in the performance; but if the manager will introduce a *pas-de-deux* or a *pas-de-trois*, as we conceitedly term them after our Gallican neighbours, he may make it last three hours. Allow me to call myself, not "One of the Many," as in No. 43, but—exalted by your encouragement—

"Out of the Common."

THE ENCHANTED SUNDIAL.

A Romantic Operatta.

IN ONE ACT.

Gromby, *a Magician.*
Titino, *Prince of Turcomania.*
Quambo,* *his Faithful Black.*
Flimsilena, *Princess of Sclavonia* (*in the power of* Grombo.)
Minutia, *Fairy of the Sundial.*
Fays, &c.

* As this character doth not utter a joke, it may not be idle nor impertinent to inform my readers that it is meant for a "comic part."

SCENE I.—*Bower of the Enchantes! Sundial.—Chorus of Fays.*

Airy,
Fairy,
Skip it,
Trip it,
On the grass,
Smooth as glass.
Hither fairy, hither fly,
While the butterfly hops in the daisy's eye.
Thus we bound,
Round and round,
Dancing to the echo's sound.

(*Prompter sings last line in his hat, to imitate echo.*)

Dancing to the echo's sou-ou-ou-ou-nd!

1*st Fairy.*—But our queen,
Will soon be seen.

(*Sundial opens and discovers* MINUTIA—*the other Fairies form a ring.*)

MINUTIA (*in a very shrill voice*).
Flimsilena, lovely maid,
Flimsilena claims your aid;
She is pining, at this hour,
In the cruel Grombo's power;
So without delay I call,
One who her deliver shall.

(*A great Shell rises, in which* TITINO *and* QUAMBO *are asleep.*)

Open your eyes,
Awake—arise! [*They awake.*

Titino. What gorgeous vision do these bewildered eyes behold?

Quambo. Him berry fine, Massa!

Minutia. Know that a lovely princess is confined by a cruel magician in yonder tower; and that unless you reach there by ten o'clock, two hours after Phœbus has kissed the rosy brink of Western Ocean, she is lost for ever.

Titino. Thanks, generous elfin, for this aid. I fly! [*Exit.*

Quambo. Me so berry fat me can't fly—me walk! [*Exit.*

Chorus.
Haste! Oh haste!
No moment waste! [*Scene closes.*

SCENE II.—GROMBO'S *Mystic Tower. The Princess* FLIMSILENA *discovered playing a Lute.*

Air.
Oh, hasten here my love,
Oh, hasten quick to save!
If from this tow'r I cannot move,
I shall sink in an early grave!

Enter GROMBO.

Grombo. What! haughty fair one, wilt thou not yet consent to be mine?

Flimsilena. Never!

Grombo. Ha, ha, ha! When the clock strikes ten thou must be mine! [*Clock strikes Ten.*

Ha, ha! Then thou heardest the mystic token?

TITINO *rushes in.*

Titino. I come! I come!

Flimsilena. Alas! 'Tis too late!

Grombo. Ha, ha! I triumph!

Trio.
Flim.—Yes, yes, alas! you come too late,
You cannot save me from my fate.
Tit.—I see, alas! I come too late,
I cannot save you from your fate.
Grom.—Ha, ha, ha, ha! you came too late,
You cannot save her from her fate!

(GROMBO *is about to seize* FLIMSILENA, *when the enchanted Sundial rises, with the Fairy* MINUTIA *upon it.*)

Minutia. The Princess is saved. It is not yet the mystic hour of ten. Thy clock was too fast!

Grombo. Lost! (*Sinks through a Trap, through which Red Fire is shining.*)

Titino and Flimsilena. Oh rapture!

(MINUTIA *waves wand, and scene changes.*)

SCENE III.—*Palace of Punctuality, in the regions of Time. Time-pieces of all sorts appear in different parts of the Scene, with their hands just upon the stroke of Ten. All the* Fays *as in* SCENE I.

Chorus.
Fairies trip an elfin measure,
All our pain is turned to pleasure.
Thus we dance, with fresh delight,—
Happy day, and happy night!
Hap-py-ni-i-i-ght!

(*Curtain falls as all the clocks strike* TEN.)

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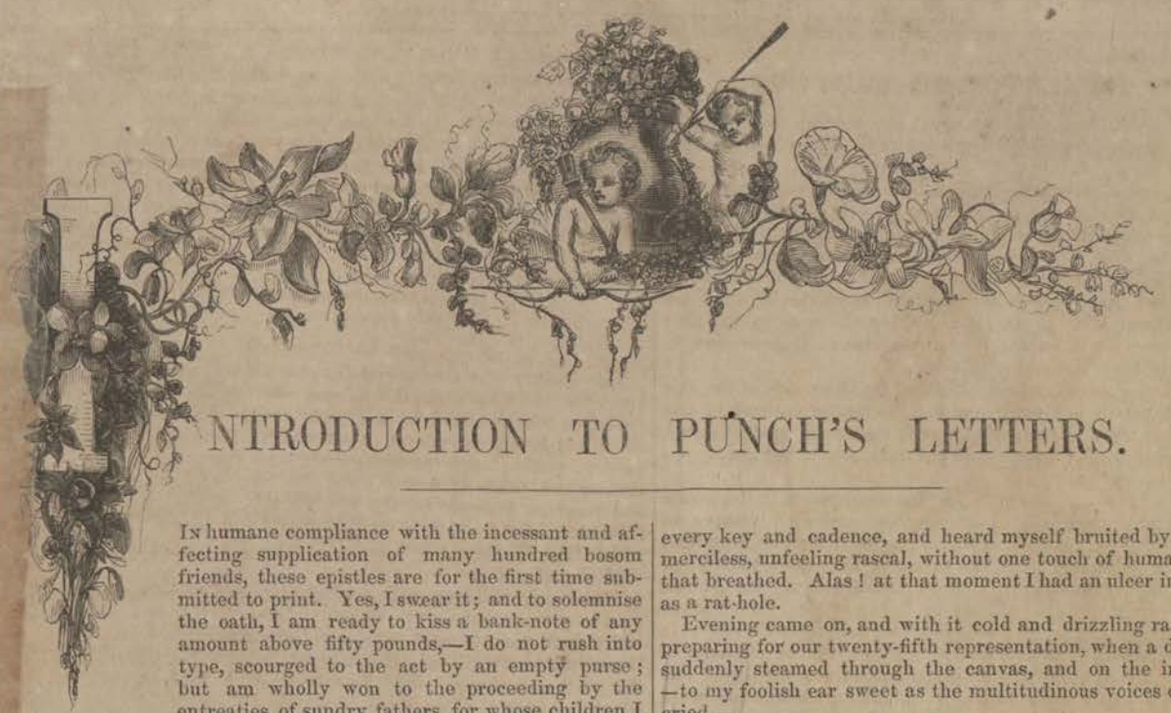


INTRODUCTION TO PUNCH'S LETTERS.

In humane compliance with the incessant and affecting supplication of many hundred bosom friends, these epistles are for the first time submitted to print. Yes, I swear it; and to solemnise the oath, I am ready to kiss a bank-note of any amount above fifty pounds,—I do not rush into type, scourged to the act by an empty purse; but am wholly won to the proceeding by the entreaties of sundry fathers, for whose children I have—as, indeed, I feel I ought to have—yearnings of peculiar affection.

These letters were originally addressed to, I verily believe, my own son. In these letters I have endeavoured to enshrine the wisdom of my life. In them, I have sought to paint men as they are—to sketch the scenes of the world as they have presented themselves to my observation—to show the spring of human motives—to exhibit to the opening mind of youth the vulgar wires that, because unseen, make a mystery of common-place.

I am prepared to be much abused for these epistles. They are written in lemon-juice. Nay, the little sacs in the jaws of the rattlesnake, wherein the reptile elaborates its poison to strike with sudden death the beautiful and harmless guinea-pigs and coneys of the earth—these venomous bags have supplied the quill that traced the mortal sentences. Or if it be not really so, it is no matter; the worthy, amiable souls, who would have even a Sawney Bean painted upon a rose-leaf, will say as much: so let me for once be beforehand, and say it for them.

The child for whose instruction and guidance through life these letters were especially composed, has passed from this valley of shadows—he is dead. Death, in its various modes of approach, is an accordant mystery with the mystery of life. To one man it comes in the guise of a grape-stone—to another in the aspect of a jackass eating figs. To my dear son Death appeared in the tempting shape of a fine South Down wether. Yes, mutton was his fate.

Had it pleased fortune to make me a man of Bank-paper, the life of my darling child might have been spared. Then had I shown that the dear boy acted only in obedience to an irresistible impulse born with him—strengthened by maternal milk—made invincible by oft indulgence. Then had I proved that the child in what he did was but the innocent accessary of his unconscious mother.

I have dried my eyes, and will endeavour to explain myself.

Three months, to a day, before the birth of my child, we had not for the previous eight-and-forty hours rejoiced our loyalty with the sight of his majesty's head even upon copper; and yet—be Mercury my judge!—we worked most gallantly—handed round the hat most perseveringly—laughed most jocosely, and all with bleeding hearts and a slow-fire burning in our bowels. Nathless, halfpence came not. At that time, I remember, we were terribly run upon by Parliament. The madness of politics took away the people's brains; and literature, and art, and Punch, while the mania lasted, were—strange infatuation of men!—neglected for the House of Commons!

Four-and-twenty times in four-and-twenty streets had we acted that day, and yet no coin fell in the oft-presented hat. With thoughts of an empty garret, a supperless destiny if money came not—of my unrepining, much-enduring wife—of all her wants in that her time of weakness,—with all these horrid memories blazing in my brain, I rattled away, and laughed, and cried and crowed *roo-tooit-roo-tooit* in every key and cadence, and heard myself bruited by the mob as a merciless, unfeeling rascal, without one touch of humanity for aught that breathed. Alas! at that moment I had an ulcer in my heart big as a rat-hole.

Evening came on, and with it cold and drizzling rain. We were preparing for our twenty-fifth representation, when a delicious odour suddenly steamed through the canvas, and on the instant, a voice—to my foolish ear sweet as the multitudinous voices of cherubim—cried—

"*Hot, hot—all hot—mutton pies, all hot!*"

My dear wife placed her hand upon her heart—she knew I had not a penny—softly sighed, then fell in a dead swoon into my arms. There she lay, and still the retreating voice rang through the night—

"*Hot, hot—all hot—mutton pies, all hot!*"

At length my spouse returned to life. With the fine delicacy, the mighty self-denial of her sex, she breathed not her wish. But I looked in her eyes, and read—*Mutton!*

And who, after this, can wonder at—much more blame—my darling, blighted son for his uncontrollable affection for South Down, or in fact any other, wethers?

Oh, ye thousands of philosophers dozing, dreaming, yawning in garrets—oh, ye broad-brimmed, long-shirted, ankle-jacked sages, who look into men's skulls as men look into glass-hives—who untwist the cords of the human heart carefully yet surely as the huswife untangles a skein of silk—could not twelve of ye be found to go into a box to discuss, and by your verdict dignify as pretty a case of morals and metaphysics as ever came from the Press-yard? But no! drysalters, hardwaremen, yea, ropemakers (for my innocent boy never thought to challenge the last jurymen as peculiarly interested in the verdict), judged him, and of course he was lost.

As a further illustration of the benighted intellect of the jury, it was argued against my boy—my doomed one from the womb!—that he had on a previous occasion shown a violent love for a bale of Welsh flannel, the property of a hosier on Ludgate-hill. Of course he had. It was the inevitable result of his constitution. The flannel was part of the sheep. What he did, he did from necessity. He was organized for the act. The jury—asses!—called it a second offence. Why, it was one and the same thing. Nay, had my child made off with a gross or two of lambs'-wool socks, and half-a-dozen Witney blankets, a philosophic jury would have considered the collective acts as but an individual emanation of pre-organized temperament; and, pitying the mother in the son, have returned a triumphant acquittal. But what knew the jury of affinities?

Had I been rich I could have proved all this, and my boy had been saved upon a constitutional eccentricity. As it was—but I will no longer dwell upon the theme. Enough for the curious. My boy's fate may be found in the archives of Seven Dials.

These letters will, I trust, testify my paternal solicitude. It is my pride, that they were treasured by my son, and were bequeathed by him, with other effects, to the individual whose adroit attention to my boy in his last moments was witnessed by hundreds, and commented upon in the handsomest way by various distinguished writers of the English press. It is to the liberality of this individual I am indebted for the original documents; for, elevated far above the petty spirit of huckstering, he at a word took a pot of porter for the treasure, and, with a significant wink and a light-hearted laugh, wished me joy of my bargain.

MISS TICKLETOBY'S LECTURE.

We have just had the joy to be present at one of the most splendid exhibitions of intelligence which has been witnessed in our splendid and intelligent time.

The great spirit of History, distilled in a mighty mind's alembic, outpouring clear, rich, strong, intoxicating oft—so delicious was the draught, and so eager the surrounding drinkers—the figures of statesmen and heroes, wise heroes and heroic statesmen, caught up from their darkness in the far past, and made by the enchantress to shine before us visible; the gorgeous and gigantic memories of old Time rising stately from their graves, and looking on us as in life they looked: such were the thoughts, sensations, visions, that we owe to the eloquence of Miss Tickletoby this day.

We write under a tremendous emotion, for the words of the fair speaker still thrill in our ears; nor can we render account of one tithe part of that mystic harmony of words, that magic spell of poesy, which the elegant oratrix flung round her audience—a not readily-to-be-dissipated charm.

Suffice it to say, that pursuant to her announcements in the public prints, this accomplished lady commenced her series of lectures on English history to-day. Her friends, her pupils, those who know and esteem her (and these consist of the rarest of England's talent, and the brightest of her aristocracy), were assembled at one o'clock punctually in her modest dwelling (No. 3, Leg of Veal Court, Little Britain, over the greengrocer's; pull the *third* bell from the bottom). We were among the first to attend, and gladly give the publicity of our columns to a record of the glorious transactions of the day. The reporters of this paper were employed in taking down every word that fell from the speaker's lips—(would that they could have likewise transferred the thrilling tones and magic glance which made her words a thousand times more precious): we, on the other hand, being from our habits more accustomed to philosophic abbreviation, have been contented with taking down rather the heads and the *suggestivity* (if we may use the phrase) of Miss Tickletoby's discourse, and we flatter ourselves that upon a comparison with the text, the analysis will be found singularly faithful.

We have spoken of the public character: a word now regarding Miss Tickletoby *the woman*. She has long been known and loved in the quarter of which she is the greatest blessing and ornament—that of St. Mary Axe.

From her early life practising tuition, some of the best families of the City owe to her their earliest introduction to letters. Her Spelling-book is well known, and has run through very nearly an edition; and when we rank among her pupils *the daughter of one of the clerks of Alderman Harmer*, AND A NIECE OF A LATE HONOURED LORD MAYOR, we have said enough to satisfy the most fastidious votary of fashion with respect to the worldly position of those who sit at Miss Tickletoby's feet.

Miss Tickletoby believes that education, to be effective, should be begun early, and therefore receives her pupils from the age of two upwards. Nay, she has often laughingly observed that she would have no objection to take them from the month, as childhood's training can never be too soon commenced. Of course, at so tender an age, *sex* is no consideration. Miss Tickletoby's children (as she loves to call them) are both of the sterner and the softer varieties of our human species.

With regard to her educational system, it is slightly coercive. She has none of the new-fangled notions regarding the inutility of corporal punishments, but remembering their effects in her own case, does not hesitate to apply them whenever necessity urges.

On Wednesdays (half-holidays) she proposes to deliver a series of lectures upon English history, occasionally (it would appear from a hint in the present discourse) diversified by subjects of a lighter and more holiday kind. *We shall attend them all*—nor can the public of this city do better than follow our example. The price of tickets for the six lectures is—ninepence.

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud
Without our special wonder?

THE LECTURE-ROOM.

The lecture was announced for one o'clock, and arriving at that hour, we found the room full of rank and fashion. Excellent accommodation was arranged for the public press. Flowers, some of those cheap but lovely and odorous ones which form the glory of England's garden, were placed tastefully here and there—on the mantel, on the modest table at which stood the lecturer's chair, and a large and fragrant bouquet in the window-sill. These were (with the exception of a handsome curtain that hung before the door from which Miss Tickletoby was to issue) the sole ornaments of the simple academic chamber.

The lovely children, with wistful eyes and cheeks more flushed than any roses there, were accommodated with their usual benches, while their parents were comfortably ranged in chairs behind them. 'Twas indeed a thrilling sight—a sight to bring tears into the philanthropic heart—happy tears though—such as those spring showers which fall from the lids of childhood, and which rainbow joy speedily dries up again.

The bell rings:—one moment—and the chintz curtain draws aside; and midst waving of kerchiefs, and shouting of bravos, and with smiling eyes fixed upon her, and young hearts to welcome her, THE LECTURER steps forth. *Now, our* task is over. Gentles, let the enchantress speak for herself.

Having cleared her voice, and gazing round the room with a look of affection, she began

THE LECTURE.

MY LOVES,

With regard to the early history of our beloved country, before King Alfred ascended the throne, I have very little indeed to say; in the first place, because the story itself is none of the most moral—consisting of accounts of murders agreeably varied by invasions; and secondly, dears, because, to tell you the truth, I have always found those first chapters so abominably stupid, that I have made a point to pass them over. For I had an indulgent mama, who did not look to my education so much as I do to yours, and provided she saw Howell's Medulla before me, never thought of looking to see whether Mother Goose was within the leaves. Ah, dears! that is a pleasant history too, and in holiday time we will have a look at *that*.

Well, then, about the abominable odious Danes and Saxons, the Picts and the Scots, I know very little, and must say have passed through life pretty comfortably in spite of my ignorance. Not that this should be an excuse to *you*—no, no, darlings; learn for learning's sake; if not, if I have something hanging up in the cupboard, and you know my name is Tickletoby. (Great sensation.)

How first our island became inhabited is a point which nobody knows. I do not believe a word of that story at the beginning of the Seven Champions of Christendom, about King Brute and his companions; and as for the other hypotheses, (Let Miss Biggs spell the word 'hypothesis,' and remember not to confound it with 'apothecary,') they are not worth consideration. For as the first man who entered the island could not write, depend on it he never set down the date of his arrival; and I leave you to guess what a confusion about dates there would speedily be—you who can't remember whether it was last Thursday or Friday that you had gooseberry pudding for dinner.

Those little dears who have not seen Mrs. Trimmer's History of England have, no doubt, beheld pictures of Mr. Oldridge's balm of Columbia. The ancient Britons were like the lady represented there, only not black; the excellent Mrs. T.'s pictures of these, no doubt, are authentic, and there our ancestors are represented as dressed in painted skins, and wearing their hair as long as possible. I need not say that it was their own skins they painted, because, as for clothes, they were not yet invented.

Perhaps some of my darlings have seen at their papas' evening parties some curious (female) Britons who exist in our own time,

and who, out of respect for the country in which they were born, are very fond of the paint, and not at all partial to clothes.

As for the religion of the ancient Britons, as it was a false and abominable superstition, the less we say about it the better. If they had a religion, you may be sure they had a clergy. This body of persons were called Druids. The historian Hume says that they instructed the youth of the country, which, considering not one boy in 1,000,000,000,000 could read, couldn't give the Druids much trouble. The Druids likewise superintended the law matters and government of Britain; and, in return for their kindness, were handsomely paid, as all teachers of youth, lawyers, and ministers ought to be. (Hear, hear, from Lord Abinger and Sir Robert Peel.)

The ancient Britons were of a warlike rude nature (and loved broils and battles, like Master Spry yonder). They used to go forth with clubs for weapons, and bulls' horns for trumpets; and so with their clubs and trumps they would engage their enemies, who sometimes conquered them, and sometimes were conquered by them, according to luck.

The priests remained at home and encouraged them; praying to their gods, and longing no doubt for a share of the glory and danger; but they learned, they said, to sacrifice themselves for the public good. Nor did they only sacrifice themselves—I grieve to say that it was their custom to sacrifice other people: for when the Britons returned from war with their prisoners, the priests carried the latter into certain mysterious groves, where they slew them on the horrid altars of their gods. The gods, they said, delighted in these forests and these dreadful human sacrifices, and you will better remember the facts by representing these gods to you as so many wicked Love-groves, and their victims as unfortunate Whitebait.

[*Immense sensation.*

And as your papas have probably taken some of you to see the Opera of Norma, which relates to these very Druids that we are talking about, you will know that the ancient Britons had not only priests, but priestesses—that is, clergywomen. Remember this, and don't commit an error which is common in society, and talk of two clerical gentlemen as two *priestesses*. It is a gross blunder. One might as well speak of the Blue Posteses (in Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, where, I am told, excellent beef-steaks are served), or talk of having your *breakfasteses*, as I have heard the Duchess of ——— often do. Remember then, Priests, singular Priest. 'Blue Post,' (Cork Street, Burlington Gardens), singular—Blue Post. 'Breakfasts,' singular—What is the singular of Breakfasts, Miss Higgins?

Miss Higgins. I don't know.

Master Smith, (delighted and eager). I know.

Miss Tickletoby. Speak, my dear, and tell that inattentive Miss Higgins what is the singular of 'breakfasts.'

Master Smith (clearing his voice by rubbing his jacket sleeve across his nose). The most singular breakfast *I* know, is old John Wapshot's, who puts sugar in his muffins, and takes salt in his tea! (Master Smith was preparing to ascend to the head of the class, but was sternly checked by Miss Tickletoby, who resumed her discourse.)

It was not to be supposed that the wickedness of these Priests could continue for ever: and accordingly we find, (though upon my word I don't know upon what authority), that, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven years ago, Julius Cæsar, that celebrated military man, landed at Deal. He conquered a great number of princes with jaw-breaking names, as did the Roman Emperors, his successors, such as the Trinobantes, the Atrebates, the Silures, all richly deserving their fate, doubtless, as I fear they were but savages at best. They were masters of the Britons for pretty near five hundred years, and though the Scotch pretend that the Romans never conquered their part of it, I am inclined to suppose it was pretty much for the reasons that the clothes are not taken off a scare-crow in the fields, because they are not worth the taking.

About the year 450, the Romans, having quite enough to do at home, quitted Britain for good, when the Scots, who were hungry then, and have been hungry ever since, rushed in among the poor unprotected Britoners, who were forced to call the Saxons to their aid.

'Twas two o'clock—the Lecturer made her curtsey and reminded her auditory that another Lecture would take place on the following Wednesday, and the company departed, each making a mental affidavit to return.

Why will the half-farthings be issued?—Because Queen Victoria has given her countenance to the design.

Why won't the half-farthings be issued?—Because Queen Victoria has set her face against them.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE LONDON IDLER.

II. THE REGENT-STREET LOUNGER.

After the unceasing labours of Linnæus, Buffon, Cuvier, Shaw, and all the other animal-fanciers on an extensive scale, had surmounted the apparently impossible task of marshalling all the earth's living curiosities into literary rank and file, a worthy old parson at some out-of-the-way little village in Hampshire put together *his* observations on the Natural History of Selborne. Like the great gems just mentioned, a crowd of deep thinkers from Plato downwards, have defined man in general, and, in like manner to Gilbert White, do we follow in our description of man in particular, and thus define our specimen:—Class; *Mammalia*. Order; *Man*. Genus; *Idler*. Species; *Londoner*. These we shall subdivide according to our own taste, and we will first mention the *Regent-street Lounger*.

As soon as the season has fairly commenced—when the first warm afternoon in May tempts the delicate flowers of aristocracy from their domestic conservatories, and turns the West-end into a whirl of dust, dash, and driving, and the carriages stand along the curb of the pavement in double rows, like the lines of a race-course; when the bright planets rise at the opera, and attract a crowd of brilliant satellites around them; when attentive young gentlemen purchase bouquets for their innamoratas at something under a guinea a-piece, and philandering young ladies throw out dark hints respecting the probability of their appearance at the next Horticultural mob at Chiswick; when economical daughters with small allowances wear themselves to thread-papers, in endeavouring to find out by what sort of harlequinade they can turn a last year's *mantelet* into a this year's *pelerine*; and extravagant sons quite frighten their mothers by the accumulation of dirty-white kid gloves discovered in the drawer of their dressing-table: at this time the loungers appear in Regent-street.

We believe it has never yet been ascertained for a certainty where the Regent-street loungers live when they are at home. They affect the neighbourhood of the West-end generally, and sometimes give their day address at a club; but beyond this we can give no clue to their domiciles, for some of these gay loiterers reside in localities only known to tax-collectors, election canvassers, water-rate men, and people who engrave maps of London. And wonderfully dazzling are they in the sunshine; but on the approach of wet weather, they disappear to their mysterious abodes in the same unaccountable manner as their prototypes, the butterflies. We say unaccountable

because, although we have paid deep attention to the subject, we never could make out where the butterflies go to, or what they do, on wet days; no more than we could solve another enigma of equal obscurity—viz., *what has become of all the pins*.

Men of enterprising spirit, who have contrived to increase the *penetralia* of the lounger's home, affirm that his toilet when there, partakes more of the *Costume du Queen's Bench*, than the dashing appearance which it assumes in the streets. There, the blouse or dressing-gown with seedy elbows, and the slippers formed of boots cut down, are the favourite articles; whilst the worked satin scarf yields to a Spanish cloth stock, or more probably none at all: for the incomes of those would-be men about Town are exceedingly limited, and each "reforms his tailor's bills," in every sense of the word

III.—THE HAUNTS OF THE REGENT-STREET LOUNGER.

As we wish our Physiology to be strictly English, we cannot make particular mention of the foreigners who saunter along the trottoir of Regent-street; but the nearest approach to them is—

"THE GENTLEMAN WHO HAS BEEN TO PARIS,"

and, having returned in safety, goes any lengths to gratify his ambition of being thought a Frenchman. He inclines to a shady frock-coat of napless cloth, with a collar of half an inch in depth; light cloth *brodequins*, with patent leather tips; grey pantaloons puckered in at the waist, and fitting as closely to the boots as a coloured stocking with the toes cut off; and a fifteen-franc velvet hat. His hair wants cutting very badly, and his mustachios join his beard at the angles of his mouth—the whole contour of his face somewhat resembling a lion's head, with a capillary knocker thereunto attached.

"The gentleman who has been to Paris" is addicted to Very's, because it is an approximation to a French Café, and he can read the foreign papers with an air of understanding them. He addresses the garçon in an Anglo-Gallican dialect, although the man speaks English quite as well as himself: and this is about the average style of the dialogue:—

"Garsong!"

"*Oui, monsieur.*"

"Esker vooz avez des glass?"

"*Oui, monsieur.*"

"Quel glass avvay voo?"

"*Monsieur—voilà la carte.*"

Ah! beang! donnay moi une glass der framboys et une caraffon de l'eau froid."

"*Oui, monsieur: une carafe d'eau fraîche.*"

"Beang."

Or the dialogue may go on thus:—

"Garsong—donnay moi un petit tass du caffay et un peu de l'eau de vie—par beaucoup."

"*Oui, monsieur: une d'mie tasse et un p't'verre.*"

"Et une papier des nouvelles."

"*Plaît-il, monsieur?*"

(LOUDER) "Une papier—des nouveautés—comprenay voo?"

"*Oui, monsieur.*"

The waiter departs, and not exactly understanding that the visitor means a newspaper, brings him a paper of bonbons.

But when the journal is procured, and the same "garsong" says to him, "I will take zat paper after you, sare, if you please," he begins to think that he might just as well have spoken English, and feels as we did on our first visit to Boulogne (to which place we crossed one day from Ramsgate to say we had been to France, and on which account we have affected to call it Bou-*loyne* ever since), when having summoned up courage to plunge into the pastrycook's shop at the corner of the Rue Neuve Chaussée, and address the young lady therein presiding with "Avez-vous de l'eau de soda?" received as a reply:—

"Oh, yes, sir, plenty of soda-water."

The pleasures of the Regent-street lounger are attained at a very small outlay of capital. He loves the shop-windows, looking upon them as gratuitous exhibitions of curious articles, and thinks that Ackermann, Fores, Stocken, and other card-case and caricature merchants, deserve a piece of plate from the loungers (if they could only afford the subscription) in return for the very cheap amusement which their establishments offer. And we may here observe that the Taglioni, in spite of its alleged resemblance to a coal-sack fitted up with buttons and sleeves, is an article of dress which must have been invented expressly for these loungers. Thrusting their hands and half their little walking-sticks into the front slanting pockets, up to their elbows, they bid defiance to the thieves, and are not driven to the trouble of perpetually sounding their coat-tails to see if their handkerchiefs and cigar-cases are safe, whilst they admire the last portrait of Attila, the latest conceit of H.B.'s graphic pencil, the writing-case adorned with the graceful Cerito dancing the *Lithuanienne*, the lithographs innumerable of Carlotta Grisi in *Giselle*, the etching for Landseer's next picture of canine perfection, or the mighty steamship on its fearful course over the wild waters of the Atlantic.

The covered passage through which the overland journey from Burlington Gardens to Piccadilly is generally performed, so abounds in objects of amusement to the lounger, that, in point of cheap happiness, it becomes a perfect Burlington Arcadia. He can pass a whole afternoon therein, with the additional comfortable feeling of security from any unexpected shower. First of all he makes a regular inspection of every article in Delaporte's windows—from Gavarni's *Charivari* sketches, which have been there as far as the memory of the oldest lounger can reach, to the droll *Diableries*, and the "*Dames et Seigneurs de la Cour du Moyen Age*," who rushed into publicity at the first whisper of the Queen's Fancy Ball. Then he listens to the dulcet notes of an accordion, which is perpetually playing in this favoured thoroughfare, whilst he saunters on to the fancy-stationer's, and criticizes the water-colour albumified views of Venice and Constantinople, all neutral tint and burnt sienna; or falls in love with the impassioned head of La Esmeralda, and regrets such symmetrical young ladies do not dance about the streets at the present day; his attention only being withdrawn from the beautiful gipsy by two portraits of mortal angels in *very* low dresses, one of whom is asleep at one corner of the window, and the second combing her hair at the other. He peers into all the artificial flower-shops, to see what hidden divinities are therein concealed by the bowers of tinted gauze and tinsel; and having admired the languishing ladies and very nice gentlemen in the hairdressers' windows—the latter of whom are beautiful samples of that highest popular style of handsome vulgarity, the black-hair, red-cheeks, and white-teeth school—he reads the backs of all the foreign works imported by Jeffs; and finally loses himself in an earthly paradise of painted snuff-boxes, parasols, popular music, and perfumery; together with certain articles of ladies' dress, like dolls' pillows in convulsions, the display of which has always struck us as being a profane revelation of the arcana pertaining to the toilet of a beauty. Arriving at the Piccadilly end of the Arcade, he stands awhile upon the steps, tapping his boot with his stick, and wondering what can be the use of the tall blue beadles who are supposed to guard the entrance; until having been hailed successively by the conductors of every omnibus that has passed, who thinks he is waiting for one of their vehicles, he turns back again, and looks at everything once more—the saunter receives fresh charms from the order of inspection being reversed.

The Regent-street lounger invariably gets on better by himself than with a companion. Few men are born with precisely the same taste; they may like one pursuit in common with each other, but they will differ in twenty. The lounger, for instance, is a keenly-susceptible admirer of female loveliness—he cannot keep his eyes from the pretty women in the carriages, whilst his friend cares for nothing but the horses, and somewhat scandalises the other's meditations by intruding occasional remarks about their (the horses') broad chests and fine action. The lounger likes to inspect the articles in a jeweller's shop, and make imaginary purchases of any indefinite number of pins and studs he may have set his mind upon; whilst his friend falls in raptures at every gun-maker's he passes, and will not be drawn away until he has descanted upon the merits of every piece in the window, down to the seven-barreled pistols. The lounger likes to walk across the road with becoming ease and indifference to the vehicles—his friend rushes over as if a mail train was coming down upon him. In fact, should the lounger run the risk of being saddled with a friend, it is always best to have some ready excuse for shirking him constantly at his finger's ends. In answer to the fatal question "which way are you going, because I'll walk with you?" the lounger knows it is useless to give a literal reply, because these annoying acquaintances always chance to be progressing in exactly the same direction. He had better say that he is going nowhere in particular, but waiting to keep an appointment with a lady. If the friend has any delicacy he will retire; if not, he must be cut—henceforth and for ever.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF COURTSHIP.

Chapter II.—The Implements of Courtship.

When the gods decreed, as per last chapter, that Courtship should be numbered amongst the fine arts, they presented us with the necessary implements—that the making of love, like the making of barley-sugar or gunpowder, might be duly carried on, *secundum artem*, by machinery. Brunel would be nobody without his pistons and cogs. Apelles would never have been heard of but for his pencil. What was Phidias without his chisel? and not the laboratory of the chemist, nor the *ateliers* of the mechanist, contain instruments of such varied, complicated, delicate construction, as those employed by the true artist in love.

To mention only a few of the articles in a lover's laboratory:—the eyes to glance, a purse to bribe Abigails and to make presents, the hands to "press" and to write notes with, the brains (though not absolutely essential) to spin into verses, the lips as ingredients in a smile, the lungs for sighing, the tongue for fibbing ("at lovers' perjuries, &c. &c."), the feet and a few lessons from D'Egville, for waltzing; besides a hundred others, many of which are not even mentioned by Ovid.

Let us begin with the Eyes—for with them lovers invariably commence their conjurations. If you look in a dictionary for a meaning to the word, you will find it designated "the organ of sight"—a vilely meagre definition; implying that its use is simply visual, as if it had nothing to do with flirtation. Why, even my excellent friend Pelham Plumer—the precise, punctilious clerk in Her Majesty's Treasury—knows better. It was, if I understand him rightly, when the buds were first peeping forth upon the trees of the Russell-square inclosure, (a key whereof he had just purchased), that he first became aware that eyes were made for other uses than mere seeing. The pair from which he learnt the lesson are, according to his account—bright, lustrous, and blue. They belong to a charming face, shine under a very "love" of a garden bonnet every morning, exactly half an hour before breakfast, and, next to them, Pelham loves punctuality. The first encounter happened whilst he was sitting in the round seat under the great tree. He was putting on a new pair of gloves, and mentally cursing the one thread that pretended to fasten the wrist-button, when he beheld *the* blue orbits. They were taking a general view of his person—a periscope from under a parasol. They gradually travelled from his boots to his hat, and called up a smile; they then rested upon the embarrassing glove-button, and invoked a frown. Plumer was paralysed, for he translated the smile into an approval of his person, and the frown into sympathy with his mishap. He never saw such a lovely figure—one at least that stood sitting so well—nor such a tasteful morning robe—nor such pretty feet—nor such a tiny parasol. He stared, and the lady would have hid her face had her sun-fan been big enough, so she turned away her head, and pretended to watch with earnestness the gardener, as he swept past with a broom. The back-view thus presented was perfectly enchanting. What an elegantly-turned figure! What a sylph-like waist! Plumer took this opportunity of arranging his cravat.

Again those blue eyes shone upon the hemisphere of his attractions. Half closed, they at first peered with curiosity—then opened with surprise—and called up the sweetest tinge of shame that ever deepened the tint of a lovely cheek. Plumer was right in rendering these motions and emotions into English thus:—"I wonder if he is gone yet! As I live he is still looking this way! Good gracious! how very odd he must think me!"

Thereupon the lady rises, and the gentleman follows her—but only with his eyes. At a turn of the walk she again looks round. One short, twinkling, but decisive glance is exchanged, and Mr. Plumer rushes to the square-keeper, and promising him a handsome reward if he will divulge who the lady with the pale pink bonnet and infinitesimal parasol may happen to be. The answer is, "Miss Murray, of Number 96, in the Square;" and the rejoinder, a half-crown.

Mr. Plumer's destiny from that morning was settled. For the first time since "taking office" he was fined for being late, and when the blue eyes were innocently mentioned as the cause thereof, those enchanting orbits were vilely coupled by his doubting fellow-clerks, with a lady well-known as "Betty Martin." Still, Pelham—not having the fear of the clerk of the cheque before him—continued to visit the interior of the Square at the time of trysting, and thus a silent telegraphic courtship was established, solely by two pairs of eyes. The staid Plumer now became another man, and actually went to a fancy ball dressed as a French Chasseur.

Let me here mention a few other important elements in the science. COMPLIMENTS are most difficult tools to handle; for all women are most particular in assuring us that they abhor flattery. Hence, if you cannot manage to bring your compliments within the pale of their implicit belief, you had better not use them. As skilful anglers proportion the size of the hook to the fish's capacity for swallowing, so the clever courtier must measure his flattery by the known amount of the recipient's vanity. To be sure, this is sometimes incalculable, as I believed Julia Summers's to be, when I thought no extravagance of praise applied to her *personale* would be too great for her credence. But I was mistaken. I happened, (it was at a Champagne pic-nic, and that must be my excuse), to make some outrageous allusion to the planetary system in connection with her eyes; forgetting, alas! at the moment, how awfully she squints. Unluckily she knew I was quizzing her, and never forgave me, which I have repeatedly regretted, for she possesses as pretty a fortune as a professor of courtship would wish to wed withal.

Neither should the best deserved compliment be directed point-blank, even from the glibbest beau, but wafted to the ears of the belle upon the insinuating zephyrs of a puff-oblique. It should be adroitly implied, and not directly paid—"duly as the Turk's tribute,"—but let fall by apparent accident. If, however, an evidence of intention be unavoidable, let the honied words drop from your lips as though you really could not help it. Should you, by mistake, address a sensible woman, truly conscious of what is due to her in the way of admiration, she will laugh at you; but laugh, too—be not mortified—and never retract.

Again, of LOVE LETTERS.—Above all things be very particular about your stationery. I don't wish to drive you to the expense of arabesque envelopes, gilded borders, or any of the mere fripperies of *papeterie*; but let me assure you, that despair, be it ever so touchingly expressed, looks anything but genuine upon shabby post; whilst love, merely hinted at upon pink note, receives a tinge of reality which no words can express. Always seal with your crest, (if you have one—if not, get one "found" at your stationer's), and never use those abominable mottoes which are sold in the bazaars by the dozen.

There can be no doubt that the outside of a billet is of far greater consequence than its contents, the which few women absolutely and religiously believe. "Men," it is their common axiom, "are deceivers ever," and rather than put faith in what we say upon paper, the dear ones form their judgment from little accompanying circumstances; as thus:—a crest, bespeaks good family; a neat envelope, gentlemanly habits; the groom, whom you must always contrive shall be your Mercury (whether he be your own or another's), hints a horse, and some affluence. These points once established, the contents of your note—in all cases where the charmer has passed her twenty-fifth year—go for nothing. Should, however, your enchantress be in her teens, they have their weight, but in that case some circumstances of mysterious difficulty and romance must be added to the operation of delivering; to which end always bribe her maid, that your winged messengers of love may occasionally fly in at a three-story window, and fall exactly under your angel's dressing-case, or be folded up somehow in her kerchief, or magically drop upon the pavement when she opens her parasol. And here, too, what are the contents?—Nothing; for your cause is inwardly advocated by the pouting beauty, thus—"How exceedingly impertinent—but then he is so very persevering—I really must tell Mama to discharge Flounce—to be sure he is not handsome, but then so affectionate"—(the pink paper)—"and so well bred"—(the crest).—"How shall I act when I meet him at the Watertons' to night?"

How? Why, in a manner that shall convince the lover he has made one step in the fair one's favour.

For these reasons, I am convinced that the authors of the "Complete Letter Writer" lay by far too much stress upon the interior of a *billet d'amour*. Yet, as a matter of secondary importance, that demands a remark or two. Be sure to invoke inspiration from Honour, and in your first note make decided but delicate allusions to the true end and aim of courtship. Be sparing of your imagination, and only use it to heighten the feelings you really possess; never pretending to emotions you are an entire stranger to. If you indulge in sentimentality, let it not be—as you value a character for sanity—sickly or maudlin. We are loved as men; our sentiments and actions should therefore be manly. Your style should be divested of all formality; never commence with "My dear Madam," or "My dear Miss Watson;" but plunge *in medias res* at once. I knew a worthy young attorney, who lost a lovely, lively brunette, by addressing her as "Respected Miss Gay."

PRESENTS should be more tasteful than costly; *apropos* rather than numerous. VISITS must never be too prolonged, or without excuse; to manufacture which, various plans may be adopted. Never, for instance, separate at a party, or elsewhere, without a proposition for the opera, or some sort of excursion, that you may call next morning to get the arrangement ratified or rejected. Always forget to return a handkerchief, lorgnette, or scent-bottle on the evening you may be indulged with their charge; for that creates another morning visit.

Finally, the finishing implements are—(be not alarmed, dearest prude, for I am not going to pen a physiology of kissing)—the lips!

"What!" warmly asks my esteemed Priscilla, "and has the HEART nothing to do with courtship?"

"Nothing, my dear Madam; for when that inmost temple of the affections is entered, courtship and its arts have fled."

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

OUR express in anticipation of the overland mail (brought in a flaming red cab), from Hounslow, is full of news, which is nearly all of an unsatisfactory character. The traders of the city had been detected in using short weights, and a number of them had been solemnly condemned in the presence of the proper officer.

The news from the Heath is still gloomy, and it is as barren as usual of all interest. A tribe had lately passed over it with a caravan, and had been seen to halt on the way, and to light a beacon fire, on the top of which our informant had distinctly seen a kettle and a set of

FIRE IRONS.

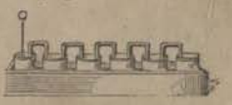
Our correspondent gives a graphic description of the position taken up by the wandering tribe, and gives a pleasing anecdote connected with the turning loose of a horse to "fatten on the rich pastures of the verdure-clad heath," but we have no room for extracts.

THE POST "LYING" IN THE HIGH-ROAD.

THE editor of *The Morning Post*—who, when very loyal, writes as the serpent creeps, prostrate—has the following:—"The enthusiastic affection for her Majesty is such that if it would make the *road softer* for her progress, her Majesty's lieges would lie down in the high-road, that her carriage *might pass over* them, as the car of Juggernaut did over the adoring Indians." Now, if softness be the test of loyalty, why does not the editor of the *Morning Post* put his own head under the royal carriage wheel?

"BASE IS THE SLAVE WHO PAYS."

THE "Gurney affair" has completely galvanised the commercial world, the decision in Thornton *v.* Byng and others, having turned out



A SHOCKING AFFAIR

for creditors in general. In future, when a grocer cannot pay his tailor, his assertion that Lord E——— has not paid *him*, will be as good as a receipt. This is a *very* new way to pay old debts.

A CARD.

SIR PETER LAURIE presents his compliments to "PUNCH," and would be glad to be informed whether the "*Huge Nose*," lately represented by the German Company at Covent Garden, and which is said to have been a "great feature," was really an Opera founded upon the story of a tremendous proboscis.

A REBUS.

My first is the balance at my banker's.
My second is a noun adjective signifying that which cannot be avoided.
And, my whole is my income.

Answer.

My first is the balance at my banker's—*Nothing.*
My second is a noun adjective signifying that which cannot be avoided—The word *certain.*
My whole is my income—*Nothing certain.*

GRAND ELECTION OF A HEAD MONITOR

AT THE

UNIVERSAL NATIONAL SCHOOLS, BALDWIN'S GARDENS.

ANY are the noble associations presented to the mind which attentively reviews the history and topography of Gray's Inn Lane. Besides the neighbouring Inn, so celebrated for the hall dinners—by which an immense stock is, cinque-annually, stall-fed, and driven to the bar—it boasts of the "academic groves severe" of Baldwin's Gardens, and its ancient colleges for the youthful aristocracy of the neighbourhood.

It having been rumoured that the august ceremony of electing a new head-monitor was to take place, the neighbourhood was crowded at an early hour. The Roman arch by which the gardens are entered from the Lane (the architecture of which has been so extensively admired) was tastefully ornamented by the treasures of Pomona; a basket of fruit having been placed at each side, which, however, were eagerly cleared, though the cherries were a penny a bunch. The school-room steps were fresh whitened, and all the pupils ordered to appear in full academicals; The clean pinafores of the upper form added a picturesque variety to the railway-cords of the teachers, and the more sombre hues of the younger scholars' velveteen pockets.

To prevent the usual confusion on such great occasions, the police gave orders that the horses should be drawn up with their heads towards Liquorpond-street, an arrangement which was much interfered with by a coal-merchant who lives next to the arch and does business on

THE TRUCK SYSTEM,

and who obstinately refused to remove his vehicle out of the gutter.

From the windows of the houses which line the sides of the Gardens many a bright eye beamed, whilst the curiously-shaped banners, which were hung out across the court, fluttered gaily in the breeze to the music of a band of mouth-organs and trombones stationed near the College itself.

It having been rumoured that the procession had started, the utmost excitement prevailed, and the band struck up the exciting melody of "Fake away!"

On the *cortège* appearing, the shouts became deafening, and continued till the head monitor and his mother (of which it consisted) was lost to the view by the shutting of the school-door.

During the ceremony of

TAKING THE CHAIR,

the graduates in writing were ranged before the sand-troughs, sticks in hand, supported by the readers with new spelling-books, who were in their turn headed (by sundry taps with the cane) by the teachers, whenever they coughed or made faces.

The ceremony was then proceeded with amidst the most breathless attention. The head-master having called out "Thomas Boggles," that illustrious individual smoothed his hair with his hand, and in a FIRM VOICE answered, "Here." Leaving the side of his mother, he presented himself before the academic chief, and, ducking his head, allowed that functionary to place the badge around his neck. This proud trophy consisted of a pewter medal, presenting on the obverse the words "MONITOR, No. 1." On the reverse, "Reward of Merit" was conspicuously engraved.

The ceremony having concluded, the school broke up, and the scholars went home to their dinners.

Naval Intelligence.

THE "Bride" and "Bridegroom" encountered a heavy breeze in Chelsea Reach on Tuesday last; when it was reported that the former had lost her

FLYING JIB;

but, on inquiry, it was found she never had one. Nothing was said about the report at Lloyd's.

On the "Mary Anne" (first-class steamer) being reported inwards at the "Old Swan Pier," her Master was instantly placed under arrest, having been brought to Court-Marshalsea, on charges severally preferred by his landlady and laundress.

THE LINEN TRADE.

COLLARS are quite stiff at nine-pence each, and a little was done on Saturday night in a sixpenny article, which is a lower class of goods, got up to meet the pressure of eighteen-penny stocks—a blue article of

GROS-DE-NAPLES.

The surface is linen, but the interior is of calico.

There was a slight increase in the price of shirts, which had fluctuated all the week between half-a-crown and six-and-sixpence, but as the holders of the article foresaw the necessity of a change which always arises from the Sunday's demand, they confidently asked for higher prices. Basted goods were nevertheless done at the usual low figure, while the stitched article showed a decided tendency to advance, and many of them were freely quoted in the windows at six-and-sixpence.

A GOOD SPECULATION.

THE Commissioners of Police have liberally ordered that medical men shall be called in to examine all persons who may be brought to stations insensible, whether it be apparent that the said insensibility proceeds from drunkenness or otherwise. The fee fixed by the Commissioners is to be seven shillings and sixpence; a rate of remuneration that will afford a tempting opportunity to young practitioners, who have only, to make as many people as possible drunk, and indemnify the parties for the fine, which is five shillings, and as the fee for attendance is seven and sixpence, there is a profit of half-a-crown on every case of inebriety.

WEATHER TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

WE have consulted our corns, which decidedly promise rain in the course of the week; and this impression is confirmed by our observation of four cows, which have all kept their tails close up to the wind during the whole time we have been watching them.

Upon an inspection of our milk-jug, we find it half-full of flies, which is another sign of wet; and a blue-bottle is at this moment buzzing about our bread-and-butter plate, with a pertinacity that gives decided promise of a thunder storm.

On examining the piece of sea-weed which we brought home with us last year from Gravesend (whither it was conveyed by a watery estafette from some place on the coast), we find it in a moist state; so that we feel the fullest confidence in predicting a shower. The salt in our earthenware cellar was rather damp when we last looked at it; but as the weather has been finer since, it has probably dried up again.

THE DIET OF DEBT!

DEBT is to be stripped of its dignity, and is henceforth to stand before the world in all its pauper ugliness. The Queen's Prison Act destroys all the romance of credit, and the man who owes money is to be dealt with as a mere prosaic wickedness; henceforth, from the Queen's Bench to the Penitentiary, how short the step! It is thus the poetry of life is plucked and plucked at by the horny fingers of Utility—it is thus every gay, though draggled feather, that covered its nakedness, is torn relentlessly away—and Life has become a poor nude groundling, naked as a poulterer's capon.

We confess to a rising feeling of resentment, as we struggled through a perusal of the regulations that are, henceforth, to assimilate what was once the region of good-fellowship to the dreariness of La Trappe! In the first place there is to be *no wine allowed!* No wine allowed in Her Majesty's own gaol! We have called before our mind's eye the cordial face of our heroic little Queen, and sure we are, this sordid, bloodless clause must have cost her many a pang ere she assented to it. The Bench forbidden to Bacchus! when, heretofore, his jolliness, poorly disguised beneath the husky outside of a doorkeeper, was wont to stand in the inner lobby, and with a roguish twinkle of the eye, seem to invite the calling friend to crack a bottle—yea, or two—with the melancholy captive! And now, bottles consecrated to the grape are forbidden things. What a change! Imagine the self-same doorkeeper, whose key, to the eye of the imaginative visitor, looked a little thyrsus,—imagine the purple hospitality now shrunk and faded, and challenging every vessel that passes the gate, and with starveling nose—like the storks that asked the fox to dinner—thrust down every bottle to snuff the odour of prohibited grape! To be sure we are not altogether without hope: the very severity of the restriction may give a healthy fillip to the genius of smuggling; we acknowledge a renewal of spirit from our faith in contraband.

Another regulation applies to roast and boiled. Care is to be taken—so runs the sneaking hypocrisy of the new rules—that debtors do not waste what is due to the creditor in expensive feasting. Who is to define expensiveness? A Poor-Law Commissioner, for instance, might refuse a second onion to the bread and cheese of the epicurean debtor, deeming two onions the luxury of a Lucullus, and that only allowed when he sees company in the Apollo. Over-quantity, or what may be considered over-quantity, comes under the head of undue outlay; therefore shall we have an authorised officer weighing every collop of rump-steak as though he was weighing light sovereigns—or, rather, like a Queen's Bench *Shylock* curiously balancing the bleeding flesh of every debtor. Again, will it not be a nice calculation justly to consider the capabilities of every incarcerated stomach? May not the duty be entrusted to an illiterate officer, ignorant of the fact that men, like turkeys, cram most when most confined?

However, say that a proper quantity of rump-steak passes the appointed censor; let it be taken for granted that the leg of mutton allowed to "6 in 14" is all-sufficient for the tenants therein abiding;

JOINT STOCK.

how then, fare those nameless graces of life—those little amenities of the board that redeem mere eating from its grossness, and cast a something like poetry about the mortal necessities of the table? We at once avow it; we mean oyster-sauce. Nay, we will also confess to capers, currant-jelly; yea, to the whole delightful family of condiments. Shall every leg of mutton, casting up its melancholy pope's-eye, read inscribed on the Queen's Bench gate—

"Leave off all capers, ye who enter here?"

Will the affected humanity of the new law, careful lest it draw unnecessary tears to the eyes of the debtor, deny to him the dinner-visit of horse-radish? Shall not even mustard be "hot in the mouth!"

There is likewise to be the ignominy of classification. Men are not, as heretofore, to meet on the broad and pleasant ground of debt—that sweet neutral spot of life, where the dwellers were wont to cast aside the ceremonies and petty pride of the outer world, and where was to be seen the gay gallant of former thousands, in morning-gown and slippers, lounging familiarly with the modest captive, prisoner for three pounds ten. The man who has twice tested the benevolence of the laws of credit is now no longer to play at rackets with the debtor caged for the first time. Extravagance and misfortune are contagious; hence, captivity is to be classified!

Woman, too, who, like a sweet Sister of Charity, was wont to tend the bruised heart of imprisonment,—she, too, either as captive or as visitor, is no longer to cheer her brothers in affliction. If a debtor, she is, like a nun, to dwell apart. If she would pay a compassionate visit, it must be at angelic intervals, and of angelic duration—few and short. And children, who were occasionally brought to climb the knees of the imprisoned father, and watch the salutary effect of English law in his wasting cheek and whitening hair—they are no longer to take such early lessons within the Bench, but—if at all—to study legal benevolence outside the walls.

Most vigilantly will work the spirit of classification. The debtor who has ruined three tailors will have his peculiar cell. The criminal who, at only 60 per cent., has betrayed the confidence of a money-lending Samaritan, will be disciplined with a severity proportioned to his crime.

MAKING ADVANCES.

A prison costume is, we understand, in contemplation: a dress made of white flannel, with red and blue stripes down and across it, like a ledger; while the amount of the prisoner's detainers will be embroidered in each collar, in black worsted. If remanded from the Insolvent's Court, it is proposed to *burn the figure* in each cheek of the offender.

Whitecross-street, the Fleet, and other prisons, are to empty themselves into the Queen's Bench. Soon, full soon, the Fleet, with all the wild romance of other days, will have vanished! All its feathered gallants, its brocaded dames, its most convenient parsons—all have long since been a matter of legend: yet still was spared, to the reflecting humanity of our day, the grizzled head and furrowed face of some wretched, croaking, groaning suppliant, who stood in penury as in deepest crime, and through iron bars, begged his fellow-man to "remember the poor debtor," caged like a beast, because the beast was—poor! The perfection of human reason dived its hand in the pocket of the debtor, and finding *nothing there*, locked him up, that some benevolent "night-tripping fairy" might fill the said pocket with coined pieces.

We have a great respect for this spirit of reform bustling at the present moment in the Queen's Bench. We could, however, wish that the said spirit, leaving for a time the wine-bottles and the legs of mutton of the debtor, would begin at the right end of the evil. It is well that the wastefulness of Debt should not drink its wine from the cellars of Credit—should not despoil the honesty of Trade of the profits of its mutton; but whilst we institute a most temperate dietary for Debt, why not put Law upon a lessened allowance? "You shall not drink the blood, you shall not feed upon the flesh of the creditor," says Reform to the prisoner. Now, what we want Reform to add is,—"And you, Law, shall take fewer mouthfuls from the substance of the debtor." Let Law Expense have a lower diet as well as Debt; at present, what are the £. s. d. of Law but snakes strangling and devouring the debtor—the miserable Laocöon of modern days? Q.

THE LIGHT SOVEREIGNS.

THE reason why those sovereigns are light that have St. George upon the reverse, is understood to be this:—they have become very naturally sweated by the warm work that the Champion of England is having with the dragon.

DÖBLER'S MAGIC.

THE phenomenon of the candles, performed by Herr Döbler, at the St. James's Theatre, is supposed to be the result of a private understanding between the Herr and the *wicked* one!

"Fly not yet," as the waiter said to the ginger-beer on a hot day.

DRAMATIC COMMONPLACES.

ORTHY MASTER PUNCH.—I do come forward once more further to set forth and expose the exceeding vanity, nothingness, and futility, of the generality of our stage-plays, more especialy of such plays as be perversely called excellent schools of morality. Sir, I do maintain that such sort of stage-plays as I have in view, far from diffusing any real righteousness and practical good, do rather teach and encourage a kind of mouth-morality and hypocritical cant, so that he who hath no goodness in his heart, but is a veritable child of Belial, may discourse glibly in such strain as shall seem to the multitude of excellent savour. Verily such phrases be but the flowers that do spring from filthiness. And though by a long and painful experience, I am well aware that the multitude is generally deceived by a false glitter, yet have even I marvelled greatly, when he that hath but a small and worthless wit, hath, by the introduction of what are pleasantly called "sentiments," with a lavish hand, raised such a tumult of applause as to bring about the belief that his work hath proved successful.

However, as there be some who think such sentences are highly profitable, I have taken the pains to collect and classify the amount of moral wisdom which is to be found in the divers works of our modern makers of stage-plays, that my fellow-citizens may read them over at once, and save themselves the trouble of going to playhouses, and if they find any wisdom in such phrases as I have collected, well and good; if not, why, then, they do agree with me. At all events they need not go to the playhouse to seek it, as, for a little good, it were well to avoid so large a measure of temptation and contact with uncleanness.

Of my collection, I have sent you a few specimens, which I can increase at pleasure, placing before the sentences of each class, the kind of stage-player who doth habitually utter them.

"OUT OF THE COMMON."

A LONG BEAU OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BRITISH SEAMAN.—The British seaman always assists a woman in distress. What! two frigates giving chase to one little cutter! Shiver my timbers, that ain't fair play! Why, you might as well say one Englishman wouldn't beat half a dozen French lubbers! Look at this here picture in my hat: that's the saucy Aggy, bless her! Half a dozen as fine taught fellows as ever boxed a compass.

FATHER OF SEDUCED FEMALE.—The starving wretch who steals a loaf to support subsistence is a victim that suffers by the offended laws of his country, but he who robs a father of his child escapes with impunity. Look at this weather-beaten countenance, what is there in it that the mark of dishonour should be written there? Talk not to me of gold or jewels, they are but the badges of dishonour. A woman's only ornament is her virtue. Ay, Sir Edward, you would, for a point of honour, defy your adversary to mortal combat, but you think a father has no honour. Curse her!—No, I will not curse her, poor deluded girl, she is my child still.

INDEPENDENT PLEBEIAN.—An honest man may look a lord in the face. Better that the hand should grow hard with honest industry than that it should grow soft by helping the mouth to eat the bread of idleness. Talk not to me of the fineness of the waistcoat, it is the heart that beats beneath it that I look at.

SENTIMENTAL NIGGER.—What matter white or black, massa, if a heart in him right place! We all go to one dust: no difference between white man and black man den.

ETHICAL REFLECTOR.—Jealousy is a fiend that spreads a yellow hue around. Improvidence in youth leads to a sorrowful old age. The sin of those days when we reflect least often rise in judgment against us. A cup of poison is less deadly than the dice-box.

Fashionable Intelligence.

ONE of the most pleasing *réunions* of the season assembled last week at the *matinée* of Mr. Minshull in Bow-street. The doors were thrown open at the usual hour, when a numerous party filled the spacious *salon*, and Mr. Minshull received his visitors on the celebrated arm-chair used by Sir Frederick Roe on the examination of the Burkers. Mr. Minshull was attended by the usual officers; and Mr. Burnaby, who wore the insignia of his office (including the collar of purity and the white ducks of the Order of St. Monmouth), was in attendance with the pen of Justice and the inkstand of Integrity. Inspector Toddledown was also present with the staff of Strictness, which he brandished very gracefully from time to time; and several policemen, all wearing the hat of blackness, were scattered over the hall of audience.

In the course of the entertainment, the following Tableaux were exhibited, which excited a very considerable interest:—

Tableau the first.—Snooks, a Greenwich pensioner, fined Five Shillings for Drunkenness.

PROFUSELY DECORATED WITH CUTS.

Tableau the second.—Smith swearing to the loss of a pawnbroker's duplicate.

Tableau the third.—Sarah preferring a charge of assault against her husband, Jacob.

Tableau the fourth.—The Lion's Mouth and the Giant's Staircase; or, Jones confronted with the knocker, wrenched by himself from the door at the top of the high steps in the Adelphi.

TAKEN IN THE ACT.

The whole of the *Tableaux* were beautifully done, and in the last the look of agony thrown by Jones at the accusing knocker, which, of course, maintained its cold and death-like rigidity, was one of the finest things ever witnessed. Mr. Minshull himself was so struck with the effect that he promised a repetition of the scene, and, in official language, ordered a remand, with a view to an *encore* of the very interesting *Tableau*.

Several of the party left the place by the ordinary route, but a few were accommodated with a covered conveyance, driven by an officer in a blue livery, turned up with white letters, and quitted the spot by a separate doorway.

CONUNDRUMS OF THE SEEDY.

WHEN is my poker not my poker?—*Ans.* When it's my walking-stick.

When I am locked up for inebriety, why am I like a winning horse at Ascot?—*Ans.* Because I'm in for the cup.

Why is my property like a riddle one despairs to solve?—*Ans.* Because it's given up.

The British Association

FOR THE

ADVANCEMENT OF EVERYTHING IN GENERAL,
AND NOTHING IN PARTICULAR.

This enlightened Society is still brandishing the torch of science in the eyes of a flabbergasted world; and we are happy to say, that the wick of the said torch, which had been getting rather lengthy, was so effectually snuffed by our notice of last week, that a most refreshing flare-up has been the salubrious consequence. The Members of the Association were so delighted with our report, that they sent a special invitation, to Fräulein, Judy and Her (r) Punch, who have attended all the subsequent meetings that have been held, and who now furnish, from their joint-notes, the following particulars.

INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

When the accounts were brought before the Association, it was found that the following was among the items :—

For watching the meteorometer . . .	£10	0	0
For repairing the meteorometer . . .	15	15	0

Her (r) Punch begged to remark upon this item, that the object of watching the meteorometer was probably to take care of it; and if, after all, there were fifteen guineas to be paid for repairs, the watching must have been of the most inefficient description. He, therefore, begged to propose that the ten pounds for watching should be disallowed. (*Hear, hear.*)

Professor Sniveldrivel begged to propose, as an amendment, that the fifteen guineas for repairs should be deducted from the ten pounds for watching, and this resolution having been carried, it was referred to the Mathematical Section D. to calculate the difference between 15 guineas and 200 shillings in the latter's favour. Another item in the accounts was, several hundred pounds for coloured drawings of sectional cuttings, which brought Professor Smugemoff on his legs, who wanted to know what a sectional cutting meant; and whether Professor Whewell, in taking himself off from the Association altogether, and thus cutting all the sections at once, had achieved a sectional cutting.

Professor Leadenbrains did not know; and several other members begged to say they could give no explanation.

Her(r) Punch had observed that a large sum was charged for certain drawings, and a still larger sum for correcting the errors in the drawings alluded to. He only wished an explanation. (*Hear.*)

The Secretary observed that as Her(r) Punch had asked for an explanation only, he (the Secretary) could only say that an explanation was the only thing which he (the Secretary) was quite unable to offer.

A DOWNY ONE.

Her(r) Punch expressed himself perfectly satisfied, if the members were content. He would, however, like to know how it was that several pounds were put down for extending meteorological observations, and so many more pounds for reducing them. This, he thought, was like paying a carpenter to cut off a piece from the bottom of a ladder, and join it on at the top. (*Hear, hear, followed by cries of "Where, where," from several of the members.*)

The Secretary had the same answer to give to this question that he at first offered to the other, and he believed he was only representing the Association most faithfully when he solemnly declared, in their name, that he knew nothing.

The Excursion.

It having been resolved that the Association should take an excursion somewhere, the proprietors of a coal-hole liberally threw it open to them, and at an early hour the bulk of the Association had collected at the mouth of the place alluded to. The party proceeded slowly down some wooden steps, and as the descent was tardy, a committee was appointed to sit upon the steps, which was accordingly done, and the result was a very speedy Report, in which some very subtle distinctions were drawn between deal-boards and horse-hair chair cushions. The Association at length reached the entrance of the coal-hole, and Professor Slowcoach read a long paper on the ordinary hinge as applied to common doors, which was interspersed with a few desultory observations on key-holes. Having gained the interior, a very curious phenomenon became suddenly visible. A round opening appeared to be formed in the roof, and a sound something resembling the human voice was heard to pronounce the word "Be—low," when a black carbonaceous substance descended in a circular shower, which had no sooner ceased than a strong ray of light gushed down the aperture. This extraordinary phenomenon occurred no less than twelve times, and a large black heap (in a conical form) was immediately afterwards observed in the centre of the place, when some of the most enterprising members of the Association closed round it and proceeded to make experiments.

Professor Paradiddle was the first to approach the extraordinary mass, and placing his foot upon the lower portion of it, he found that it in some degree yielded to external pressure, and that each indentation was followed by a descent of some of the upper portion; and, lastly, by that of himself. On rising, he looked like a nigger who had been

DRESSING FOR A BALL.

A good deal of general conversation then ensued, and the Association left the spot perfectly satisfied with the result of their morning's proceedings.

LINES WRITTEN BY A BEDRIDDEN BARD.

Bright Summer! bright Summer, thy smiling hours
Wake from the earth her sleeping flowers;
Beautiful are they to smell and sight,
Like the types of a land more fair and bright;
And grateful 's the warmth that thy sunbeams shed—
Except when they 're roasting a fellow in bed.

Music! sweet Music! to Fancy's ear
Thou seem'st a voice from some happier sphere,
Where Beauty fades not, and Grief 's unknown,
Where Love unchanging through time lives on;
Music, sweet Music, I love thee well—
But that *duo*, an organ and dustman's bell.

The golden fruits that the Autumn brings
Are they not all most beautiful things?
Bacchus was born whilst Autumn reigned,
And bursting grapes were the breasts he drain'd.
Of the purple current he loved to cram—
But not when 'twas made into powder and jam.

O, precious is Rest to the worn and spent,
Unstringing the bow that was long unbent.
Flowers, and all that is fair and bright,
The loveliest seem in the dawning light.
O, Rest glads the joyous, and soothes the wretch—
But it's rather too much three months at a stretch.

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

A REVIEW OF THE BOOK OF THE SEASON.

Had Sir Isaac Newton's "Principia," Bacon's "Novum Organum," Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding," Homer's "Iliad," Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," or Shakspeare's first edition of his Plays appeared in our time, Punch might have violated the rule that he has laid down for himself respecting the expression of any opinion of the merits of new works, and condescended to have recommended them in true critical phraseology as "worthy of a place in every library."

A work of equal importance to the happiness and enlightenment of the present and future generations has recently issued from the press, under the title of "A Shilling's Worth of Nonsense*," and of which we ourselves are the authors.

As this may be the only opportunity which we may ever have of reviewing the effusions of our own pen (a gold one recently presented to us by a devout admirer of our genius), we have no hesitation in going the whole hog of ego- or rather *nos*-tism (see our racy remarks, page 64), and declaring (as we have done, page 73) that "every father should purchase our admirable little book for every son—every son for every father"—two copies.

Were we to write volumes—nay, Encyclopædiæ—we could not do justice to this diamond edition of our wit and wisdom. The reader is insensibly led grinning along the paths of knowledge, and (as we prefer our metaphors mixed) finally brought up with a chuckle in the haven of happiness. The task which we have set ourselves is a new one. We have sought to turn the "whole duty of man" into a joke—to instruct the ignorant by cachinnation—and to reclaim the erring with a guffaw. Need we say that we have succeeded!

As there may be people in the world obtuse enough not to conceive the possibility of effecting such a desirable purpose, we will dazzle our readers with the following glimmer:—

"INTRODUCTION.

THE writers (geniuses) of this little volume were standing some months ago on the quay at Dublin, attentively observing a pig-driver performing the arduous duty of embarking a herd of swine. They (the geniuses) were much struck with the process, evincing as it did the drover's profound knowledge of porcine nature, and his intimate acquaintance with the principles of Bacon. He (the drover) knowing the perversity of pigs, cleverly converted this unamiable trait in their characters into an accommodating virtue, for by pulling lustily at their tails, and thereby implying a wish to detain, the animal instantly became impregnated with a desire to advance.

"The geniuses could not help admiring the philosophy of the pig-driver, and were instantly impressed with the applicability of this contradictory process to the education of the human species. They became convinced, that from the proverbial pigheadedness of mankind, the only true method of inducing them to go the right road was to urge them to pursue the wrong.

"Big with this great idea, the geniuses hastened home and commenced reducing their new theory to practice.

"The first patient was an elderly aunt, with five hundred a year and an asthma. One of the geniuses having the reversionary interest of her property, naturally became particularly solicitous, lest she should venture abroad on rainy days; and particularly urgent in imploring her to abstain from so doing. The

pig-philosophy prevailed. She *would* go shopping in a shower, and so got a cold, a doctor, and—a hatchment.

"Miss Wild had a good figure, a large dowry, and a strong dislike to both of the geniuses. They induced their mutual friends to urge Miss Wild not to think of either of them for a husband. She heard their advice; and the pig-philosophy again triumphed. Miss Wild listened to one of the geniuses by moonlight, and in the morning rushed into his arms, a post-chaise, and—matrimony.

"With these proofs of the correctness of their theory, the geniuses have jotted down a few hints upon general subjects adapted to the pig-headed portion of humanity; and in order to ensure for their work as large a sale as possible, they now, in accordance with their new philosophy, earnestly entreat no one to purchase 'A Shilling's Worth of Nonsense!'"

"AVARICE.

"Many ignorant people have stigmatised Avarice as a vice. This arose from their blindly considering virtue and generosity as more honourable than wealth.

"Every person knows that respectability consists in a one-horse chaise; gen-

tility, in a chariot and job-horses; nobility, in a carriage, two footmen, a fat coachman, and a hammer-cloth; all of which are the products of "a considerable balance at the bankers'." Now, Avarice being the high-road to the funds and fame, it can but be looked upon as the noble ambition of an aspiring soul to obtain the good opinion of his fellow-men.

"How glorious is the desire to die and leave behind us something better than a good name!—something which will not only surround our death-bed with anxious relations, but which, when we are no more, will make everything which belonged to us dear to them—even our funded property; while those who enjoy only a distant consanguinity will rush to Doctors' Commons and gladly expend a shilling to satisfy themselves that our last requests have been properly attended to.

"There is also another benign consolation. The money which we have hoarded and scraped together will become a golden ointment to the lacerated heart of our 'disconsolate widow.' It will be the means of destroying the solitude of *her* hearth, and of filling our vacant chair with some sighing, sympathising single gentleman."

"BENEVOLENCE.

Benevolence should be cultivated by every noble mind, as there is nothing so conducive to permanent popularity as a proper exhibition of this enchanting sentiment.

"A charity sermon is a fine stimulant to a benevolent mind. As the donation which your generous feelings may prompt you to contribute is always received

* Price Half-a-Crown.

at the church doors, this is undoubtedly one of the best methods of publishing to your fellow-parishioners the humanity as well as the liberality of your disposition.

"We have heard of other advantages attendant upon this description of alms-giving. Should any rascals have imposed upon you a half-crown which is a native of the Minories and not of the Mint, a charity sermon will be found a ready means of obtaining a good name, and getting rid of your bad money. You need have no fears that the charity whose interests you are anxious to promote would be any sufferer by the counterfeit which you have so liberally bestowed: for, rest assured, it would again obtain a ready circulation, as no one could be base enough to suspect that the trustees of a charity would ever dream of indulging in a little pious smashing.

"There is another admirable mode of giving vent to your benevolence. The columns of a newspaper afford a fine opportunity for the exhibition of charitable examples; whilst the publication of your name in conjunction with ten and sixpence, not only tends to relieve the distressed and to stimulate the more sluggish sympathies of others, but also to exalt yourself in the opinions of your fellow-creatures. Giving alms in private is far from commendable; for every one must be well aware of the social value of example; who, therefore, can be justified in 'hiding his candle under a bushel!'"

Reader, what do you think of that? Take the inventor of the steam-engine, and, compared to us, what's Watt? Is Newton's gravity to be named in the same universe with our levity? We are capital judges of such matters; and we say, decidedly not. To be serious—this book really evinces a superior order of mind, and promises to do much for the trunkmakers and cheesemongers of future generations.

THE HUNGERFORD SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

Another pile of this noble edifice that is to be (when it's done) has been partially driven into the mud off Broadwood's brewery. The ceremony was completed amid the cheers of the three men who are constantly employed on the work, and the greetings were loudly echoed by the additional hand who is stationed on the shore to watch the tools of the carpenters.

We understand that the name of a Suspension Bridge has been given to this splendid erection—that is to be—on account of the frequent *suspension* to which the works are subjected.

At the last meeting of the proprietors of this magnificent structure, it was proposed to pass a vote of thanks to Father Thames for having lately ceased to impede the works by intruding within the coffer, and thus avoiding the necessity of keeping

ALL HANDS TO THE PUMPS.

MESMERIC MIRACLES.

It was reported to the associated Association for the Encouragement of Mesmeric Mummery, that Dr. Collyer had thrown a woman into such a state that a tooth was extracted from her head without her knowing anything about it. Professor Quizemall immediately brought under the notice of the meeting the following case that had occurred under his own eye as late as yesterday:—

He (the professor) had observed an individual to emerge from a public-house, who was evidently under a strong mesmeric influence. He oscillated considerably from side to side, and described various semi-circles, his arms and legs forming as it were *radii*, of which his body appeared to be the centre. He at length fell with great violence on the pavement, and did not appear to suffer in the least, when a policeman began to manipulate upon his collar, and made a few passes with a thick staff over the shins of the patient, with the view most probably of disengaging the mesmeric matter. The patient struggled a good deal, and he (the professor) might mention as a parallel case to that of Dr. Collyer and the tooth, that the mesmerised individual lost the whole of one skirt of his coat without exhibiting any consciousness of the fact having happened.

A member wished to know how the case terminated. Professor Quizemall had seen the patient the next day, when he was completely dis-mesmerised, and was fully conscious of the loss of five shillings, taken from him no doubt by way of experiment, though when under the mesmeric influence he had lost several sovereigns without being in the least aware of it.

K.C.B.

Sir Peter Laurie presents his compliments to Punch, and, having observed "K.C.B." attached to the names of various noblemen, wishes to learn if such letters do not mean "Knights of the Cold Brandy-and-Water?"

Musical Intelligence.

A public concert, purporting to be for the relief of distressed street musicians, took place in Tottenham-court-road on Saturday evening last, and, we are happy to state, was exceedingly well attended; especially the reserved seats on the heap of paving-stones where they are repairing the road; and the stalls, all of which were occupied by their respective owners.

Miss M. Wuggles created a sensation in the grand descriptive scena, "The Congreve Lights," and subsequent air, "The Last Box." Mr. Chaffey Baggs was encored in his new comic song of "I'll tell you the things what I don't like to see," when, with his usual readiness, he gave another, called "The single young Man Lodger." We are requested to state that these favourite songs are just published by Mr. Catnach. A duet upon two piano organs by Signori Giuseppi Bruciani and Pietro Salvi elicited general approbation, one playing "Jim along Josy," and the other, "Do not mingle;" with an obligato accompaniment on two pieces of slate, by Master Fluffy Dick, the infant rattler. A fine solo, with a catarrh accompaniment, by Mr. Joseph Downey, was eminently successful; as well as Master Miffins, who performed a *fantasia* on an Æolian pear, and a subsequent *pot-pourri* on the jew's-harp; when young M'Scratch, who presumed to express his disapprobation thereat, was immediately bonneted and knocked into an umbrella of prints. Mr. Charley Bates was to have appeared, but could not, being suddenly obliged to leave home;—a notice to this effect was posted at the various police stations.

Refreshments were supplied from Watchorn's retail establishment; and the arrangement of the whole evening's performances were under the direction of the F division.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

It is whispered that a celebrated performer on the dulcimer, who has gained golden opinions at the various race-courses in the vicinity of the metropolis, is about to make his appearance in the New Cut. Should this be true, the lovers of harmony may prepare themselves for a rich treat.

We can contradict, upon authority, the report that Herr Staudigl is engaged at the Cyder Cellars. It is also untrue, that Madame Grisi will, upon recovery, take the principal parts in the operas at the Eagle Tavern.

MONSIEUR JULIEN,

A FELLOW THAT STICKS AT NOTHING,

is hard at work bringing out the *Stabat Mater* waltzes, and *Dead March* gallopade, for the ensuing Promenade Concerts. Our correspondent *F.* is informed that we do not think Mr. Keeley ever played *Fra Diavolo* or *Elvino*. We are also certain that Mr. W. Harrison is taller than Mr. Grattan Cooke.

STATISTICS OF MENDICITY.

The *Edinburgh Review* proves to demonstration that begging is a very profitable trade, and it is a curious fact that singing beggars make larger sums than those who do not combine the profession of vocalist with the trade of mendicant. We understand that since the introduction of Mr. Mainzer's Singing for the Million, musical beggars have increased in the *ratio* of three to one; and it is a remarkable fact that the worse they sing the better thing they are sure to make of it. Beggars with children get much more than beggars with none; and when they hold up their offspring as objects of compassion, they may be said, in legal phraseology, to plead the general issue.

DOMESTIC TIE.

THE PRISONER BEAN.

BY THE OBSERVER'S OWN CORRESPONDENT.

This little wretch is exciting the most intense interest, (Faugh!) and we have bribed the authorities in all directions to obtain information regarding him.

It appears that Bean was the son of his mother, but we have been unable to get from either of the parents the exact date when the vagabond was weaned, but we have drawn our own conclusions on the subject.

Since Bean has been in prison he has observed a sullen indifference, but he continues to eat and drink with appetite.

It is a curious fact that when Policemen O. P. Q. asked him what could induce him to fire at the Queen, he placed the end of his thumb on the point of his nose; and as several boys have been observed to do the same thing, it is very reasonably inferred that Bean belongs to some secret society, of which the mystic symbol above described is one of the modes of communication between the members of the fraternity. The policeman sought an interview with Sir James Graham; and on being asked by the home secretary what he had to communicate, placed his thumb upon his nose, which had rather an odd effect until an explanation was given. Sir J. Graham remained some time in deliberation on the act reported by the policeman, and it was resolved that a member of the British Association should be called upon to give an interpretation of the mystic symbol.

The general opinion as to the punishment of Bean is, that a good thrashing, which is often applied to vegetable Beans with effect, may be resorted to in the case of this ordinary human Bean with the best result possible.

PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

LETTER I.—THE BRIGHT POKER.

My dear little boy,—So early as cock-crow this morning, your dear mother reminded me that you were this day nine years old. The intelligence delighted, yea, and saddened me. My sweet little pet, you will think this strange: I will explain myself. When I remembered that I was the author of a rational being,—of a creature destined, it might be, to make a great noise in this world, and a still greater in the next, my heart rose within me, and I was in a transport of happiness. When, again, I reflected that I had given to the earth an intelligent animal, doomed, perhaps, to continual fisticuffs with fortune—marked, branded with poverty; sentenced to all the varieties of the elements; a cold, hungry, houseless, haggard, squalid piece of human offal—a thing with the hopes and aspirations of man, now hardened by the injustice of the world to callous, calculating insensibility,—now stung into the activity of craft;—when I saw you ragged and despairing, an outcast in this life, and hopeless for—but then I banished the picture from my brain. "Things," I thus communed with myself, "must not be thought of after this melancholy fashion, otherwise little boys will become scarce."

You are now, however, called upon to remember—for you are sufficiently old to understand the obligation, and I shall therefore no longer address you as a mere child—that to me you owe your life. It is now nine years (metaphysicians would say something more) since you opened a debtor account with me: an account never to be paid off by laying down the principal, but to be duly acknowledged by the punctual payment of interest in the shape of love, duty, and obedience. Understand, you owe me your life: whether you were, or were not, a party to the debt at the time it was contracted—whether at my own whim and caprice I fixed upon you an obligation, never in reality thinking of you at all, matters not: you are my debtor, up to the present period, for nine springs, as many summers, the like number of autumns, and not one less winter. Consider the hold I have upon you—remember the debt that will be every year increasing—and be docile, be obedient.

(I perceive that I have made use of the word "metaphysicians." Think of the word from time to time, and in due season I will endeavour to explain to you its meaning.)

It is related of Saint Francis, that, being destitute of children, he made to himself a family of snow-balls; and, that when made, he gave to them pretty and endearing names, and took them in his arms and hugged them to his bosom, and doubtless thought himself quite a family man. Now, my dear child, as I am not a Saint Francis—(though I think I have patrons under other names in the Calendar,)—and am therefore incapable of begetting a snow-ball for my heir,—but shall I feel less for my own flesh and blood than the first of the Grey Coats cared for congealed water?

My affection, then, speaks for you in this, and shall be audible in many, letters. The world is opening upon you. In a few years you will enter upon that fearful struggle for the daily shoulder of mutton—that terrible fight which every day shakes the earth to its foundations—that never-ceasing squabble which, when Jove is melancholy—for who shall say that Jove himself has not his megrims?—makes laughter for his majesty and his court assembled. How, then, to get the best of the fray—how to secure the best cut of the shoulder? My son, give heed to a short story:—

The widow Muggeridge was the cleanliest of housewives. You might, in vulgar phrase, have eaten your dinner off her floor; the more especially as plates for two were never known upon her table. Her household goods were a scrubbing-brush and scouring-paper. She fairly washed the world from under the feet of her husband. She insisted, as she worded it, upon his being nice and comfortable; and therefore plentifully sluicing the sick man's chamber, as he lay, knocked down by a fever, Muggeridge died of cold water and a clean helpmate. When assured of her husband's death, it was the touching regret of the new-made widow that he had not staid to change his shirt. If any man ever took pleasure in his grave, it must have been Muggeridge; for never since his marriage had he known what it was to enjoy a piece of wholesome dirt.

And here, my dear child, let me advise you; if it should be your destiny to wed, and live in humble state, avoid by all means what is called a clean wife. You will be made to endure the extreme of misery, under the base, the invidious pretext of being rendered comfortable. Your house will be an ark tossed by continual floods. You will never know what it is to properly accommodate your shoulders to a shirt, so brief will be its visit to your back ere it again go to the wash-tub. And then for spiders, fleas, and other household insects, sent especially into our homesteads to awaken the enquiring spirit of man, to at once humble his individual pride by the contemplation of their sagacity, and to elevate him by the frequent evidence of the marvels of animal life,—all these calls upon your higher faculties will be wanting, and, lacking them, your immortal part will be dizzied, stunned, by the monotony of the scrubbing-brush, and poisoned, past the remedy of civet, by yellow soap! Your wife and children, too, will have their faces continually shining, like the holiday saucers on the mantel-piece. Now, consider the conceit, the worse than arrogance of this: the studied, callous forgetfulness of the beginning of man. Did he not spring from the earth—from clay—dirt—mould—mud—garden-soil, or compost of some sort; for theological geology (you must look into the dictionary for these words) has not precisely defined what; and is it not the basest impudence of pride to seek to wash, and scrub, and rub away the original spot? Is he not the most natural man who, in vulgar meaning, is the dirtiest? Depend upon it, there is a fine natural religion in dirt: and yet we see men and women strive to appear as if they were compounded of the roses and lilies of Paradise, instead of the fine rich loam that fed their roots. Be assured of it, there is great piety in what the ignorant foolishly call filth. Take some of the saints for an example. Off with their coats, and away with their hair-shirts; and even then, my son, so intently have they considered, and been influenced, by the lowly origin of man, that with the most curious eye, and most delicate finger, you shall not be able to tell where either saint or dirt begins or ends.

I have, however, been led from my immediate narrative.

The widow Muggeridge, in her best room, had two pokers. The

one was black and somewhat bent; the other shone like a ray of summer-light—it was effulgent, speckless steel.

Both pokers stood at the same fire-place. "What!" you ask, "and did the widow Muggeridge stir her fire with both?"—Certainly not. Was a coal to be cracked—the black poker cracked it; was the lower bar to be cleared—the black poker cleared it; did she want a rousing fire—the black poker was plunged relentlessly into the burning mass, to stir up the sleeping heart of Vulcan; was a tea-kettle to be accommodated to the coals—the black poker supported it. "And what," methinks you ask, "did the bright poker?" I answer, nothing—nothing save to stand and glisten at the fire-side—its black, begrimed companion, stoking, roking, burning, banging, doing all the sweating work. As for the bright poker, that was a consecrated thing. Never did Mrs. Muggeridge go to Hackney for a week to visit her relations, that the bright poker was not removed from the grate, and, carefully swathed in oiled flannel, awaited in greasy repose the return of its mistress. Then, once more in glistering idleness, would it lounge among shovel and tongs; the jetty slave, the black poker, working until it was worked to the stump, at last to be flung aside for vile old iron! One dozen black pokers did the bright poker see out; and to this day—doing nothing—it stands, lustrous and inactive!

My son, such is life. When you enter the world, make up all your energies to become—A Bright Poker.

PHYSIOLOGY OF THE LONDON IDLER.

CHAPTER IV.—OF THE PANTHEON, CONSIDERED IN RELATION TO THE LOUNGER.

THE liberal person who threw open this bazaar as a pleasant cut, in wet weather, from Oxford-street to Marlborough-street, conferred a boon upon the Regent-street Loungers for which they cannot be too grateful. It combines the attractions of the Zoological Gardens and National Gallery, together with a condensed essence of all the most entertaining shop-windows; and the passages between its counters, on the ground-floors, form a curious maze, or labyrinth, exceedingly perplexing to novices anxious to arrive at the other end; whilst the approaches abound in objects of interest to the lounger—the most attractive one being the *al fresco* and gratuitous exhibition of wax-work at the door of the tailor's opposite. The lounger is lost in admiration of the fit of the coat which adorns the gentleman, and wonders if his waist could possibly be made to look so small.

The majority of the loungers have a prevalent idea that wherever they may be, they themselves form the chief points of attraction; and hence they do not regard objects so much with the intention of looking at them as with the notion that they are being looked at the whiles. This is the reason why many of them incline to the chairs against the pillars, in the gallery up-stairs, the possession of which seats, they think, qualifies them for temporary men-about-town—a term applied to those individuals who make themselves conspicuous everywhere but in respectable private society; and from this exalted situation they gaze upon the crowd below with the high bearing which a person who has been fortunate enough to get an order for a private box at the theatres assumes towards the occupiers of the pit. It is generally supposed to be a variety of the same conceit that induces people to give apples and buns to the elephants and bears at the aforesaid Zoological Gardens. They do not care a straw whether or no the animals are hungry; but the act of feeding elevates them for a time above the throng of lookers-on, and makes them (as they think) of importance.

Should there be any pretty girls behind the stalls—a circumstance by no means uncommon at the Pantheon—the lounger frequently passes backwards and forwards, to create an impression by his stylish appearance; and whilst he is, to all appearance, minutely inspecting with much interest the packets of soap and side-combs at a neighbouring counter, he is inwardly thinking whether his trousers set without twisting, and if his attitude shows off his figure to the best advantage in the eyes of the admired one. We have stated that the means of the lounger are limited, and, therefore, he does not lay out much money at the emporiums. Admitting, however, that he could occasionally make a few purchases, these would not much assist his suit, since the most handsome *marchandes* appear attached to the sale of feminine wares; and allowing his readiness and power to buy, still babies' caps, habit-shirts, and worked collars, although useful in the abstract, are not much in his line.

Perhaps the only thing which annoys him is the sudden appearance of the stall-keepers at his elbow, as if waiting for an order, when he stops to look over any amusing counter. This is a pantomimical way of saying, "What do you wish to buy, sir?"—a refinement upon the common practice of less retiring young ladies who preside over the gingerbread-stalls at fairs, and who, with a shade more of delicate familiarity, are wont to accost passers-by with the salutation, "Now, my dear, let me put up a pound of these spice-nuts for you." By the way, we never correctly understood the exhibition of so much anxiety and unflinching perseverance in the sale of what we always deemed an exceedingly nasty compound of flour, dirt, and treacle.

The Conservatory is the portion of the Pantheon which the lounger loves to frequent, next to the galleries. He is a walking price-current of the rise and fall of the stocks—and other flowers; he knows the value of the various bouquets, and the situation of the rare plants; and he is upon terms of almost familiar acquaintance with the cockatoos and gold-fish; indeed, his feeling towards the tame macaw is one of real gratitude, for having so often attracted the notice of old gentlemen inclined to zoology, who, solely occupied with scratching the bird's poll, are unmindful of the flashing glances their pretty daughters are throwing around, in the general sunshine of which the delighted lounger participates—thinking, even, that they are meant for him alone.

Were we allowed to suggest an improvement, it would be that the divan-looking apartment at the extremity ought to be converted into a smoking-room; and, as he passes through it, to make a *sortie* into

Marlborough-street, he steals a momentary glimpse of his appearance in the looking-glass—of course by pure accident—and assumes an imposing carriage, that he may produce an effect upon the individuals who usually occupy the seats "to see the company go in and out," and appear formed of nursery-governesses, old maids, and people from the country, conglomerated together in different proportions; for, in this little apartment, hall, passage, or whatever it may be called, nice persons are as rarely to be met with as pretty girls in omnibuses, or whitebait at Twickenham. The lounger used at one time to stand in some little awe of the door-keepers, from his constant visits, which, he thought, attracted their notice; but now they take no heed of him, neither does the Lascar who sweeps the crossing, who, finding his solicitations never replied to, has given the lounger up as a bad job, and placed him, at once, on the free list.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF COURTSHIP.

Chapter III.—The Rationale of Match-making.

The genius who would indite a poem on Salisbury Plain, and forget to mention Stonehenge—the manager who might cause "Hamlet" to be performed, and inadvertently omit to bring forward the Prince of Denmark—a Bréguet or a Barwise, who should turn a watch out of hand in a state of exquisite completeness, all but the main-spring—deserves, I am told, no greater ridicule than he who, in particularising the "Implements of Courtship," leaves out its busiest agent; in many instances its *primum mobile*—Match-making.

Loveliest of censors, smooth thy frowning brow—sweeten the bitter words which fall from thy lips! I kiss—(nay, withdraw not so suddenly!)—the rod. I plead guilty. I did not mention the all-important subject, knowing that it demanded an entire chapter; for what the mathematics are to the exact sciences, so is Match-making to Courtship.

First on the list of match-makers is the undisguised professor of the art, whom Fashion, borrowing a sly hint from Satire, has named the "Chaperon"—that is to say, the hood, the blind, the blinker, the masked-battery from behind which Beauty discharges her arrows. She is, in most cases, a widow, having accumulated a large experience in love affairs during the "getting off" all her own daughters; in which she has admirably succeeded. Match-making has consequently become her passion—the grand excitement of existence—what hazard is to the gamester. She cannot live without it, and therefore becomes matrimonial agent to less experienced mothers, who are blessed with daughters to be "provided for."

Out of the legion of this class I could name, the Honourable Mrs. Couple takes unquestionably the foremost place, from her unmatched proficiency in matrimonial strategetics. I happened to be her part-

ner the other evening, at the Watertons', in a rubber. Playing at whist is, with her, all a pretence; other people play for amusement, she shuffles and cuts upon business. The stakes, nominally, were half-a-crown points,—really, her venture was one of our adversaries himself—a rich young baronet! She opens the game at the very first deal, thus:—

"It really *is* kind of you, Sir Charles, to settle down to whist, while the attractions in the ball-room are so far superior; where—"

"Hearts are trumps, I think," interrupted Sir Charles's partner.

"No, diamonds. I have heard immense things of your waltzing, Sir Charles. My young friend, Miss Rose Robinson, is also a lovely *danseuse*—(my play!—a thousand pardons). By-the-bye, Mr. Buss, what has become of your friend, Mr. Kennedy?"

"Five minutes ago I saw him dancing with the lady you mention," I replied.

"Well," responded Mrs. Couple, looking straight at the baronet to watch the effect of her words, "I must say they are an extremely handsome couple."

Sir Charles Simper looked up, bit his lip, and lost three tricks by a revoke!

The lady's point was gained—her game so far won. Rose Robinson had excited an interest in Sir Charles; a foundation *did* exist for the superstructure of manœuvring by which she intended to complete the match. His emotion on her mentioning the name of another in the same breath with Rose's was conclusive.

Meanwhile Miss Robinson, who in the last chapter was in doubt how to act concerning certain *billets*, was, when our whist party broke up, waltzing right furiously with their author, Mr. Frank Kennedy. An ordinary chaperon would have swooned at the inauspicious sight; but Mrs. Couple knew better; her experience told her that for fanning the slow burning flame of a doubtful or recently kindled passion there is nothing so effectual as a rival. She was right. Sir Charles claimed Rose's hand for the next dance, and seemed very unwilling to resign it to a new partner.

Those who compose the second class, become match-makers entirely from a spirit—said to be peculiarly strong in the fair sex—of mischief; from feeling that mitigation of suffering, or increase of happiness which is experienced by getting other people into the same scrape they find themselves in; from, in short, longing to see their *femme sole* friends married as well as themselves. This desire appears to take the fastest hold in wives whose matrimonial age amounts to from one to three years—for example:—

Pelham Plumer, who, as he has so often declared to me, met Miss Murray by the merest accident in life, will be extremely astonished, if he sees these papers, and learns that the whole accident was an *affaire arrangée*, got up under the able management of the damsel's

married cousin, in manner following :—One evening Mrs. Keppel met Plumer at a party, was struck with the extreme neatness of his dress, the precision of his demeanour, and the very comfortable-in-circumstances aspect of his whole appearance. She at once decided that he would make an unexceptionable husband for her cousin and confidante Maria Murray.

In a few days, the spinster, then at Brighton, received a letter from Mrs. Keppel, to which a postscript was appended to the effect that—"Talking of men, an exceedingly grave good-looking personage appeared at the S——'s last night, whom I ascertained holds a superior office in the Treasury (say seven hundred a year). He resides at Mrs. Scraper's Boarding-house in our Square, and walks in the enclosure every morning from nine till ten. I shall certainly get him into our set, *if*, dearest Maria, you will come and spend the next month with us."

One of the results of this intimation, our readers know; another was, that in the fourth of the morning walks—by which time the eye-conversation had been carried to its utmost limits—Mrs. Keppel accompanied her cousin, and claimed acquaintance with Plumer upon the strength of having met him once at the S——'s. A speaking *connaissance* was thus established between Pelham and the young lady from Brighton, which promised to be a lasting one; for, true to her word, Mrs. Keppel asked him to her next *soirée*.

A THIRD kind of match-making, is that negociated between the Court and the City—between rank and riches—between the coronet and the counter. Electioneering, or some other expensive amusement, has driven the Earl of Lumberton frequently to Lombard-street. Amongst other City news, he hears of a rich heiress or a *passée* widow with "a plum." An introduction is speedily procured for his eldest son, Lord Tom, a dashing fellow, who receives orders to make love to the fortune. All is soon arranged, and in a month or two, the whole catastrophe appears in the *Morning Post*, under the head of "A Marriage in High Life." When city fortunes are very immense indeed, they become celebrated, and are spoken of in the same terms one mentions the Arcot Diamond or the Duke of Northumberland. Royalty itself has interfered in such cases. A Duke and a banker's widow have, before now, been united by sovereign agency; so that match-making is not so ignoble an employment after all!

A purely city match comes next. The fathers are the match-makers, and the courtship is carried on by means of bankers' cheques and ledgers. George Bacon must "have" Mary Hammon, because both their parents are provision-dealers, so that the business connexions may be joined as well as the young people;—that is to say, if the money accounts can be satisfactorily adjusted. "These kind of people," says the Baron Moratin, "take a pen, and make out on a sheet of paper, a statement of the property. Four and two make six; eight and seven make fifteen: add so much, deduct so much, and there remains so much. They cast up the account at the foot of the page, and, according to its total amount, so there is, or is not—a marriage."

This is also the case with many "county" matches; but, instead of employing accountants in this instance, land-surveyors are called on; and, upon their report, the "happy event" is made to depend.

SONGS OF THE SEEDY.—No. XVII.

COME away, come away to the lonely shade,
Where at silent eve we may freely stray;
Come away, come away to the quiet glade—
To the dell, to the dell come away, come away!
You bid me tell thee why to me
The unfrequented groves are sweet;
Do you think I'm a figure fit to see?
Oh say, could I walk down Regent-street?

Come away, come away; nay, do not pause,
Oh with thee I'm ready at once to fly;
Come away, come away—don't ask the cause,
But come, nor seek the reason why.
You still delay, and fain would know
Why I wish to fly. Oh, my brain! it reels!
E'en you would approve of my wish to go,
When you learn that the bailiffs are at my heels.

CONUNDRUMS OF THE SEEDY.

Why am I like the lately-drawn portrait of a hanged criminal?—*Ans.* Because I've just been taken in execution.

Why is my shirt not my shirt?—*Ans.* Because it's detained by my washerwoman.

THE DEBATE ON THE DRAMA.

LORD MAHON has ventured to call the attention of Parliament to the present state of the English stage; and Parliament has, of course, addressed its deliberative wisdom to the subject, with all that earnestness that has ever characterised the conduct of the Senate, when playhouses, plays, and players are "the swelling theme."

A noble lord descants on the great social importance of the theatre: the names of Shakspeare and "the elder dramatists" are invoked—half-a-dozen members drone "hear, hear"—the Utilitarians holding a scornful silence—the Home Secretary confesses himself perfectly ignorant of the subject, at the same time confessing to his ignorance, as if it were an especial grace—then rises a member to move the second reading of a Turnpike Bill; and for the next half-dozen years the House of Commons is relieved from all notice of motion on that most insignificant of social interests, the English drama.

We confess our apprehensions, that such will be the result of Lord Mahon's petition. We have little faith in the zeal or interest of Government for the theatre. It is too mean, too contemptible in its operation on society to engage the minds of men devoted to the loftiest purposes of politics. What is *Hamlet* to a half-farthing?

At present, law permits every sort of rascality to go hand in hand with the stage. Would a man gull his rich friend, let him propose to him the partnership of a minor theatre. Well, the man of money calls for the accounts of a most prosperous season; whereupon his partner pleads himself "a rogue and vagabond;" the law, in its gravity, allows the plea, and the man of wealth is cheated according to Act of Parliament. He has engaged in an unlawful transaction, namely, the playing of a play in a house with no patent for such a privilege, and his partner—the "active" man who has worked upon the premises—pockets the whole of the profits.

Let us suppose another case. An actor makes an engagement at—let us assume—the Victoria playhouse. Well, the managerial genius of the Surrey thinks the comedian hired by his rival would be especially advantageous to himself. A brief yet most significant treaty ensues, and the Victoria actor, contemptuous of all previous engagement, takes his rouge and hare's foot to the Surrey. The worthy Mr. OSBALDISTON is deprived of a most valuable actor, and Miss VINCENT, the "only acknowledged heroine of domestic drama," (all others being spurious,) loses, it may be, a most effective lover in the last new piece—*The Magnanimous Manglewoman*. What remedy has either Mr. O. or Miss V.? None, positively none. Mr. OSBALDISTON has merely to sigh over the iniquity of the law that permits a man to be a scoundrel, and puts money in his pocket as a reward of his baseness.

We take case the third. An author writes a piece; it fills the house—redeems the manager from bankruptcy. The author—with that humility, that gentleness of bearing that becomes the misery, the penury of his calling—presents his pauper hand for payment of the manager. Whereupon Mr. DAGGERWOOD may draw himself up, and, looking down upon the wretch, say—"Yes, your piece was very good; it drew well—devilish well; but then, you know, it was an unlawful act to play it, and I have too much reverence for the statutes of my country to break them and pay for them at the same time."

Case the fourth. The player attends at the treasury on Saturday. "I shall not give you a shilling of the five-and-twenty I covenanted to give you; not one shilling. Get your remedy where you can; for you have acted with only a magistrate's license—you have played in *Jonathan Bradford*, when you are permitted by law only to dance or sing—and here, Mr. MUGGINS, you get no penny." Thus speaks the manager; and thus may law pat him on the back, and justify him in his evil-doing.

The prayer of the petition presented by Lord MAHON is simply that Parliament will, in the bounty of its wisdom, permit what are now called the minor theatres to play the very best dramas they can obtain: as at present constituted they are only open to the very worst. A new genius rises: he writes another *Macbeth*. Well, Mr. WEBSTER, of the Haymarket, may not think much of *Macbeth*; or the principal actor may wish to have *Lady Macbeth* cut out, to strengthen his own part. This the author refuses to do; and thereupon takes *Macbeth* to Covent-garden. Unfortunately, there is no tragic actress on the premises. Well, the dramatist crosses to Drury-lane. The arrangements are made for the season; and—there is no room for *Macbeth* until the next year; or, what may be worse, there may be certain curtailments required, on the one hand, and obstinately withstood, on the other. Well, there is a young Mr. GARRICK just come out at the Pavilion who would play *Macbeth* most splendidly: but, alas! the Pavilion is not licensed for tragedy; what is

played there is played in defiance of the law, and the author of *Macbeth*, if he would bring his play upon the stage, must do so in contempt of the statutes.

Again, virtue, decency, loyalty, and a bundle of other excellences, are only valuable in Westminster. In that city of light and goodness, the LORD CHAMBERLAIN deputes some holy man to read all plays ere they are permitted to be produced before a Westminster audience. There is no such care taken of the souls of Southwark and Islington. The Victoria audiences may be the Alsatians of play-goers, and laugh, and weep, and hoot, in defiance of law. They get their *Jack Sheppards*, unlicensed and unpaid for; but the strait-laced frequenters of the Adelphi and Olympic have the satisfaction of knowing that their *Jack Sheppard* has been licensed by a Deputy, for a certain amount of Her Majesty's money. There, the beauties of Tyburn are exhibited with a *cum privilegio*.

Will Lord MAHON's petition have the effect of altering this wickedness, this stupidity, this injustice, and absurdity?—We *hope* it may; but, we repeat it, we have little faith in the enthusiasm of Parliament. With the worthy gentlemen who compose it, the playhouse is become low and vulgar. Were they called upon to debate what should be the statute length of CERITO's petticoats, we should have greater hope of their activity, than when the subject involves the true interests of the English dramatist, and the real value of the English stage.

We have only opened this subject, and shall, in a short time, return to it. Q.

THE PASSAGE OF PRIMROSE-HILL.

THE following pathetic passage appears in a report of a meeting on the painful subject of the closing of the thoroughfare over Primrose-hill:—

"Mr. Sasse called upon the parishioners of Marylebone to act with determination, and appoint a day when they should meet in large numbers to force down the obstruction on the Marylebone side of Primrose-hill. This precipitate proceeding was repudiated, and ultimately a committee was appointed to go to Primrose-hill, accompanied by several old rate-payers, who could testify to the existence of the path at least fifty years, and to wait upon the vestry, and request their co-operation therein."

To the names of Hannibal, who cut a passage through the Alps—of Napoleon, who did the same thing—of Ross, who went as far as he could, and who was only stopped by nature having stuck up a notice of "No Thoroughfare," in letters of ice, on the top of the North Pole—to the names of all these history has already added that of Sasse, who, at the head of a small but gallant band of determined trespassers, two years ago, cut a passage through the Hippodrome.

A BOARDING PARTY.

Bayswater will long remember the day when the opposing hurdle was levelled with the dust, and the name of Sasse will be long held sacred in the milky annals of Kensington.

A new suburban movement seems to be on the eve of breaking out on the Regent's Park frontier, and the recent stoppage of the thoroughfare over Primrose Hill is probably destined, at no distant date (say next week) to render the surrounding valleys a scene of broil and battle. Already has a determined knot of rate-payers assembled at the Queen's Head, and the bright example of Sasse, who led an army of charity-boys triumphantly over the race-course of the Hippodrome, is already pointed out as a fit exploit for the Primrosians to imitate.

Fortunately for the cause of peace and good order, a veteran rate-payer, foreseeing the horrors that an invasion might produce, and dreading the renewal of Norman restlessness, proposed that the passage of Primrose Hill should not at once be forced, but that moral power shall be tried ere physical is finally resorted to. It is agreed that a little body of veteran rate-payers shall present themselves on the spot, and appealing to the recollection of a fifty years' right of way, shall endeavour to melt the hurdles by a look: and we can well understand the look that will be given. We fancy we can see those old and sentimental rate-payers engaged in that solemn and affecting duty, of rolling back the door of recollection upon the hinges of time, and endeavouring to overcome the present by bringing up the past in judgment against the threatened future. If Wilkie had been living, we would not that he should have been absent from the scene, when those old men shall look upon that right of way in reproach of him who now attempts to bar them out of it.

THE HERMIT OF BATTERSEA,

OR

THE RECLUSE OF THE RED-HOUSE.

IT was a lovely afternoon last week when a tall young man in a Pembroke wrapper—warranted to weigh four ounces and a half—emerged from the romantic little opening which runs along the margin of the Thames by the side of the Bishop's Garden at Lambeth.

Having succeeded in arresting the reader's attention by one of those literary *capiases* which, in the shape of a little sentiment, are sure to take, we will drop metaphor at once, and, throwing off the macintosh of mystery, we will at once stand divulged in the ordinary surtout of every-day life, and admit that it is ourselves, whom, under the guise of a tall young man in a Pembroke wrapper, we are proceeding to talk about.

Well, then, we had heard much of a melancholy being at the Red-House—"a gentle hermit," not of the dale, for dale there is none in those parts, but of the swamp—yes, the swamp, that 's the word—at Battersea. We resolved to visit him; and having gained the oscillating barge at Lambeth, we took our opportunity to leap from it on to the deck of the *Bachelor*, and in a few minutes we were scudding away, with a wet sail—for the sail had fallen overboard, and was literally soaked—towards Battersea.

Every one knows the lovely little panorama which spreads itself upon the banks of the Thames between Vauxhall and Chelsea. Here a chimney seems to mock the clouds with the dingy smoke which it continually belches forth, while here and there a coal-wharf spreads its bargey riches far into the lap of father Thames, who seems rocking to sleep his swarthy children by the slightly undulating motion he ever and anon indulges in. The picture is one of light and loveliness, and—but for the horrible smell from the soap-boilers' on the shore—we might think the people Peris, and the place a Paradise. We were indulging in these dreams of brighter and better things, when a shrill shout of "Anybody not paid *their* passage," brought us to a sense of the fact that if the people around us

DOWN WITH THE STUMPY.

had sprung from British soil, they had not all risen to the elevation of British grammar.

It was fortunate for the attainment of the object of our trip, that a notice on the paddle-box of the steamer arrested—or, to speak more poetically, put into *quod* our attention; for had the *avis* escaped our observation, the hermit of the Red-House would have been, like Yarrow—unvisited. The notification was to this effect:—It began with a refreshing allusion to ginger beer, and went off somewhat insidiously into an announcement of cigars and spirits, all of which it was alleged were to be had by application to "the steward,"—a gentleman who divides his attention between the wants of the passengers, the inclinations of the chimney in passing under bridges, and the necessities of running about with a porter's knot, attached to a rope, with which he breaks collisions and windows in about an equal proportion. The affair is called a fender, and is no less destructive than a set of fire-irons against the glazed port-holes of rival steamers.

But to my tale:—At the end of the notice on the subject of refreshments was a mysterious paragraph, stating that if any one wished to land at the Red-House, he must notify the same to the captain; an announcement which seemed to wrap the character of the hermit in still greater mystery, for the venerable man was evidently not one to be popped in upon, like vulgar mortals, without a preliminary warning.

Having notified my intention to the captain—a weather-beaten and smoke-dried tar of the Thames—I was placed on shore, and in a few minutes I felt that I was about to be alone with the hermit. I sat down for a few moments on the rude seat, and precious rude it was, for it tipped backwards on the end of the pier, and my emotions becoming too much for me, I burst into a flood of tears, which always afford relief to the swelling bosom; and I am not ashamed to say, that mine did swell at the time with a terrific tumour of sentiment.

I at length summoned courage to proceed, and walked with a tottering step—tottering only with the deepest emotion—towards the upper end of the pier, and my eyes quickly lighted on a wooden erection which I could not doubt was the modest asylum of the hermit. The sound of my footsteps on the deal boards of the pier disturbed the good man—probably at his devotions—and a bald head which might, for what I know, have been white with age, though it was concealed in a seal-skin north-wester—was suddenly thrust forward.

This, then, thought I, is the Recluse of the Red-House—

A NICE OUT OF THE WAY SITUATION.

the Hermit of Battersea!! My feelings were so poignant, that I took out my pocket-handkerchief, and blew my nose powerfully. The good man seemed to pay little regard to my strong and agonising emotions, but stretching forth his hand—hardened, no doubt, by mortification, and reddened by devotional clasps—addressed me in a curt and peremptory tone, which, to say the truth—putting all sentiment aside—considerably disgusted me. "Checks here, Sir," were the brief and unceremonious words of the Recluse, as he clutched from my hand the ticket which I had insensibly carried in it all the way from Lambeth.

"Well," said I, "you needn't be so short."

"Who are you?" was the bitter remark of the Hermit.

"I am not disposed to place my genealogical chart before you," added I.

"Come, let's have none of your cheek," was the sardonic retort of the Recluse, who had by the time become greatly irritated.

"You're a nice man—you are—for a hermit, a'nt you?" said I.

"Go to the ——," was the rejoinder—but I did not wait for the conclusion of it; and, turning into the Red-House, I endeavoured to drown, in a quantity of egg-flip, all recollection of myself and of the Hermit of Battersea.

TWO SCENES FROM A DOMESTIC DRAMA, ENTITLED, "JACK BROWNLESS."

SCENE I.—*A Parlour neatly but poorly furnished. A glass Globe, with Gold-fish swimming in it. A Cage with a Canary.* MARY DEWDROP *discovered leaning her hand upon her head, and mournfully contemplating the Gold-fish. Canary singing con strepito.*

Enter JACK BROWNLESS. MARY *rises to meet him.*

Mary. Dearest Jack, you're pale!

Jack. And penniless!

Mary. Alas! and dinner—what's to be done for dinner?

Jack. (Laughing hysterically). Dinner! ha! ha!—Look there! Fate has done its worst! Fry the gold-fish, and roast the canary!

[*Sinks exhausted in Chair. Scene closes.*

SCENE II.—*Outside of a Glover's Shop, Westminster Abbey in the distance. The clock striking eleven as the Scene rises.*

Enter JACK BROWNLESS, *sauntering.* SHAMMY, *the Glover, rushes from his shop, interrupting* JACK.

Shammy. Oh! Mr. Brownless, I'm so happy to see you out of that nasty prison; relieved of all your difficulties.

Jack (*aside*). Gammon!

Shammy. And my bill for gloves; twenty pounds. Consider, Mr. Brownless, my family!

Jack. I know; your suffering kids.

Shammy. And I hope you'll behave like a gentleman, and do something for me.

Jack (*starting back in intense astonishment*). Do something! Ingrate! Didn't I schedule you?

[*Rushes off: Glover stands aghast on door-step. Scene closes.*

Why are two absent lovers who write to each other like Sibthorp regarding a donkey?—Because they *correspond* with each other.

SMALL WIT.

A LAW-STUDENT was brought up the other day, charged with being found drunk on the Queen's highway. The student pleaded that he had been so immersed in professional reading, that he had indulged in a glass or two of wine, and these had taken effect upon his exhausted faculties. "I see how it is," said Sir Peter, who happened to be the presiding Solon, "you have been devoting yourself too ardently to *Lush's Practice.*"

MISS TICKLETOBY'S LECTURES ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

N the lecture-room we observed one of the noblest of our poet-philosophers who was assiduously taking notes, and we say that it is to ADOLPHUS SIMCOE, ESQRE., author of the Ghoul, Leila, Idiosyncracy, &c., that we are indebted for the following Philosophical Synopsis of Miss Tickletoby's First Lecture on English History, delivered to her pupils and their *friends* on the — July, at her Scholastic Hall, Little Britain. 1. On the painful impression occasioned by the contemplation of early barbarism.—2. The disposition of the human mind to avow such a study.—3. The *mystic* and the *historic*: their comparative beauty and excellence—the Lecturer promises on a further occasion to speak upon the former subject.

4. Spite of his unwillingness, 'tis the duty of the student to acquaint himself with *all* the facts of history, whether agreeable or not, and of the tutor to urge *by every means* the unwilling.

5. Various hypotheses with regard to the first colonisation of Britain. The hypothesis of the chivalric ages, and of the cycle of Arthur.—6. The insufficiency of all theories upon the subject proved by a familiar appeal to the student's own powers of memory.

7. THE ANCIENT BRITONS—their costume, (8) its singular resemblances with that of the transatlantic savage, (9) a passing word of reprobation upon an odious modern custom.

10. THE RELIGION OF THE BRITONS.—11. A religion inseparable from a priesthood—The attributes of the Druidical priesthood, their privileges and powers.—12. Of the rewards that the state ought to grant to the ministers of its government, its laws and its education.

13. THE WARS OF THE BRITONS.—14. Their weapons.—15. Their various fortunes in the field.

16. The influence of the Priests upon their campaigns.—17. The barbaric sacrifices in the groves of Odin.—17. Fanciful simile.

18. The Priestesses: grammatical distinction to be drawn between them and the Priests.

19. Episode of Miss Higgins and Master Smith, absurd blunder of the latter.

20. THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN.—21. The character of Cæsar.—22. Of his successors.—23. Their victories over the barbarous Britons a blessing and not an evil.—24. The Scottish boasts of invincibility; the true view of them.

25. THE DOWNFALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. The legions withdrawn from Britain. Depredations of the Scots in that unhappy island.

The following questions on the most important points of the Lecture were delivered by Miss Tickletoby to her pupils:—

EXAMINATION PAPER.

July, 1842. At the Academe, Leg-of-Veal Court, London, Superintended by Wilhelmina Maria Tickletoby.

Q. By whom was Britain first colonised; and at what period?

A. From the best accounts it is quite uncertain. It was colonised at the period when the colonists landed!

Q. What was the date of the landing of the Romans in Britain?

A. A day or two after they quitted Gaul!

Q. Why were they obliged to jump into the water from their boats?

A. Because they were *inwaders!*

Q. When Boadicea harangued the Icenic warriors before her supreme combat with Suetonius, why did she remind the latter of a favourite vegetable?

A. Because she was an Icenean (a nice inion). The alicampane prize to Miss Parminter (for answering this).

MISS TICKLETOBY'S SECOND LECTURE.

PERSONAGES PRESENT.

Miss Wilhelmina Maria Tickletoby.
Master Spry, *(a quarrelsome boy.)*
Miss Pontifex, *(a good girl).*
Master Maximus Pontifex, *(her brother, a worthy though not brilliant lad.)*
Master Delaney Mortimer, *(says nothing.)*
} Pupils.
Mr. Deborough Mortimer, *footman in the service of* Sir George Gollop, Bart., *and father of the above.*
Miss Budge, *an assistant, (says nothing).* Boys, girls, parents, &c.

SCENE AS BEFORE.

The Picts, the Scots, the Danes; Gregory the Satirist, the conversion of the Britons, the character of Alfred.—I did not in my former lecture make the least allusion to the speech of Queen Boadicea to her troops before going into action, because, although several reports of that oration have been handed down to us, not one of them as I take it is correct, and what is the use, my darlings, of reporting words (hers were very abusive against the Romans)—of reporting words that never were uttered? There's scandal enough, loves, in this wicked world without going back to old stories: *real* scandal too, which may satisfy any person. Nor did I mention King Caractacus's noble behaviour before the Roman Emperor Claudius—for that history is so abominably stale that I am sure none of my blessed loves require to be told it.

When the Britons had been deserted by the Romans, and found themselves robbed and pillaged by the Picts and Scots, they sent over to a people called Saxons (so called because they didn't live in Saxony): who came over to help their friends, and having turned out the Picts and Scots, and finding the country a pleasant one to dwell in, they took possession of it, saying that the Britons did not deserve to have a country, as they did not know how to keep it. This sort of argument was considered very just in those days—and I've seen some little boys in this school acting *Saxon-fashion*: for instance, Master Spry the other day took away a piece of gingerbread from Master Jones, giving him a great thump on the nose instead; and what was the consequence? I showed Master Spry the injustice of his action, and punished him severely.

(*To Master Spry*). How did I punish you, my dear?—tell the company.

(*Master Spry*). You kept the gingerbread.

(*Miss T., severely*). I don't mean that: how *else* did I punish you?

(*Master Spry*). You vipped me: but I kicked your shins all the time.

Unruly boy!—but so it is, ladies and gentlemen, in the infancy of individuals as in that of nations: we hear of these continual scenes of violence, until prudence teaches respect for property, and law becomes stronger than force. To return to the Saxons, they seized upon the goods and persons of the effeminate Britons, made the latter their slaves, and sold them as such in foreign countries. The mind shudders at such horrors! How should *you* like, you naughty Master Spry, to be seized and carried from your blessed mother's roof—(immense sensation, and audible sobbing among the ladies present)—how should you like to be carried off and sold as a slave to France or Italy?

(*Master Spry*). Is there any schools there? I shouldn't mind if there ain't.

(*Miss T.*) Yes, sir, there *are* schools, and rods.

[Immense uproar. Cries of "shame! no flogging! serve him right! no tyranny! horse him this instant!" With admirable presence of mind, however, Miss Tickletoby stopped the disturbance by unfolding her great historical picture!—of which we give the outline below.]

It chanced that two lovely British children, sold like thousands of others by their ruthless Saxon masters, were sent to Rome, and exposed upon the slave-market there. Fancy those darlings in such a situation!

There they stood—weeping and wretched, thinking of their parents' cot, in the far Northern Isle, sighing and yearning, no doubt, for the green fields of Albin*!

It happened that a gentleman by the name of Gregory, who afterwards rose to be Pope of Rome—but who was then a simple clerical gent, passed through the market, with his friends, and came to the spot where these poor British children stood.

The Reverend Mr. Gregory was instantly struck by their appearance—by their rosy cheeks, their golden hair; their little jackets covered all over with sugar-loaf buttons, their poor nankeens grown all too short by constant wash and wear: and demanded of their owner, of what nation the little darlings were?

The man (who spoke in Latin) replied that they were *Angli*, that is, Angles or English.

"Angles," said the enthusiastic Mr. Gregory, "they are not Angles, but Angels;" and with this joke, which did not do much honour to his head, though certainly his heart was good, he approached the little dears, caressed them, and made still further inquiries regarding them†.

Miss Pontifex (one of the little girls). And did Mr. Gregory take the little children out of slavery, and send them home, ma'am?

"Mr. Hume, my dear good little girl, does not mention this fact; but let us hope he did: with all my heart, I'm sure *I* hope he did. But this is certain, that he never forgot them, and when in process of time he came to be Pope of Rome—"

Master Maximus Pontifex. Pa says *my* name's Lat'n for Pope of Rome; is it, ma'am?

"I've no doubt it is, my love, since your papa says so: and when Gregory became Pope of Rome, he despatched a number of his clergy to England, who came and converted the benighted Saxons and Britons, and they gave up their hideous idols, and horrid human sacrifices, and sent the wicked Druids about their business.

The Saxons had ended by becoming complete masters of the country, and the people were now called Anglo or English-Saxons. There were a great number of small sovereigns in the land then: but about the year 830, the King called Egbert became the master of the whole country; and he, my loves, was the father of Alfred.

Alfred came to the throne after his three brothers, and you all know how good and famous a king he was. It is said that his father indulged him, and that he did not know how to read until he was twelve years old—but this, my dears, I cannot believe; or, at least, I cannot but regret that there were no nice day-schools then, where children might be taught to read before they were twelve, or ten, or even eight years old, as many of my dear scholars can.

[Miss Tickletoby here paused for a moment, and resumed her lecture with rather a tremulous voice.]

It is my wish to amuse this company as well as I can, and sometimes, therefore, for I am by nature a facetious old woman, heartily

* Albin, the ancient name of England: not to be confounded with Albin, hairdresser and wig-maker to the bar, Essex Court, Temple.

† Miss Tickletoby did not, very properly, introduce the other puns which Gregory made on the occasion, they are so atrociously bad that they could not be introduced into the columns of Punch.

loving a bit of fun, I can't help making jokes about subjects which other historians treat in a solemn and pompous way.

But, dears, I don't think it right to make one single joke about good King Alfred; who was so good, and so wise, and so gentle, and so brave, that one can't laugh, but only love and honour his memory. Think of this, how rare good kings are, and let us value a good one when he comes. We have had just fifty kings since his time, who have reigned for near a thousand long years, and he the only Great one. Brave and victorious many of them have been, grand and sumptuous, and a hundred times more powerful than he: but who cares for one of them (except Harry V. and I think Shakspeare made *that* king)—who loves any of them except him—the man who spoiled the cakes in the herdsman's cottage, the man who sung and played in the Danes' camp!

There are none of you so young but know those stories about him. Look how, when the people love a man, how grateful they are! For a thousand years these little tales have passed from father to son all through England, and every single man out of millions and millions who has heard them has loved King Alfred in his heart, and blessed him, and was proud that he was an Englishman's king. And then he hears that Alfred fought the Danes, and drove them out of England, and that he was merciful to his enemies, and kept faith at a time when every one else was deceitful and cruel, and that he was the first to make laws, and establish peace and liberty among us.

Who cares for Charles the Second, secured in his oak, more than for any other man at a pinch of danger? Charles might have staid in his tree for us, or for any good that he did when he came down. But for King Alfred, waiting in his little secret island until he should be strong enough to have one more battle with his conquerors, or in the camp of the enemy singing his songs to his harp, who does not feel as for a dear friend or father in danger, and cry hurra! with all his heart, when he wins?

All the little Children. Hurray! Alfred for ever!

Yes, my dears, you love him all, and would all fight for him, I know.

Master Spry. That I would.

I'm sure you would, John, and may you never fight for a worse cause! Ah, it's a fine thing to think of the people loving a man for a thousand years! We shan't come to such another in the course of all these lectures—except mayhap if we get so far, to one George—

Mr. Mortimer (aloud, and with much confidence.) George the Fourth, you mean, Miss, the first gentleman in Europe.

Miss T. (sternly.) No, Sir; I mean GEORGE WASHINGTON,—the *American* Alfred, Sir, who gave and took from us many a good beating, and drove the *English*-Danes out of his country.

Mr. Mortimer. Disgusting raddicle!—De Lancey, my dear, come with me. Mem!—I shall withdraw my son from your academy.

[*Exeunt* MORTIMER, Sr & Jr.

Miss T. Let them go. As long as honest people agree with me, what care I what great men's flunkies choose to think? Miss Budge, make out Mr. Mortimer's account. Ladies and Gentlemen, on Wednesday next I hope for the honour of resuming *these* lectures.

Punch, in concluding this long paper, begs to hint to Mr. Simcoe, whose remuneration will be found at the office, that for the future he may spare his own remarks, philosophical, laudatory, or otherwise, and confine himself simply to the Lectures of Miss Tickletoby.

A CABMAN'S CANZONET.

OH, do not upbraid me! the boon that I crave
Is not more than Adolphus, ma'am, yields:
Believe me, a shilling's a very close shave
From Pall-Mall to Lincoln's-inn Fields.

I obey'd the behest which you gave when I closed
My cabriolet door, as you know;
"For," said you, "as I feel myself much indisposed,
O drive, Mr. Coachman—drive slow!"

Still obdurate, lady?—What's fourpence to you
But a drop in your ocean of tin?
To me it is life—it's a quartern of "dew;"
But you, oh! you cannot take gin!

You spurn me again! O shame on your sex!
I'll return when your passions are calm;
I shan't give no change, and if still you objects,
Take my number, and summons me, ma'am.

COURT CIRCULAR.

MRS. NORA O'MURPHY took a turn round Clare-market yesterday morning with a wheelbarrow, richly ornamented with Prussian blues and juvenile Yorkshire reds. She made several calls, and paid visits to most of the palaces in the neighbourhood.

Mr. Jacob Roughandtough and his lady honoured the free-and-easy at the Blue Moon with their presence, and after the performance were escorted to the station-house by a numerous body of the A division. Mr. R., at the suggestion of Mr. Jardine, has gone on a visit to the governor of Brixton tread-wheel.

THE CHANDOS TESTIMONIAL.

"A VERY splendid piece of presentation plate," says the *Times*, "presented by the farmers of Buckinghamshire to his Grace the Duke of Buckingham, in testimony of their high respect for him, and for the interest he has taken in the agricultural prosperity of the country, has just been manufactured. * * * It is in height about five feet, and the lower portion or ground-work is supported by lions, and from it rises a pillar or column, surmounted *with a wheatsheaf, which can be removed, and a branch of tapers affixed.*"

Surely this must be a sly hint to his Grace, for no one has done more to *remove the wheatsheaf*, and induce its consequences, than the Duke of Buckingham.

GREEN-ROOM LIBERALITY.

THE liberality of Mr. Charles Kean is on all hands allowed. We are happy to find that this high feeling has, within these few days, been most touchingly acknowledged by a brother actor. It is well known that Mr. Charles Kean, in the handsomest manner, insisted upon the engagement of Mr. Phelps to act the part (which he plays so very finely) in "The Rose of Arragon." The comparative effect of the acting of the two gentlemen is now well known. Mr. Phelps, with a high sentiment of gratitude, for the generosity of the tragedian, did, on Monday last, in full Haymarket green-room, present to Mr. Charles Kean a very handsome silver—*extinguisher!*

"PUNCH" begs to announce, that, on

Saturday next, July 23, 1842,

he intends enriching the Literature of Europe with a Number unequalled even by his own previous matchless performances. When he states that it is

A GUIDE TO ALL THE FASHIONABLE WATERING PLACES,

he conceives that the effect produced on the public mind must be, as Hesiod says, "More easily imagined than described."

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

EPISTLES OF PUNCH TO HIS SON.

LETTER II.—WORDS AND THEIR COUNTERFEITS —HOW TO RECEIVE AND PASS OFF THE SAME, WITH OTHER USEFUL COUNSEL.

My dear Boy,—I am much pleased with your last letter. Your remarks on the copies set you by your excellent master, Dr. Birchbud, convince me that schooling has not been lost upon you. However, beware lest you look too closely into the significance and meaning of words. This is an unprofitable custom, and has spoilt the fortunes of many a man. You may have observed a team of horses yoked to a heavy wagon; may have heard the bells hanging about their head-gear tinkle, tinkle, tinkle. The bells are of no use—none, save to keep up a monotonous jingle; although, doubtless, Giles the waggoner will assure you that the music cheers the horses on the dusty road, and, under the burning sun, makes them pull blithely and all together. Now, there is a certain lot of sentences in use among men precisely like these bells. They mean nothing—are not intended to mean anything—but, still, custom requires the jingle. Thus, when you meet a man whom you have seen, perhaps, thrice before—and he declares that "he is delighted to see you," albeit it would give him no concern whatever if you were decorating the next gibbet—you must not, for a moment, look a doubt of his joy, but take his rapture as a thing of course. If he squeeze your hand until your knuckles crack—squeeze again. If he declare that "you 're looking the picture of health," asseverate upon your honour that "he has the advantage of you, for you never saw him look better." He may at the time be in the last stage of a consumption—you may have a hectic fever in your cheek; no matter for that; you have both of you jingled your bells, and with lightened consciences may take your separate way.

I could, my dear child, enlarge upon this subject. It is enough, that I caution you, in your intercourse with the world, not to take words as so much genuine coin of standard metal, but merely as counters that people play with. If you estimate them as anything above this, you will be in the hapless condition of the wretch who takes so many gilt pocket-pieces for real Mint guineas; contempt and beggary will be your portion. Thinking yourself rich beyond the wealth of Abraham Newland in the golden promises of men, you will risk a kicking from the threshold of the first verbal friend whom you seek for small change.

Your last copy, you tell me, was—

"Command you may, your mind from play."

You object to this as an unreasonable dogma. You say, you cannot command your mind from play; and insinuate it to be an impertinence on the part of your master to assume any such likelihood on your part. In fact, you deny it *in toto*. More than this; you had the hardihood to contest the propriety of the text with your worthy master, who, you further inform me, appealed to your moral sense through your fleshly tabernacle, and—for some minutes—left you not a leg to stand upon.

I cannot, my dear boy, regret this last incident. It will, I hope, impress upon your mind the necessity of taking certain sentences current in the world for precisely what they are worth, without hallooing and calling a crowd about you to show their cracked and counterfeit condition. Doctor Birchbud, when a boy, had written

"Command you may, your mind from play"

a hundred and a hundred times in fine large text-hand. Well, did he believe in the saw any more for that? Did he, think you, expect you to believe in it? "Then wherefore—you may ask in your ignorance—did he scourge me, if not for believing?" Foolish boy! it was for not *seeming to believe*. This is precisely the treatment you will meet with in the world, if, with courageous conceit, you attempt to test the alloy mixed up in so much of its verbal coinage—coinage that is worn thin with handling; which wise men know the true value of, and pocket for what it 's worth, and which only fools (and the worst of fools they call martyrs) ring, and rub, and look at, and having done so, screech out—"bad money!"

Now, my dear boy, the next time the worthy Doctor Birchbud gives you the copy—

"Command you may, your mind from play,"

look at it with sudden reverence, square your elbows with determined energy, take up your pen as though you were about to book the text "in the red-leaved tablet of your heart,"—and having, in solemn silence, made the required number of copies, take the book up to your master,—and, as you give it in, let your countenance appear at once informed and dignified with the beautiful truth you have consigned to paper,—nay, let your whole anatomy seem at that moment absorbing the grand lesson you have inscribed in your copy-book. This done, you may return to your seat, and—whenever the master's head is turned aside—you may go on with your game of "odd or even" under the desk with Jack Rogers, play at "soldiers" on your slate, or any other pastime that may take your fancy. It is sufficient that you have gravely registered your belief, that—

"Command you may, your mind from play."

The registration is enough; whether you can, or will, is altogether another matter.

This subject reminds me of an inquiry you once made, at a time when you were too young to comprehend the matter. On the paper envelope of a square of Windsor soap, was printed the Royal Arms. I recollect your charming smile at the lion and unicorn; and the childish curiosity which prompted you to inquire the meaning of the royal legend—

"*Dieu et mon droit.*"

That, my child, means, "God and my right." When you shall have mastered something more of the History of England, and shall have read all that certain kings have done under that motto, you will then more fully understand what I have written to you upon taking words as counters, not as real things; of the necessity of always seeming to believe them the true coin, and the danger of crying Counterfeit! "God and my right!" Ha, my dear boy, there have been men, who because they would stand out from the rest of the world, and would not believe in the divine origin of these syllables, have had their heads sliced like turnips from their shoulders, and their quarters hung up like sides of bacon over city gates; whilst other men, not one jot more believing, have, with a knowing wink at their fellows, and thrusting their tongues in their cheeks, bowed like willow wands to the words, and have found their reward in beef, ale, and, in fullness of years, death in a goose-bed.

You say that you employed the last half-holliday in birds'-nesting. That was very right. I would have you train your mind to manly

sports. In due season, with the grace of fortune, you will be able to hunt hares, those pestilent and dangerous creatures having been especially provided to exercise the muscles and the intellects of man. Should you obtain that position in the world, which it is my fervent prayer you will arrive at, you may also be permitted to join in a royal hunt, a pastime of the highest dignity, utility, and humanity. For instance, you will chase a stag, for the express and only purpose of terrifying it; and having put it to an hour or two of serviceable agony, you will have it caught and conducted back to the pasture, to be left for future enjoyment. As, however, these must be the sports of your manhood, you are quite right now to begin with linnets and sparrows. You, my dear son, will one day have to quit the paternal roof for the great world. By reflecting on what the parent linnets and sparrows suffer, deprived of their young, you will have some wholesome idea of the anxiety of your loving parents under a similar affliction.

You ask me to send you some corking-pins that you may spin cock-chafers upon them. Your mother sends them, with her blessing and her best love. I trust, however, you will turn this amusement to your profit. As, under the blessing of heaven, I may probably article you to Mr. Abednego, the attorney and money-lender of Jewish persuasion, I would counsel you to take particular notice of the conduct of the cock-chafer, when buzzing and spinning with the pin through its bowels—to know exactly how long it will live, and how much pin it will bear. This knowledge—for wisdom comes to us from so many channels—will be of great use to you as an attorney, when making out your bills of costs.

AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

The British and North American royal mail steamer *Britannia* arrived on Saturday last at Liverpool, bringing with her a considerable amount in specie, but very few jokes, and those of an inferior character.

Our special correspondent writes, that the papers of the South are in a state of facete insolvency, and do not furnish so much as a single pun; whilst the "Down East" journals are equally barren of original jokes, those which appear in them being copied from "Punch, or the London Charivari." To so alarming an extent has our foreign manufacture of merriment been preferred to native articles, that Mr. Fillemore has proposed a heavy tariff upon foreign fun. The President, who has none of his own, is said to have "vetoed" the measure.

The state of Rhode Island is exceedingly unpleasant, being in open rebellion. Several insurgents actually took the field; but as it was not their field which they took, they were speedily turned out of it by the proper owner.

Lord Ashburton has, it is said, succeeded in drawing a quarter of an inch more of the boundary line on the official map of the disputed territory.

MONEY TRANSACTIONS.

Monetary exchanges have been much sought after by persons possessing gold of an early coinage. Errand boys and apprentices have been actively employed in "running for change."

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.

The recent warm weather has been very favourable to the crops, and has raised hopes in the owners of large flat tracts of bald heads, which had for some time been entirely unproductive. Several parties have brought a very fair show of produce into the market: but it has been principally in the beard,—for the moustachio crops have failed in almost every instance.

A very small grower endeavoured to force a premature crop by securing a quantity of common whisker-seed, and overlaying the whole with a rich manure of dirt and bear's grease, but the result was far from satisfactory.

The long-eared and short-bearded commodity was very plentiful, and the growers of very lanky crops made an effort to give them a favourable turn, by keeping several irons in the fire; but they did not succeed in bringing matters permanently round as they seem to have expected.

SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF DISTRESSED FOREIGNERS.

COMMISSIONERS OF THE BOARDS OF FOREIGN ASSURANCE.

Whilst the journals are unceasingly occupied in promulgating reports of the distress and famine prevalent in all the manufacturing districts, we think it rather hard that so much sympathy and so many contributions should be lavished on our own countrymen, about whom we can feel no possible interest, whilst hundreds of poor foreigners, driven to our shores solely with the industrious intention of making what they can of us, are nearly starving in the streets. The rapidly approaching termination of the season, and the dead failure of the German Opera—in spite of the night appropriated to the benefit of a *Maison d'Asile*, under the patronage of Count D'Orsay (who could not have entertained any prospect of ever being obliged to go into it)—have been the means of throwing crowds of these inoffensive aliens into acute poverty. They may be seen daily, taking a chameleon meal of air, in the neighbourhood of the Opera and the West End—their padded coats, tight pantaloons, so hermetically strapped down over their light jean boots, and once glossy hat—day by day evincing more palpable tokens of supervening seediness, but nevertheless brushed and beaten to the last extreme of nap.

In common with the majority of great philanthropists, we are much more ready to proffer suggestions than subscriptions in aid of their relief; and as the unfortunate subjects of our care are little used to hard labour, we venture to recommend a few gentlemanly occupations, by which some small sums may be realised, without spoiling their hands or injuring their delicate organization by violent mechanical exertion. Many of them, under the immediate patronage of their more fortunate compatriots, might obtain employment in the manner above portrayed by our artist; and should this appear repugnant to their refined feelings, the parties thus occupied might be called the Itinerant Society for the Diffusion of Entertaining Knowledge, which would give an air of great respectability to these proceedings.

Others again might earn a modicum of the emoluments now appropriated by our own idle native vagabonds, with whose wants we ought to have no sympathy. There are always horses to be held in Regent-street that might prove a source of profit, and the duty would not draw the foreign gentleman away from his beloved *trottoir*, or prevent him from assuming a distinguished attitude to captivate the *belles Anglaises* who might pass.

Or, for a last resource, as the famishing state of our aborigines appears to be driving them all into the Unions, the beard and whiskers of the illustrious foreigners might be cut off and sold with advantage, to form hair mattresses for the increased demand. And with respect to those hirsute strangers, it is unlucky the spring is over, or many might have been employed by farmers in the rural districts as animated scarecrows, in order that the growing crops of one might have preserved those of the other.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FOUR-WHEELED CHAISE.

ORTUNE smiled upon my birth! "I was born," said the wheel, who, of course, was spokesman, "in Long-acre, and christened after one of the heathen gods, known to ostlers and grooms as 'Fee—aton.' Having got my body painted green, and my inside well lined with yellow, I was packed up in Russia matting, and sent off by the carrier to Ealing-common, where my first master resided.

"The man to whose charge I was handed over was a smart-looking fellow, in a quiet livery, consisting of a dark surtout, white buckskins, and top-boots. He looked like a gentleman, and acted as such; for he hired a man to clean me, and groomed the horse by deputy.

"My first journey was to Hounslow Barracks, whither my master—a retired Colonel—went to see an old friend. My occupants were his daughter, and George the servant; and when my master alighted, the conversation between the remaining couple was as follows:—

"'George, love.'

"'Yes, my hangel.'

"'I wish you would brush your hair up on the left side a little more.'

"'My heverlasting, on course I will; but as I walets myself ——'

"'For the present, George.'

"'For the present I hopes my love will excuse me, if I'm not quite —quite—'

"'*Comme il faut*, George.'

"'I don't mean that, love—not quite the cheese.' And then George took a mane-comb from his pocket, and arranged his sidelock to the satisfaction of his young and adoring mistress.

"You can guess the next great event of my existence. One moonlight night I found myself in a green lane, the bearer of a hair-trunk, three bundles, and a bonnet-box. In my driving-box was a piece of bread and cheese, with a large onion, and a quartern of Geneva in a ginger-beer bottle. George handed in my young mistress, and then jumped in himself. Off we went lumping and bumping till my springs ached again; and I have no doubt a very interesting elopement would have been the consequence, if a moral linchpin, attached to the fore off-wheel, had not thought proper on a point of principle to withdraw itself, and a capsize was the consequence. My young missus fainted of course; but after George had rubbed her nose with the onion, and compelled her to taste of the Geneva, she recovered just in time to see her father kick her adored into a ditch, and discover that she was sitting on her best bonnet.

"George was sent to the hospital, and on the following day I was consigned to the Pantechnicon. In the course of the ensuing week I was bought by an ambitious tailor, whose wife had talked him into a *veella*, and made him ashamed of carrying a bundle. Here was a change for a delicate-bodied phaeton! The tailor had a large progeny, and a fat sister, with something in the 3½ reduceds; so, for the first month, I was never empty, except at night. My interior was degraded into a chandler's shop; for I was the conveyance for everything required at the *veella* down to the bath-brick and hearth-stone.

Fortune, I thought, had stood my friend when she directed my master to drive me between a coal-waggon and stage-coach; for, though I fractured my axletree, my master broke the bridge of his nose, and sent me the next day to the 'Repository,' to 'bring what I could fetch.'

'I was knocked down for a trifle to a bow-legged man, in top-boots and a belcher handkerchief, who bought me, as he said, for the "hold hiron," and I gave myself up as a lost phaeton. Would that he had kept his word!

I was sent to have my damage repaired by a *common* blacksmith—even the consolation of a regular coach-maker was denied me, and in a few days I found that I was destined to be hired by the day, and to be drawn by animals with whom I should formerly have blushed to have been found in connexion. Three years have I been engaged in this painful occupation. I have been driven by the desperate of all trades and professions, now groaning with the weight of ten grown-up people to Hampton Wick—now whirling along under the guidance of a drunken haberdasher.

ANIMAL SPIRITS.

I tremble to think what my next state will be—but I think I am too bulky for a donkey."

GET INTRODUCED AT COURT!

BY A MODERN BLUE.

'Tis said that Lethe's waters are but a fabled stream,
Existing in the poet's page or the romancist's dream;
But I can prove that in these days of art and taste refined,
The waters of oblivion in St. James's most we find;
And would you know to drink them best, where pilgrims should resort,
I answer—put on borrow'd plumes—get introduced at Court!

You start; but answer if you can, and controvert this truth—
The old, do they not quaff this stream—forget the friends of youth?
The middle-aged imbibe the cup of fortune, power, or fame,
And grow oblivious from the draught of friendship's very name;
The caterpillar of to-day, that crawls where knaves resort,
A butterfly to-morrow soars—because, he's been at Court—

And thus the wheel of Fortune turns—just like those ups and downs
Which at a country fair so oft attract the gaping clowns:
Those who to-day were "seedy" seen, in goss of four-and-nine,
In worn-out boots and threadbare coat, to-morrow strut and shine;
And would you know the Alchemist to which they all resort,
To make their brass mosaic gold?—get introduced at Court!

THE GREAT AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

HIS Association held its enormous meeting a few days ago at Bristol, and the result was in every respect exceedingly gratifying.

It is not perhaps generally known that this is a society of persons, whose common object is to promote the interests of the British clod-hopper, and to place the English ploughboy on that proud pinnacle which the elevated nature of his pursuits peculiarly adapts him for.

A part of the objects of the Association consists in the invention of implements of agriculture; the decision on different soils, and the cultivation of cattle. The Secretary produced a new machine, which was peculiarly adapted for extracting the butter from butterflies. He had never tried it, but he had a strong idea that it would answer—(*Loud cheers*).

A Member wished to know whether buttercups would be equally salubrious after the butter had been removed. (*Hear!*) The Secretary did not feel himself at liberty to make any reply to that question.

In the course of the Meeting, a great deal of very interesting information was gone into on the subject of different soils; and a Member produced a very healthy Turnip-radish, which he had sown in a Mignonette box, and which he had every reason to believe would partake of the delicate flavour of the flower. (*Loud cries of "Hear, hear!" interspersed with repeated shouts of "Taste, taste!" and a low murmur of "Smell, smell!"*) The Member was much perplexed, and after the original resolution having been twice put and lost, the order of the day once dropped, and the Radish itself three times let fall, it was agreed to refer it to a Committee of Taste, who were to nibble (through their chairman) and report accordingly.

The Grand Potato Show was the next point in the proceedings of the day; and this was a very interesting part of the business. Sandy Sam, the proprietor of the can with the chimneys in the New Cut, was the fortunate winner; for he produced a splendid specimen of the *Pomum Terræ*, or Earth-apple, commonly called Potato, which was served up in a delicate garnish of salt, with a lump of butter at the top of it. A Subscriber wished to know if the potato before them was in its natural state, or whether it had undergone the baking process. Several members did not know, six could not tell, and the remainder declared themselves not yet in a position to say anything. This led to much confusion, in the midst of which a juvenile member of the Association suddenly made off with the delicious vegetable, and his report on the subject is hourly expected.

The Cultivation of Cattle Section proceeded to inspect the prize animals, and a fat bullock was immediately introduced, which it was resolved that a committee should at once sit upon. The bull in question seeing a bottle of wine on the table, at once tossed it off, at the same time sweeping away the glasses with a playful switch of his tail, while he stood with his fore-leg on the gouty toe of a member of the Society. The corpulent beast was declared at once entitled to the leaden medal, and sold to an opulent butcher, who considerately turned it into

JOINT STOCK.

Something was said on the subject of feeding, and a curious disquisition was commenced on the possibility of bringing up a flea entirely by hand; but a member declared that he had felt one at his foot all the preceding night, and had made several efforts to bring it up by hand, all of which were utterly futile (*Loud cheers*). The Secretary related an anecdote of a domestic spider, which knew him, (the secretary) and would take food off his (the secretary's) hand. A member observed that this was nothing in comparison to a case he could relate from his own experience. There was a whole colony of fleas that were so exceedingly attached to him that they invariably waited till he (the member) came to bed, when they would playfully begin to tickle him (the member), and would not only take their food off his (the member's) hand, but from any part of his (the member's) person, which they (the fleas) happened to find at the moment convenient. (*Immense sensation*).

Perhaps, however, the grand attraction of the day was the Great Blue-bottle Show, a prize having been offered for the fattest of these interesting creatures. Most of them had been fed on brown sugar, and one was exhibited embedded in treacle, where he had died, without living to enjoy the dignity which, had he survived, the Association would, no doubt, have awarded him.

A curious anecdote was told of a wasp having settled on a member's nose, and a paper was read on the Civilisation of Wasps, with a view to inducing them to regulate the use of their stings upon equitable principles. The proceedings terminated with the annual ploughing match, of which the following are the particulars:—

Blue set off at a steady pace, followed by Red, at the rate of nearly one mile an hour. Yellow met with a portion of a root, where his plough stuck fast; while Green, losing all guidance of the machine, was upset in a hawthorn hedge. Orange then took up the ploughing at a smartish pace; but his horse turning restive, bolted round into another field, and cut a beautifully straight trench down the whole length of a meadow. The match was now entirely between Blue and Red, both of whom stopped short in the middle of the field, and agreed to divide the money.

Thus ended one of the most exciting ploughing matches that was ever recorded in agricultural annals.

A patent harrow was exhibited, the efficiency of which was tested by a well-dressed member, who fell upon it.

BEAU AND HARROW.

SCENES FROM THE DOMESTIC DRAMA OF JACK BROWNLESS.

SCENE III.—*Interior of* Mr. DOLEMDOWN'S *Counting-House.* JACK BROWNLESS, *with a Check in his hand.*

Jack. Only twenty pounds for a quarter's indefatigable exertion?—I shall cut.

Mr. Dolemdown. Surely, Mr. Brownless, you will not leave me till you have balanced your books?

Jack. For twenty pounds!—Are you insane? I have some interest at Hanwell, and I'll use it in your behalf.

Mr. Dolemdown. But my books, sir, who is to balance my books?

Jack. My dear sir, send for Ramo Samee—he can balance anything. [*Exeunt.*

(A lapse of a Month is supposed to occur between the Third and Fourth Scenes.)

SCENE IV.—*Waterloo Bridge at Midnight.* JACK BROWNLESS *and* MARY MAYBUD *walking on the Anti-Toll Side of the Bridge.*

Mary. Haven't you a shilling, Jack?

Jack. My dear Mary, when you know that I am dying for an Havannah and a six of cold without, can you imagine that I have such a coin? But—

Mary. But what, Jack?

Jack. I'm tired of this way of living—quite tired, and I wish—

Mary. Oh heavens! wish what?

Jack (frantically striking his forehead).—That somebody would leave me a thousand a year!

FALLING IN WITH A FRIEND.

PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS.——No. XLVII.

SOCIAL MISERIES.—No. 10.

Mr. Dobbs.—"Very good. I intend to have my shutters painted green, and that's just the shade I should like."
Mrs. D.—"Couldn't you put in a sun-flower or two, Mr. Mastic? I'm very partial to yellow."

PHYSIOLOGY OF THE LONDON IDLER.

CHAPTER V.—CONCERNING EXHIBITION LOUNGERS.

ET us imagine that the whole of the Regent-street idlers belong to the class of loungers already pourtrayed. There are very many, blest with something like avocations and resources, who are nevertheless fair specimens of the class. These are generally young men, residing in chambers, keeping their terms, and all sorts of things besides, and reading for the bar, which consists in drinking a certain number of bottles of wine on certain days at the Middle Temple Hall, practising the flute, violin, or cornet-à-piston, as the case may be, in their rooms, and giving perpetual breakfasts to each other, more especially if they chance to have been out together the antecedent evening.

This meal lasts from twelve to three, "*plus ou moins*," and consists of coffee, tea, stout, sherry, chops, eggs, herrings, and broiled ham—the parties being arrayed in slippers and shooting-jackets or borrowed dressing-gowns. The tenour of the conversation is as follows :—

"Devilish nice party ; but I feel wretchedly seedy after it."

"Have some beer. What a splendid set of girls the Howards always do contrive to scrape together."

"I say, Hal, did you find out who that was you waltzed with after supper ?"

"Made it all safe, sir. She's going to Kensington Gardens on Saturday. What do you think she said ?"

"I don't know—let's have it."

"Shove that bottle of stout over here, Fred."

"What a funny speech for a girl !"

"No, no—nonsense ; she told me her people were going to give a party on the 6th, and I should have an invitation. They live in Harley-street ; all right—Governor 's a West India merchant."

"She's got tin, then !"

"I expect so ; and what a neck and shoulders !—Phew !"

"Have you been to Dow's lately ?"

"No—'pon my soul I'm ashamed. It's so long since I called ; I must though. Did you read Platt's speech ?"

"Rather !—capital !—pass the pepper."

And so on for an indefinite period.

These specimens of the London Idler attach themselves to the same haunts as the others we have just mentioned, but they have usually more money, and a larger circle of acquaintance ; indeed, the front of the rim of their hat becomes so limp from the constant bows they make during an afternoon's stroll, that they are compelled, after a while, to turn it hind-side before for convenience.

To this class the varied exhibitions of the metropolis afford an endless round of amusement ; but perhaps the Polytechnic Institution is their chief lounge. They go down in the diving-bell, for the sake of being lionized during the thirty seconds which succeed their re-appearance from the water. They attend the magnified mud-worms, and dissolving Netley Abbeys and Royal Exchanges, for the chance of sitting in the dark next to the handsome woman in the small enticing pink bonnet, who has gone in before them, and whose glove they picked up and restored to her on the stairs ; they listen, out of pure distraction, and for the twentieth time, to Professor Bachoffner's demonstration of the electrotypes and galvanic clocks ; and they gaze at the ribbon-looms, printing-presses, and steam-engines, as well as at all the models, in rotation, until they become walking catalogues of the entire exhibition.

It is not impossible but that they may conclude their lounge by watching the progress of manufacturing a bird of paradise (blue, with a white tail) in blown glass, which they will purchase to take home with them to their chambers—a circumstance which never comes to pass, since the whole concern—bird, shade, tail, and all—gets crushed to an impalpable powder long before they reach their destination.

Au reste, these loungers are, for the most part, gentlemanly men. Their dress, bearing, and appearance, is all in keeping ; and in this they differ widely from that lonely, unknown class, the sole end of whose existence appears to be the accomplishment of a certain number of promenades about the West End thoroughfares, unrecognizing and unrecognized, with the idea that they hold their unheeded station in society by this diurnal labour. With these, dress and display are the ruling passions, and in matters of the toilet is comprised all their knowledge. They cannot see what need a man has of intellect or talent, provided his boots and trowsers are fashionably faultless ; and, whilst bestowing all their care on the outside of their head, they regard the brains as mere accessories to existence. Can it be credited, that not a fortnight back we met one of these poor do-nothings in Regent-street, who, not content with the impression his general *contour* made upon the world, had actually dyed his moustachios, and—we write in pity and disgust—*painted his cheeks !* Should his open page meet his eye, as he listlessly gazes in some shop window, he will not fail to recognise his likeness. Let us be permitted to recommend him immediately to wash his face at the first available accommodation, even though, for lack of means to procure better, it be beneath the pump in Burlington Gardens.

Finally, with respect to the Regent-street Loungers, a great advantage to all of them is the facility with which they accommodate themselves to whatever circle chance may pitch them into. They lounge on from one scene to the other, with a trace of their preceding occupation being visible. An idler has been known on the best authority, if by chance a ticket for Her Majesty's Theatre has fallen in his way, to leave its elegant audience as soon as Persiani has concluded her *finale* in the opera, and having deliberately entered the nearest retail establishment, has then and there quietly imbibed a pint of half-and-half ; after which he has returned in time for the opening tableau of *Alma*, and once more taken his place, with as aristocratic an air as if he had been sipping *Punch à la Romaine* at Dubourg's from a chrystal goblet, instead of draining Barclay's Entire from a pewter pot. And yet this antithesis is not merely an attribute of the loungers alone, for the great world abounds in similar ones. Indeed, generally speaking, nothing is more widely different, than the dash and show-off of individuals in society, and their manner of living when at home. It may usually be taken in an inverse ratio.

DISTRESS OF THE COUNTRY.

SEVERAL alarming instances of the prevailing distress have reached us.

Mr. Roebuck was the other day exceedingly distressed, when the St. James's-park keeper stopped him with a parcel of books, and mistook him for a light-porter.

Mr. Muntz declared that he felt uncommonly distressed—at finding three grey hairs in his whiskers.

During the late gales his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has been exceedingly distressed—with hiccups.

SONGS OF THE SEEDY.—No. XVIII.

Oh, deem not my spirits are buoyant and gay;
Nor think that my heart is as light as thine own;—
Oh, trust not, I charge thee, to outward display,
But wait till the innermost feelings are known.
For the heart may be gloomy, though smiles may be seen
On the visage with gladness apparently bright;
As the shirt may in collar be perfectly clean,
While the wristbands, all so dingy, are kept out of sight.

Oh, it is not what's uppermost always will show
The state of the feeling that's passing beneath;
For the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny glow,
While the spirits are wearing the pale hue of death.
The bosom may languish, though smiles light the cheek,
And grief may in merriment often be found,
As the boot's upper leather no crack may bespeak,
While the sole is all gone, and the foot's on the ground.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF COURTSHIP.

Chapter IV.—On the Art of making the Amiable.

HE witty Voltaire hath remarked "Quand celui qui écoute n'entend rien, et celui qui parle n'entend plus, c'est métaphysique." Now as I am going to be extremely metaphysical in a few future passages, those of my readers who have no taste for what neither they nor myself very clearly understand had better skip the suspicious paragraphs. These may be easily detected by the long words.

Youth, the age of love, is also the age of inexperience—when the eyes and ears do duty for reasoning and judgment,—when the man of pleasing manners and polished exterior is mistaken for the man of excellent disposition,—when the cardinal virtues are thought to be sheltered under the bows and graces of good breeding, and bright Honour herself to reside amidst white waistcoats and kid gloves; when the learned or talented are voted bores, and smatterers or small-talkers declared to be learned.

Therefore, O ye makers of love, gild yourselves well over with what is called a "pleasing exterior," even if within you be as mere gingerbread.

Having put on the outward visible signs of amiability, the inward and spiritual graces may be made to shine sufficiently bright to dazzle the eyes of most damsels by strict attention to one golden rule:—*always place yourself on a level with your chosen fair in intellect, and below her in all else.* Never be wiser or more clever; always be less accomplished. On no account conquer at chess or cards, and if you can manage to cheat yourself for fear you should win, do so. Be careful not to offer the shadow of dissent to anything she says, unless it be some glaring absurdity;—such as praising Bulwer's Novels for their morality, or Ainsworth's Newgate Romances for their tasteful decency. Should you, however, have occasion to disagree with what she advances, the utmost tact must be called up to conceal a flat contradiction under the gossamer wings of a delicate difference of opinion. Of this sort of tact Don Quixote supplied one of the best examples I can call to mind:—The Princess Micomicona having fallen into an egregious geographical blunder about a seaport, the knight-errant, not to correct her too coarsely, simply opined that it would have been much better if her ladyship, after her long voyage, had *not* landed at Ossuara, "seeing that it happens to be an inland town."

Whenever there are opportunities, a little quizzing will, in most instances, have a desirable effect; especially if the quizzed be a particular friend of the belle you are addressing, who will most likely convert all that is said against another into compliments on herself. The cleverest fellow I know at this is Frank Kennedy, who made immense way with Miss Rose Robinson at the Honourable Mrs. Couple's last *soirée*, to the utter discomfiture of Sir Charles Simper, until the chaperon, finding the flirtation was getting on too fast, raised the Baronet's hopes by a counter-move in her game.

Frank had just handed Julia to her seat when Miss Barbara Boulder passed.

"Do you think Miss Boulder pretty?" inquired the belle.

"As an angel!" replied Kennedy, ironically.

"Indeed!" was the lady's interjection.

"Are not her cheeks of roseate hue?" continued the beau, in a confidential whisper, as he seated himself; "and, though from their size they may be likened to the cabbage-rose, yet does not that brilliant colour extend even to her neck?"

"For shame, Mr. Kennedy! Can you find none of the lily in her complexion?"

"O yes!—in her lips!"

"White lips? I am shocked. She is my most intimate friend. Well, you cannot deny she has fine eyes?"

"I have no doubt of it. But one can hardly see them, almost concealed as they are by her 'cheeks rotund.'"

"Now really this is too bad!" exclaimed Miss Robinson; "you make the poor girl out a perfect fright.—At least she has a good figure?"

"—*would* have, possibly, but for her shoulders, which unfortunately make her appear like a skalene triangle, with no two sides alike!"

"I don't exactly know what the triangle you mention is—doubtless something hideous—but did you ever dance with Miss Boulder?—she is an extremely agreeable girl."

Frank turned towards the fair speaker with a look of great astonishment, and asked "*Does* she ever dance?"

At this moment Mrs. Couple led up Sir Charles, and as Rose slid away to be his partner in the next quadrille, she mentally exclaimed, "really that Mr. Kennedy seems a most amiable person!"

Custom hath instituted several topics of conversation to be carried on by persons who have met for the first time, which tend very materially towards playing the amiable. The first information to get possession of is, some hint of the lady's tastes. Therefore it hath been wisely ordained, wherever two individuals of opposite sexes are standing side by side, that during the pauses of "the figure," or otherwise, the gentleman shall ask the lady if she be fond of dancing; the reply will be, "Yes, very;" for it is known to be an unvarying rule that all young ladies are fond of dancing. That, therefore, affords no clue, nor indeed much subject for converse; hence another question succeeds, "Are you fond of music?" Answer, without exception, "Yes,"—general rule as before; but when the rejoinder comes "What instrument do you play?" although the reply in that case always made and provided is, "the piano," yet the mention of a few composer's names will soon inform you of the kind of musical taste the fair one possesses. If she admire Herz, you will know she belongs to the thunder-and-lightning school of "fine players;" therefore, breathe not the names of Mozart, Beethoven, or Cramer. Should she own to singing, and call Mercadante "grand," or Donizetti "exquisite," do not mention Weber, or Schubert, but say a word or two in favour of Alexander Lee.

It will, in all probability happen, that after you have complied with the rule above stated, by asking the first two questions, the conversation will come to a dead stand, and the lady will be looking with great intensity upon the pattern of the carpet. This will afford an admirable opportunity for inquiring into the state of her taste for the fine arts. If she have not been to "the Exhibition" (for you will be sure to ask her if she have), drop the subject at once; if otherwise, and she praises the portraits and laughs at Turner, say a few words about Poonah painting, and inquire the practicability of squaring off one of Rembrandt's pictures for a Berlin-wool pattern.

It will frequently occur that (always excepting the first two queries) a young lady will answer your questions with indifference—almost contempt—in the belief that you are a very common-place soulless person. She, you will find to have a tinge of romance in her character; therefore, lose not a moment in plunging over head-and-ears into a talk about poetry. Should Byron or Wordsworth fail, try T. K. Hervey, or Barry Cornwall, but Moore is most strongly recommended. If you think you can trust yourself to do a little poetry on your own account, dash it slightly with metaphysics. Wherever you discover a tinge of blueism or romance, the mixture of "the moon," "the stars" and "the human mind," with common conversation, is highly efficacious. When the latter predominates in the damsel, an effective parting speech may be quoted from Romeo and Juliet, which will bring in a reflection upon the short duration of the happiness you have enjoyed, and the quotation

"I never knew a young gazelle," &c.

To make the amiable in earnest you must persevere in getting into your fair one's set, even if you have never met her but once. Contrive your conversation so that it shall ooze out when she is going to the theatre or opera, and fail not to appear there; and when she beholds you, she shall exclaim, "What amiable perseverance!" Cunningly make a friend of the hostess of the house at which you first met her, and she will, in all possibility, help your designs. By these means you will be enabled to ascertain her daily movements, and to meet her "by accident" very frequently, when you must always

bow; though it may be dangerous to speak, unless you have a friend with you. In that case boldly stop and introduce him.

Should the lady be stepping from a shop to her carriage, leave your companion, and lead her to it. You will thus get possession for one instant of her hand. That instant ought to be decisive!

Having obtained a slight footing in the desired circle, it is not unlikely that when you meet, little "wishes" will drop from the maiden; such as, "I wish papa would take us to Signor So-and-So's Concert, or to the Opera next Saturday." As you value success, send tickets for one, or a box for the other—*four* tickets, if the party consist of three, with a polite apology for forwarding so many admissions, "thinking that there may be some friend whom they would wish to take." As you seal the note, you naturally say to yourself, "that friend ought to be me." Direct your missive to the young lady herself, for even if they don't "take" you, she *must* send an answer, which at once opens a correspondence. Anything not easily procured, such as an Almack's voucher, a Chamberlain's court-day ticket, or a permission to see the rehearsal of a new tragedy, make the greatest way. Pelham Plumer (who by the way has now regularly established himself at "No. 96 in the Square") assures me that he received his first decided encouragement from Miss Murray, when he procured tickets for the Painted Chambers for her and her cousins to see the Queen open Parliament.

The other means and appliances for making the amiable may be safely left to the ingenuity of the courtier; the above being the most important.

THE LAY OF THE TROUBADOUR.

"Wake up, wake up, my beautiful, and welcome in the May,
Unfold thy veiny eyelids to salute the joyous day:
The lark's Spring gush of melody is trilling through the skies,
And all is bursting into life—my beautiful, arise!

"The warm scent-laden zephyr bows to kiss the teeming earth,
And wake the trembling harebells to a fairy peal of mirth,
Awaiting but the sunlight of thy blue and shining eyes,
And I am here—thy only love—arise—sweet-heart, arise!"

Hush'd was the strain, the Troubadour awaited a reply;
When forth an old man thrust his head, and thus in wrath did cry:
"You saucy scoundrel, hold your row—this noisy bawling cease,
Or I'll send you off to Bow-street, with an escort of police."

Have you ever been in Languedoc?—Not exactly, but I tumbled into St. Katharine's Dock once.

Sporting Intelligence.

CRICKET.—The great match between the boy in the pinafore and the pupil of the Greencoat School, came off on Kennington Common one day last week, when there was a very numerous attendance, but the match excited very little attention. The wicket consisted of a beaver hat, and it was agreed, without reference to the regulations of the Marylebone club, that the ball must remain in the hat in order to determine the duration of an innings. Pinafore was decidedly the favourite, and the match had proceeded to some extent when the ball having been knocked beyond the palings, was most cruelly smugged by a youth in velveteen, who made off with it. The match is postponed *sine die*. An attempt was made to proceed with a round stone, but this having struck against an individual passing, the police were appealed to, and this luminary of the bat and stumps having been subjected to escheat, is now in the hands of the authorities.

A FIXED-TAR.

MARBLES.—The preliminaries of the great match between the St. Anne's and St. James's Marble Associations, were finally settled on Saturday night at Pitt's Warehouse.

The parties have deposited four pence for a supply of ring taws, and a quantity of pots, all of which will be brought into play should the match eventually take place, which is now only delayed by a question as to the ground it is to be played upon. The beadle has been sounded on the subject of St. Martin's Church Yard, but his answer was short and unsatisfactory. The space at the back of the National Gallery has also been named, but as this is a matter depending much upon the temper of the military authority who happens at the moment to be upon guard, it is impossible to speak with any certainty. But all parties are on

THE "KEY VIVE."

RACING.—The "Atlas" and the "Emperor" ran a dead heat down Parliament Street, and the latter was eventually backed to run against the former, which it did at the expense of a passenger, who received the pole of the Atlas on his own shoulder. A cabman entered for the Cup given by the landlord of the Hero of Waterloo; but when called upon to start was not to be found, and the affair ended in a walk over—on the part of a passenger who intended riding.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

THE *Bachelor* arrived athwart the bows of the *Philip*, and the captain and crew were immediately paid off by the captain and crew of the latter.

A CUTTING OUT AFFAIR.

The Richmond steamer fell in with the piles of Battersea Bridge, and the passengers being in want of assistance, sent forth a storm of hail, which was utterly ineffectual. The noble craft drifted down with the tide, and ultimately came to a safe muddage in the soil of Hungerford.

EXIT IN FUMO.

THE Earl of Glengall presented a petition from the City, complaining of its own smoke—the various factories, steamers, &c., injuring its public buildings. Another petition is in course of signature for the total abolition of cigar smoking, and vapouring of all descriptions. Captain Bobadil Boldero, and Grantley Berkely, will, therefore, be obliged to evaporate from St. Stephen's, in their own smoke.

NOTICES OF MOTION.

Mr. HUME, on going into Committee of Supply, to move a return of every officer in the Royal Navy, distinguishing admirals from boatswains' mates, and ships' cooks from post-captains, with the dates of the warrants or commissions of each; also the quantity of spun-yarn which has been used since the American War, in yards, distinguishing cables from ratlines, and setting forth the number of blocks now in the service—exclusive of chaplains and schoolmasters. Also, for a return from the Equator, of the aggregate number of persons who have been

TARRED AND FEATHERED

in crossing the line.

Lord J. Russell—to move for information from the Assistant Poor-Law Commissioners respecting the recipe for making the pauper gruel now in use; and to apply for the appointment of a scientific commission, to inquire into and report upon the quantity of gelatine to be extracted from old shoes and bones, with a view to converting the same into soup for consumption in the new Poor-Law Unions.

Sir F. Burdett—to move for leave to bring in a bill, enacting that the raised road of the Greenwich Railway be subject to an additional

HIGHWAY RATE.

MARKETS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

That during the past week there has been a rise in guns and pistols, which went briskly off at full charges, in consequence of the new and improved method of stealing the barrels. Several stands of arms have walked away in this manner, though they were

MADE TO ORDER.

An encouraging rise was also observed in umbrellas, mainly attributable to the heavy showers that fell during the meeting of the dealers.

Very thick walking-sticks got up a little, which had a rather depressing effect upon some inferior kinds of hats; nevertheless, superior beavers and gentlemen's gloves moved off pretty well, when the company went.

There was a little stir in tea this afternoon, and three spoonfuls of the Company's *congou* went off very flatly, with a party that appeared to take hardly any interest in the shabby transaction. The treacle in coffee was very brisk under the piazzas at twopence a cup, and though takers were very numerous, the settling was far from satisfactory. Indeed it ended in

A WAR WITH CHINA.

THE PUNCH EXPEDITION!

IT is with much regret that "PUNCH" announces he must keep the Public in the agonies of suspense for another week. His Comic Tourists have made themselves so popular at the several Watering-places to which he has accredited them, that the Town Councils—unwilling to part with such powerful jocular magnates—have refused to *visé* their passports.

An application having been made to the Government, Sir James Graham has promptly undertaken to effect their liberation. Therefore,

"PUNCH'S" GUIDE TO THE WATERING PLACES

Will positively be issued to the Public

On Saturday next, July the 30th.

N.B.—To give increased effect to the Illustrations, the Artist wishes us to state that the Sun has kindly obliged him with a setting every evening.

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE WATERING PLACES.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

This marine city stands in proud opposition (almost) to Dover, being very fortunately separated from that cinque port by the British Channel. On serene days, the chalk cliffs, ingeniously representing the national debt of England, may be seen from Boulogne heights by the naked eye; which, however, receives additional strength, if decently clothed with a telescope. The inhabitants of Boulogne, with an elaborate desire to cultivate the acquaintance of the English, have advanced a pier so far into the channel, that if the advance were only met with corresponding enthusiasm by the people of Dover, there would be a wooden union between the two countries. Their enthusiasm is, of course, in every way repressed by the

Steam Navigation Companies, who, with a fine patriotism, charge the highest possible fares, for the noble purpose of keeping Englishmen at home, that they may spend their money in their own country. This purpose has met with the highest success for the present season, 1842.

On arriving at Boulogne, the visitor will be immediately struck with the affability and amiable curiosity displayed by our "natural enemies." Setting his foot upon the pier, the visitor observes his path defined for him by two ropes, leading from the vessel to the hospitable door of a mansion,

not particularly remarkable for architectural magnificence, but recommended by the urbanity to be found (with a pen in its hand) within. To this abode you are urged by something wearing a cocked hat and a sword—cocked hats and swords ruling and directing all things in France. You enter the mansion; and should you carry (it being night) a comb and tooth-brush, such implements are minutely inspected by another cocked hat and sword, and returned to you with a direction to pass on. You next present yourself to a gentleman, who in the blandest manner makes the following inquiries, writing down your response to each:—

"What is your name?"—"Your age?"—"Where do you put up?"—"What money have you in your pocket?"—"Does your mother know you have left England?"—"How is your aunt?"—"Have you had the small pox?"—"Do you take your brandy cold without?"—and other household and pleasingly familiar interrogatives; your answers to which are carefully deposited with the archives of the town, and will one day make part and parcel of the history of France. Leaving this inquiring gentleman, you are immediately introduced, through a back door, to the city of Boulogne. Should you however appear, to the eye of another cocked hat and sword, to have a contraband look, you are turned into an inner room, and are from head to foot rubbed down by the half-military (and certainly) half-civil hand of France. Having been well shampooed for smuggled goods, you are next requested to open your mouth, that it may be seen you have neither pig-tail nor pig-iron concealed there; both articles bearing the heaviest duty. Many quids have, from time to time, been seized in this way, and sold by the government to the towns-people, with other contraband articles. Should your wife accompany you, the partner of your bosom may be restored to your arms with many bobbins broken; the female officers (*without cocked hats and swords*) asserting the right of search with very little respect for the English flannel and linen trade.

Escaped from the Custom House, you are immediately impressed with a sense of the large hospitality of Boulogne; a complete pack of cards, held by fifty-two different hands, being presented to you, accompanied with the loudest and most pressing invitations to take up your abode under all the fifty-two roofs. Others cautiously invite you to proceed to Paris; you are, however, come to enjoy yourself at Boulogne, and taking three steps from the Custom House, you find yourself comfortably seated in—The Bedford.

Well, you have quaffed a bottle of Mr. Lowe's very excellent St. Julien, and you start with Punch for your philosophic and most veracious guide to see the marvels of the city. Passing along the Port, your admiration is excited by the picturesque costume of the fishwomen, who have, in the most faithful manner, copied the dress of Miss Kelly, as frequently worn by her in domestic dramas at the late English Opera House. These women have one extraordinary peculiarity—truthfulness. They always deal at a fixed price; never, in any instance, consenting to take one sous less than their original demand. The prolonged melodious note with which some of them cry "oysters" is not among the least attractions of the city. As a stranger, you may think it the voice of a cockatoo, whereas, it is in reality, "natives" cried in French—

"Des Huitre—e—e—e—e—e—e—e—e—e—e—s!"

Proceeding from the Port, you enter Crown-street, which the Boulognais, however, with a pardonable prejudice insist upon calling Rue de l'Ecu. This is the Bond-street of Boulogne, where the English air themselves at least once a morning. Here are many magnificent repositories, called, by the natives, *boutiques;* and it affords no small consolation to the Briton exiled, it may be, for four-and-twenty hours from London, to read in the various windows the following soul-cheering intelligence:—

"ENGLISHE SPOKN HEARE."

On your right is the Café Vermont, a splendid establishment, where La Jeune France may be seen playing *écarté* over four-sous beer at ten in the morning. Journeying onward, to your left is a magnificent evidence of the encouragement of English literature by the French nation, the dreadful impositions committed by Messrs. Murray, Longman and Co., Colburn, Bentley, &c., being beautifully rebuked by Messieurs Baudry and Galignani; those spirited publishers issuing, as may be seen in their agent's, (M. Watel's) windows—

"LADY BLESSINGTON—ONLY 4s.!"—

whereas her ladyship is generally at a guinea and a half in London. The effect of this dissemination of British literature is such, that even French children have every requisite command of the English language; we having frequently met with the merest urchins who, without hesitation, and with the purest accent, have said—

"Give me a sous!"

Wending our way along the street, we glance through the windows of the Hôtel du Nord, and, in knives and forks laid for fifty, with *serviettes* folded after the imperial cocked hat, see the strongest illustration of human hope—ten, perhaps, may dine.

We now approach the source of much of the harmony of Boulogne—the music and piano-warehouse of the enterprising and obliging Solis; not yet, we trust, forgotten by those who, a quarter of a century ago, enjoyed his artless strains at the Surrey. This is a magnificent repository. Here melody may be hired by the month or quarter; and young ladies assisted up the gamut with all possible celerity by the proprietor To Solis foreign masters are much indebted. Into how many respectable circles has he introduced Herz! And then, how courteously putteth he off galopades upon young ladies—how pleasingly he insinuateth a love-song ("the very last as is out") into the bosoms of families! We are therefore glad to see him with that sunny look, gazing on the poultry in his opposite neighbour's windows, and may be selecting to himself the greatest goose—(and there are none greater in all Boulogne, which is saying much for Mr. Wood, the poulterer)—for his Sunday's dinner!

If you proceed in a direct line you will, after a time, find yourself on

the highway to Paris. There is, however, nothing particularly striking on the road, if we except Louis Napoleon's eagle, at the present moment lodging at an *abattoir*, or slaughter-house; by no means the first time that the imperial eagle of France has kept company with butchers. To save you a long walk, we here present you with a portrait of the bird; it must be confessed not in the highest feather.

Arrived at the end of the Rue de l'Ecu, turn to your left, and magnificent is the prospect that greets you!—the Grande Rue, with its bold precipitous ascent to the ramparts that girdle the Haute Ville (in plain English, High Town); on your right the Market-place, with Flora, Pomona, and the Goddess of Poultry (who, we suppose, by virtue of her peacock, must be Juno)—all presiding at their plenteous, yet economic stalls, where it is passing sweet to purchase fivepenny cauliflowers for three sous, and most respectable ducks for tenpence English! Beautifully snowy is the cloud of caps now waving, now succinctly clinging to the heads of the market-women! Most jaunty their boddices—picturesque their petticoats!

Climbing the Grande Rue, you suddenly pause, and with a grateful spirit for the blessings of an English press in France, do homage to the office (on your right) of

"THE BOULOGNE GAZETTE,"

that, with its intelligence and refined humanities, gladdens every otherwise dull and desolate Monday.

You enter the Haute Ville, passing through a venerable gateway, resolutely guarded by a hero of the line for only five sous per diem. You ascend the ramparts, and command a magnificent prospect of ocean, river, mountain, house-top, valley, and, it may be, a squadron of the national cavalry caracolling on the esplanade beneath. From this favoured spot you have also the earliest glimpse of the estafette as it arrives from Calais.

We have now to speak of the historical origin of Boulogne. It is agreed upon all hands to be of Roman foundation—a fact made indisputable by the very fine Roman Noses (a sample of which we give) to be still met with on the faces of the children. Julius Cæsar sent an illegitimate son to a boarding-school here; the child's silver spoon, fork, and six towels having been recently dug up, with other Roman antiquities, on the site of the ancient academy.

The public buildings of Boulogne are numerous and magnificent. The Wooden Pier will be an immortal evidence of the indestructibility of French oak; whilst the refined beauty of the New Custom House will no less indicate the loveliness of French polish. The Passport Office, where people are ticketed for travel, has a modest but most cheerful appearance. It is chastely whitewashed within, and ditto without. The Church of St. Nicholas is happily situated in the Market Place: its religious influence on the consciences of the market-people is delightfully evident; the hucksters never asking a franc and taking ten sous—no never.

The Museum is a splendid fabric, and contains many astounding curiosities. We cannot swell our notice into a catalogue, so must therefore content ourselves with naming two or three of the principal wonders:—

The First Thought of Napoleon to invade England, hermetically sealed in a large bottle.

The Second Ditto, to leave her alone—in a very small phial.

The Mummy of a French lodging-house keeper, who refused to make money of the English. (This specimen is supposed to be unique.

The public spirit of the townspeople of Boulogne, cut in flint. (This rarity is, however, so minutely executed, that it requires the very strongest microscope to catch a glimpse of it.)

The building contains a fine Picture Gallery. Amongst the noblest historical paintings is one celebrating

NAPOLEON'S FIRST SUPPER AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE—GEORGE THE THIRD, WITH SALVER UNDER HIS ARM, WAITING UPON THE CONQUEROR.

The supper never took place, but that was no fault of the painter.

The walls of the Haute Ville are very ancient, and are kept in repair with extraordinary vigilance; at least two hods of mortar having been laid out upon them during the late war panic. Henry the Eighth bombarded them with leather guns, sewed by the Royal Cordovan Artillery. In the Haute Ville a new cathedral is majestically rising from the earth; and as two men and a boy are almost constantly employed upon the fabric, the reader may imagine how very soon it will be completed. A roomy and most commodious Prison is also added to the many hospitalities of Boulogne. In this place—according to the benevolence of the Code Napoleon—liberty is valued to an Englishman as worth one franc (*i.e.* tenpence) a year: every Englishman owing a hundred francs to a French creditor, being imprisonable for only one century!

The Château is a venerable and picturesque building, usually dedicated to a company of infantry, and to such state prisoners as may wish for celebrity. Louis Napoleon and his friends endured the rigours of this place. The marks still visible of their champagne corks on the ceiling demand a tear from the sympathetic.

The Cemetery lies a little way beyond the High Tower. This solemn place is a favourite lounge for the English travellers, who generally provide themselves with sandwiches and bottled stout ere visiting it. A pillar, generally supposed to be erected to the memory of 72 English convicts, is erected here. The purpose of the pillar has been misrepresented: it having been expressly raised for the convenience of those British visitors who would leave their names and addresses behind them. We copy two, from about ten thousand inscribed on the monument:—

"*John Rogers was here with Mary Green, June* 3, 1840."

"*Peter Gillsworthy, paper-hanger, Shoreditch.*"

Wreaths of *immortelles* are sold at the cemetery gate: they are composed of flowers of a bright mustard colour, and are manufactured as offerings for the dead. We are particular in stating this, as we once met an English lady from Ratcliffe Highway, who had purchased the yellow wreath as a Sunday collar for her dog Snap!

The Column, commemorative of the non-invasion of England, holds a grand position on the cliffs. Its base is most appropriate, being composed of a bottle of Imperial Pop! with Napoleon the Great elevated to the skies by the froth which is ascending from it.

There are two or three convents, besides religious houses, dedicated to the Sisters of Charity, (and reader, when in your walks you meet these noble creatures, bow spiritually to them as good and gracious ministrants—angels to the sick, and comforters to the sore in heart.)

The colleges and minor English schools demand a constant admiration; and the British breast will throb and glow with national pride as he sees the streets ruled with

A LINE OF ENGLISH BOYS

fifty times a day. The number of these schools has, however, awakened the jealousy of the French government; and feeling that Boulogne might be taken by a simultaneous rising of even parlour-boarders, every school is commanded by a French battery; masked, and, therefore, not visible.

The amusements of Boulogne are as numerous as refined:—hunting, bathing, and donkey-riding; let us speak of the balls at the baths—the lotteries for the poor—the playhouse—the manœuvres of the national guards (horse and foot), both forces meeting the first Sunday in every month, weather permitting. It is, however, in the contemplation of the authorities, to add an umbrella to their other arms of defence.

In autumn there is a solemn blessing of the sea by the priests for, it is said, the multitude of fish—we presume English flat-fish—wafted on the tides from London Bridge Wharf, and Dover, to the hotels and shops of Boulogne.

One of the most remarkable and pleasing peculiarities of this delightful place, is the feeling of charity pervading all the English residents. Here there is no backbiting, no slander, no petty scandal; but Monday, being a non-post day, that day is generally devoted to a discovery and praise of everybody's good gifts and virtues. People meet and linger at the corners of streets for no other purpose.

From an old seal recently found, it is contested that the arms of the city were originally a swan; but we have heard antiquaries, who have visited some of the Boulogne hotels, declare the bird must be a cormorant.

The English inhabitants are composed of those who are living on their means, and those who are living in despite of them. However, to give a romantic air to society, there may be, occasionally, a slight sprinkling of

outlaws. Some idea may be obtained of the ruthless manners of these people, from the subjoined representation of

THE OUTLAW'S HAUNT.

THE OUTLAW'S BOWL AND DAGGER.

Outlaws, however, are sometimes made at a very economic rate; and without the remotest notion of the appalling civil change they are gradually undergoing. This, however, depends upon the extreme ingenuity and fine usurious malice of the operator in England. We have, however, a very pretty article of outlawry turned out of hand for not above 30*l.*—a gratifying fact for those who would deal in the manufactory of such pleasant ware. Having given the outlaw's haunts, we now subjoin his weapons.

We have no space to linger on the outlaw's habits. It may suffice to the curious to know that he ordinarily rises about seven—takes coffee at eight—lunches at noon—broods over "previous mischief" until about two—then prowls about the city and environs until four—dines at six—takes tea (think of "the outlaw's tea—bohea, shrimps, and devilry,")—plots more mischief until ten or eleven; and then woos sleep to his guilty couch, snoring, if possible, till seven of the morrow. But let us quit the dreadful theme, as we want a government "permit" to depart for England.

Now, reader, if you go to the office on the Port—the white-washed edifice—you will have a licence to depart from *La Belle France* for nothing; but if you would assert yourself a Briton, and feel what it is to have a Briton's protection, you will go to your consul, who for the same "permit" will charge you

ONLY THREE FRANCS—(IN ENGLISH—HALF-A-CROWN!)

MARGATE.

"On Thanet's northern bounds fair Margate stands;
Delightful views it every way commands."

THUS sings Master Peter Theophilus Turner, the poet and pedagogue, the votary of the Muse and Mavor, whose tuneful goosequill has produced a Guide to Margate, as immortal, and as easy and comprehensive as that of Dr. Dilworth to the English language. Tremblingly do we approach the task of reducing his glowing imagery—his daring and sublime metaphors into the coldness of prosy reality—but the demands of PUNCH are imperative, and so here goes.

Peter Theophilus assures us that Margate is "a place where thousand goddesses appear," who we presume have all come down by the Red Rover from Elysium, or perhaps the Minories;—the Thanet goddesses having complexions which induce us to imagine that their customary beverage is less of the divine nectar of Olympus than the brown stout of Dublin.

CAPTAIN OF THE RED ROVER.

Peter Theophilus further informs us that—

"Here music, love, and poetry combine—"

the music doubtlessly refers to that of a librarian vocalist, who sings "a song, and accompanies himself on six cocoa-nut shells;"—the love to that high state of feeling exhibited by young ladies and gentlemen at moonlight and low-water on the sands;—the poetry to Peter Theophilus's own desscriptive poem, which, in the words of P. T. T., seeks to

FAT MATE OF THE RED ROVER.

"ensure to the visitors and inhabitants of Margate a complete, correct, and delighting guide. Information respecting carriage and steam conveyance being placed at the end of the poetry for *convenience* to the continued and more sublime strain of the Muse." The Margate Warbler continues—

"Here trembling ague, burning fever find
They dare not once assault, if so inclined;
His bloated or *her* pallid face she (Hygeia) hides,
Buried for e'er beneath the genial tides."

If Peter Theophilus had not taken out a poetic license, we should say that bathing at Margate was rather unpleasant; for according to his account Mr. Fever "*with his bloated*," and Mrs. Ague with "*her pallid face*," seem to have taken the whole of the ground floor of the Ocean thereabouts, as a snug moist family vault. We would, however, suggest the decency of a few floating tombstones, which might be worded as follows:—

No. I.

To the Memory
OF A RHEUMATIC GOUT,
The Faithful Companion of TOBIAS JONES, Esq.,
Which departed from his left leg,
On — day of ——,
Aged three years and eight days.
"Affliction sore,
Long time it bore,
Physicians, &c."

LOW DIET.

No. II.

Here lies
All that was left of a Tertian Ague, which met with a watery grave, whilst bathing from one of
PHILLPOT'S MACHINES.
It was born in the Fens of Lincolnshire, and shook off its mortal coil
On the — day of ——,
Ætat Eighteen Years.

Peter Theophilus appends the following note to the preceding beautiful quatrain:—"Thousands can testify the truth of these observations, for we annually see many who come to Margate, even on crutches, after bathing a few weeks, not only throw aside their *auxiliary legs*, but are restored to such health and florid countenances, that scarcely their most intimate friends can recognize them." To confirm the truth of Peter's panegyric, we present a copy of a certificate which we felt it our duty to leave with our Margate merman, Mr. Hubbard:—

"One-bed House, Margate.

"SIR,—I beg to say that I came down to Margate, afflicted with a violent running in my legs, occasioned by a dubious tailor and a sheriff's officer; and, after taking a course of six of your machines, I had the happiness to find my general appearance so improved, that my dearest creditor did not know me.

"For the sake of those similarly afflicted, and who have an objection to whitewashing and other violent remedies, I beg that you will give publicity to the above.

"As witness my leg this 9th day of July, 1842.

"PUNCH."

Of the situation of Margate, we cannot do better than extract the highly geographical and very satisfactory account given by our dear Peter Theophilus, who he says—

"Margate, Metropolis of this famed isle,
Is placed where Zephyrs blow and Naiads smile."

We have consulted the Maps published by the S. D. U. K., and have not been able to find out the exact latitude and longitude for the blowings and smilings alluded to by Peter. We fear that this meteorological mapping must have been executed on a half-holiday during the summer solstice; for, had it been done in the brumal quarter, he must have described it as a town which was bounded on one side by a hurricane and on the other by a deluge.

"But stop, my pen! and cease thy general song,
And tell what to each object does belong."

In pursuance of which determination of the poetic Peter's, we have put the drag upon our general pen, and proceed to particulars.

THE PIER.—We found, upon inquiry, that the original wooden quay was raised to the pierage in 1815, and now forms an elegant and commodious harbour for small pleasure-boats and sea-sick Cockney emigrants. The Pier consists of two elevations, the lower and inner of which constitutes a quay for the landing of shrimps and carpet-bags; the higher and outer one forms a promenade for buff slippers and a lounge for telescopes. At the seaward extremity is a long Roman candle, which, when lighted and reflected in the water at its base, strongly reminds one of a gigantic rushlight erected for the accom-

THE MARGATE BUFFS.

modation of such visitors to the Port of Margate as are afraid to sleep so near the sea without a night-lamp. A semicircular projection, resembling a capacious nursery fender, has been erected for two fiddles and a flute, or the purpose of drawing out the millinery, and introducing Strauss's New Waltzes, as soon as published, to the notice of the surrounding Mermaids.

JARVIS'S LANDING-PLACE, better known as the Jetty, is a kind of Marine Tavistock Hotel, where steamers may have a good bed in the ocean, when they are locked out of the harbour for the night. The sides of the Jetty are celebrated as juvenile crab-fisheries. Here numerous little boys may be seen with a skait's tail and a bit of whipcord, endeavouring to catch a crab and a nightmare. The *crustacea* about the Jetty are of excellent quality, being generally fatted upon the youthful anglers whose nursery-maids are more attentive to the love-yarns of the sailors than to the safety of their young masters. The "Landing-place" is resorted to by neat ancles in windy weather, and many a pretty leg has been known to walk from thence into a young gentleman's affections, and off to Gretna.

There is—wind and weather permitting—a strong muster of jobbing-sailors upon the Jetty, who politely invite you to "take a sail," which being freely translated means, "take an emetic." Under the guidance of these indigenous T. P. Cookes, you may, if the bosom of the ocean be as placid as a feather-bed, have an opportunity of fishing for your dinner; and if the sport be very good, may be fortunate enough to catch two penny dabs in the same number of hours for the same number of shillings. There is also a fine moral lesson to be learned in the sailing-boats of Margate, for nothing exhibits the vanity of human hope more forcibly than a party of sixteen in "The Hero," embarked at 1*s.* per head, in the pursuit of pleasure. No sooner have they had sixpennyworth of the sea than a change of opinion as to the enjoyment of navigation takes place, and the gallant crew are ready to compound with the sailing-master, and take a dividend of the distance due to them, and ultimately become so disgusted with that peculiar style of nautical agriculture called ploughing the ocean, that they make a universal demand, that either they or the anchor be let go in the middle of the British Channel.

MARGATE COSTUMES.

Leaving the Jetty, and engaging in an earnest conversation with your friends in the rear, the first object which will strike your eye will be the PUMP-HANDLE, which is attached to a beautiful erection of cast-iron, said to be a model of the Lanthorn of Diogenes at Athens; but as no one who had the least acquaintance with the town was likely to use the lanthorn in Margate for the same purpose as the Cynic did, in Greece, the pier-directors very wisely have converted it into a pump, so that every visitor might take water at the pier if he liked.

Proceeding onwards, you will require to use your stick or umbrella as a flapper, to keep off the "flies," which will now beset you. Having forced your way through the swarm, you will find yourself introduced to a large family of family hotels; which our own Peter proceeds to poetise upon, in grammar, which, we are happy to say, for the sake of his originality, is no base plagiarism from Lindley Murray.

Presuming that you decline the attractions and bills of these Temples of Heliogabalus, and determine to go in search of "Desirable Lodgings," you proceed with your head and luggage in the direction of High-street; on the seaward side of which your attention should be directed to the statue of a nigger Neptune, with a three-pronged fork in his hand, preparing to toast a red herring, which is struggling at his feet; whilst the fin at the extremity of the bloater's tail is ingeniously converted into a camp-stool for the convenience of the Ocean Deity. Passing onwards, you find yourself an object of intense interest to the touters of Messrs. Hubbard, Phillpot, Beale, Wood, Crickett, *et id genus* who—but let Peter Theophilus warble their vocation and habitation:—

"Along the borders of the western strand,
In High-street, many bathing houses stand;
Though thus they're named, they are not strictly so,
They're only places *where the bathers go!!*"

Grateful for this valuable information, you continue your peregrination in quest of a hearth at the sea-side, and are astonished to find that there is "ONE BED TO LET" in every other window, from which you infer, that if the generality of Margate visitors dine at home, they must use a sheet for a table-cloth. If you wish for a suite of apartments, you should be regulated not only by the amount of the rental, but also by the number of the landlady's family; for rest assured that the profit of your three-months' stay will have to provide food and raiment for the lodging-house keeper and her young all the rest of the year.

After a glance at the Albert Saloon, where you may be done in "this style for a shilling," you may proceed to Hales's Library, which is a beautiful structure highly characteristic, in its exterior, of the articles which form the attraction within. It strongly resembles a Tonbridge-ware work-box, surmounted by an inverted humming-top. From the miscellaneous contents of this Marine Museum, you may furnish the mind or a baby-house—procure the *vinaigrette*, whose pungent aroma may support you through the excitement produced by the perusal of "Jack Sheppard"—or select the "trifle from Margate," which, when in Cripplegate, will remind you of the "Last Days of Pompeii."

The female visitor to this "abode of Hygeia," (*Peter Theophilus,*) and Mr. Cobb, (*Punch,*) are so peculiarly literary, that a book seems as necessary to them as a reticule, while the subject of the novel may be considered as an infallible directory to the dispositions of these bookworms in book muslin.

Thus, "Flirtation" is found at low water on The Sands; "Eugene Aram," seeks subterranean enjoyment in The Grotto; "Almacks Revisited" idealises at The Wilderness; "The Manœuvring Mother" promenades The Jetty, accompanied by "Violette" and "Henrietta Temple."

Margate is a fine nursery for amateur gamesters, to whom The Wheel of Fortune is an easy introduction to the more elaborate mysteries of the Pea and Thimble-rig. The *croupiers* are evidently deeply skilled in phrenology; for, looking round upon the heads of the players, they invariably arrive at the conclusion that "1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, are vacant!" and we ourselves saw an aged widow, the mother of six grown-up daughters, highly excited at the possession of a mahogany boot-jack, which, at a moderate computation, had cost the family about thirty shillings.

You should now pop your head (and nothing more) into the Boulevards, unless like St. Anthony you are prepared to resist the temptations of beauty in a cavern, for you must not conceive that there is anything green about the Boulevards but the customers.

We will now conduct you to the theatre, but as there is no chance of your getting a view of the interior, as it was never known to be visible for more than a week at a time, and as you may not be in Margate at the precise fortunate moment, you must be contented with a glimpse of the "properties, decorations, and scenery" of the exterior, for which we are willing to be indebted to the ever-pointed pencil of the classical Peter Theophilus—

"Simple in form, though spacious in extent,
No aid by its external plan is lent;
To court the eye or votaries bring,
Where Thalia dwells and sweetest syrens sing;
But, suited to your numbers, tastes, and wishes,
It is what scholars term *simplex munditiis*"—or *dishes.*

Peter, who insists that Thalia is the name of the Tragic Muse, must really excuse us if we are rude enough to throw the term *lia* in his teeth.

If you are in a melancholy mood, you cannot do better than look out a shilling and a volume of "Young's Night Thoughts," and proceed to TIVOLI.

As our pen traces the word we feel our wit flicker in our cranium, and grow dim as the one thread of cotton in the illumination-lamps of those sombre scenes. At the entrance you encounter a highly respectable but unhappy-looking victim, who, though placed there to represent a money-taker, has either been condemned to solitary confinement—the Caspar Hauser of Margate—or who, perhaps from a too susceptible nature, has experienced an early blight of his affections, and has willingly sought this desolate money-box, so that he may hold no further communion with the world.

As the oft-repeated echo of your footstep falls upon his ear he starts like an affrighted chamois on the hills, and wonders what melancholy mission can have brought you to this cemetery of mirth. Thrusting your hand through the cobwebs which veil the opening

to his cell you deposit your charitable donation of a shilling, and to his surprise pass on into the depths of the surrounding gloom, by descending a flight of steps upon which are dimly seen some very faint luminaries strongly resembling glowworms in the last stage of the deepest decline. You should then ignite your cigar, and by its glare, aided by the glimmer of a single wick in a custard-cup, suspended from a hedge-stake, grope your way to the statue of NOX WITH A NIGHT LAMP, which is rendered nearly visible by an elaborate coating of whitewash. Around the neck of the goddess is suspended the prayer of the gardener, which, by the aid of a lucifer, we are enabled to transcribe; it moved us by its simplicity, and ran as follows:—

"Pray do not touch the flowers."

The next object (if you can find it) which ought to attract your attention is—

THE LAKE, whose ebon waters seem to be drawn from the celebrated reservoir at Warren's, 30, STRAND. It has been rumoured that it would long since have been dried up, but for the heavy *dues* upon the property. A hollow sound will now conduct you to the concert-room, where an incarcerated vocalist appears to be beguiling the tedious hours with the appropriate song of "I never say nothing to nobody." This is a hallowed spot, for here in happier days the renowned Sinclair sang his two popular songs to two poplar trees,—here in more recent times the Vestris of Kennington, and celebrated Terpsichorean evergreen, the Baron Nathan, retired to perfect himself unobserved in some *pas seul—tout seul*—perhaps his celebrated "Marine hornpipe in top-boots," which has since shed such lustre upon the door-plate of his academy. Here, too, you may find Döbler eclipsed by some cunning professor of necromancy, who displays the very acme of his art by borrowing a shilling!

IT *HIS* THE SHILLING.

Wandering to the extremity of the desert, the pilgrim may be fortunate enough to discover MOUNT VESUVIUS, THE CITY AND BAY OF NAPLES, AT THE END OF THE BOWLING-GREEN. Vesuvius has been brought down from the Surrey Zoological Gardens by the City of Canterbury steamer, and since it has had the benefit of the sea air, we understand that its Eruption has taken such a favourable turn, that it is now reduced to a mild Erysipelas.

We have heard that there are gala nights, which are said to justify the following panegyric of our own Peter Theophilus:—

"Hail, Tivoli! hail, golden-tinted fane,
Where smiling Thalia (lia again!) and her votaries reign
Hark to the sounds that bid us come,
The *thund'ring* melody and well-tun'd drum.

* * * * *

Immensely rich illuminations too,
Range in most brilliant tapestry to view;

* * * * *

Whilst first-rate fire-works, from the spacious plain,
Light up the gardens round in tinted flame."

What—*plain—flame*, Peter Pedagogue? After all, we suspect that you are but a truant from "the pleasant Bells of Bow."

Having prepared yourself for the visit, you you should now go to the WILDERNESS, which, from its extreme effect upon the spirits, would have been a precarious experiment before taking a dose of Tivoli.

We should, however, advise you under any circumstances not to venture without providing the attendance of the bellman, for the grounds are in such perfect keeping with their name, that you, like Ross, will require the crier to act as a Captain Back to get you out again.

The money-taker, upon his three-legged stool, at the Wilderness, would form a pleasing study for any painter, anxious to embody

"Patience on a monument."

The house, which is on an eminence, belongs to that peculiar style of ethereal architecture, known as "castles in the air."

The lawn in front is ornamented with a tank of verdant water, not much unlike a bason of Birch's green pea-soup, in the centre of which is the snout of a syringe, which, we presume, acts as the biliary duct to a fountain. On entering the house, your eye is arrested on the left by a table on trestles ranged across a very bare room; and the only indications of life or civilisation are four biscuits, three bottles of ginger-beer, and, to balance the picture, two ditto of soda-water at the opposite end of the table. In the centre are a few faded flowers, six Whitechapel cigars, and a wine-glass. On a toilet-table, you perceive three pewter-pots, an Etruscan vase, and a jug of the celebrated willow pattern, the whole ably supported by a large beer-barrel in the name of Cobb—a gentleman who appears to hold the enviable situation of the great butt of Margate.

On looking to the right, you will see another large room, equally bare and desolate, and apparently devoted entirely to the fine arts; for, on the mantelpiece, are ranged busts of Shakspeare, the Princess Charlotte, Milton, and a lucifer-box. On ascending to the ball-room, which is twice as long, and twice as bare, and twice as desolate as both the others, you will observe a number of large brackets projecting from the middle of the wall, which have been evidently constructed by a visionary proprietor as reserved seats for those nights on which the room might be crowded to excess. The eye is next directed to an orchestra built after the ornamental design of a sentry-box, the whole of which is occupied by a grand piano and two music-stands, and is profusely lighted at the back by a row of twelve illumination lamps—a drapery of crimson, which, as the ladies say, would be all the better for another breadth, is strained over a wooden protuberance, in which the syrens warble to the walls.

The whole of the rooms are lighted up by costly chandeliers of tin, constructed so as to present to the imagination of the spectator a vivid representation of metallic wreaths of roses.

Having, by the assistance of the bellman, found your way out of the Wilderness, and arrived safely at your domicile, you can devote the energies of your mind to the enjoyment of the highly intellectual amusements of Margate, which consist in a constant attendance on the Pier at the arrival and departure of the London and other steam-boats; and at the end of two months, you will perhaps find that you have spent eight weeks and fifty pounds very agreeably.

RICHMOND.

THIS, which is the last of the watering places on the South-Western coast of the Thames, is certainly not the least, and might be called an earthly paradise, but for the enormous bill one is pretty sure to have to pay on quitting it. This is a favourite rendezvous for those who can enjoy the prospect of a view twenty miles round, with the consciousness that they have in their pockets a purse almost as many yards long to meet the inevitable contingencies. The landlords and waiters are particularly obliging—obliging every one to settle before quitting the premises. If private lodgings are preferred, three guineas a-week may possibly procure an attic for two, with the use of a buggy (bedstead). There are, however, several minor places of entertainment, and there are one or two dingy establishments, where man and beast may have tea at 9*d.* a-head.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MAN AND BEAST.

The town of Richmond presents some very interesting relics of stale pastry, old caricatures, and last year's fashions in the haberdashery line, which are figuratively marked as quite new, by the native merchants. There is a theatre in the place which nobody can ever find, and which no one wishes to find, so that it admits of perfect seclusion to such performers as are desirous of practising their profession, without being made nervous by the presence of an audience.

It is supposed that Richmond derives its name from Henry the Seventh having made fast his footing there, after having marched into "the bowels of the land," which, we are told by Shakspeare he really did, and which, if he came over Battersea Marshes, he was very likely to do. It is true there is another Richmond in Yorkshire, and we are reminded by this fact of the extraordinary tact of the Bard of Avon, who brought his great geographical learning to bear in the celebrated line—

"Methinks there be *six Richmonds* in the field,"

which he puts into the mouth of the frenzied tyrant Richard. The crook-backed villain knew there were two Richmonds—one in Surrey, the other in Yorkshire—and Shakspeare felt, that a man

PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE WATERING PLACES

1. Blackwall—Quite happy.
2. The Nore—A sensation.
3. "I love, oh! how I love to ride."
4. "The Sea! The Sea!"
5. "A Mother she was and is to me."
6. Inhaling the breeze.
7. Salting down.
8. Putney nautical—at the wheel.
9. "Rest, Weary Traveller."
10. A Yarn.

driven to desperation, as Richard was at the battle of Bosworth, might well have exaggerated two into six; and hence the bold exclamation we have alluded to.

The water at Richmond is very much pestered by flies—in the summer season, and particularly by a species of horse-fly, which attempts to fasten on the pocket, until the contents are thoroughly drained out of it.

There are some delightful walks in the vicinity of Richmond, and Ham Common is supposed to be so called from the uncommon quantity of ham consumed by pic-nic parties on the spot referred to.

There are ordinaries every day, and there are several extra-ordinaries on Sundays. The prices vary from eighteen-pence and upwards, but the *upwards* decidedly predominates.

HERNE BAY

Is a juvenile town on the coast of Kent; indeed, so infantine is it, that many of the houses are not out of their scaffold poles, whilst others have not yet cut their windows. It is said to have originated from a drive of an eminent capitalist, who, being the projector of all the buildings in the place, the bay was originally called Hisn; but since Mrs. Thwaites, the opulent city widow, has kindly taken it under her patronage, the commissioners of the town insist upon calling it Hern, in acknowledgment of which she has erected a clock-case, or tower, which seems to have been designed after one of those rolls of brawn for which the adjacent city of Canterbury has been for centuries so famous.

The approach to Herne Bay is by a wooden pier nearly twice the extent of the town, as the tide in these parts runs sometimes as low as the rents. This landing-place is strongly defended by two ship guns and six wheelbarrows. The garrison at present consists of four ticket-porters,

who are exercised three or four times a day, under the command of a glazed cap and a gold-laced band, in propelling a machine very like a diligence in reduced circumstances, in which the steamboat passengers and luggage are conveyed at the rate of twopence a head, and twopence a *trunk*.

A number of able-bodied individuals pass the greater part of their time at the extremity of this pier in fishing for white salmon, which is of such a delicate complexion, that it seems to have swam all its life in a sea of Rowland's Kalydor.

The town of Herne Bay is not built, like others, upon hides of land, but seems, from its mortgaged appearance, to be erected upon skins of parchment. In fact, such is the general aspect of the place, that most of the buildings look like unredeemed pledges—as though, when the finances of the builders became rather shy, they had availed themselves of the pawnbroker's assistance, and put a whole street up the spout. Indeed, so picturesquely dilapidated is the whole of the town, that it would not require a very vivid imagination to convert it into a Kentish Herculaneum, or the fossil remains of a Watering Place.

OF THE I O U ORDER.

From the external appearance of the innumerable desirable premises which are placarded as for lease or sale, there is no doubt that the advertisement should run "This valuable mansion to be let or sold, with coach-house, stable, and a Chancery suit attached, and every other domestic convenience. Enquire of the man in possession."

So great is the impatience to get rid of the property evinced in the wording of some of the placards, that houses are offered to be let—or sold,—furnished—or unfurnished,—with—or without grounds;—in fact, to be taken as you please: and in one instance, such is the desperation exhibited, that money is offered to be advanced by the landlord on his own buildings!

The principal street, which of course is called High, is about half a mile in length, with a broad carriage-road covered with loose shingles and grass.

In order to convey to our readers some idea of the grandeur of the design of this Regent-street of Herne Bay, we subjoin a ground-plan, with a description of the prospects which occasionally break upon the delighted eye of the surveyor.

A GROUND PLAN OF HIGH STREET, HERNE BAY.

UNDERDOWN STREET.

A corn-field, elegantly lighted with gas, and surrounded by a fence, apparently constructed of decayed scaffolding poles.

A street, apparently doing

A field of chickweed and grounsel, in a very forward state, and promising a most productive crop.

About two acres of fine meadow land, which is the boarding establishment of one cow, and the arena for the chivalric pastimes of five donkey-boys.

A street, but

HIGH-STREET.

A row of ten houses (two to let) looking as well as can be expected.

A street, half houses, half taturs.

Foundation of a house, forming a bank for the deposit of old bricks and oyster-shells.

A small strip of taturs, followed by a row of six houses, not in the rudest health; in fact, three of them are literally reduced to skeletons.

a good stroke of business.

Five houses, and (*mirabile dictu!*) all in the happy enjoyment of tenants. These are succeeded by a very mangey clover field.

no houses.

A line of 22 dry and roomy cellars, originally designed by the architect for coal and wine, but at present occupied by vaccine and porcine tenants. [See engraving above.]

These elegant erections, flank about one-half of a large field, ornamented by a tasty and odoriferous serpentine ditch.

A street, indigent

Several small patches of taturs in bloom, and hog-peas in pod, charmingly relieved by various strize of summer cabbages, dotted here and there with wild poppies.

A street, which appears to have been nipp'd in the kitchens.

A large field for speculation, as it can only be described as an unmitigated paddock.

A street, thickly populated

More Taturs!
Pier Hotel Tap and Livery-stables.

A street, in pretty good feather.

A very handsome dead wall, worthy the attention of a bill-sticker, succeeded by five houses—one inhabited, three "To let," and one in ruins, from a recent fire.

Taturs in patches, with a fine view of the backs of the houses on the Marine Parade, affording the gratifying spectacle of fifteen houses ALL INHABITED!

A street, in such a flourishing condition, that it has started a boarding-house and

TATURS
AD
INFINITUM.

HIGH-STREET.

A large shop to let, which would be well worthy the attention of Swan and Edgar, if there were any inhabitants near it. An elegant dwelling-house, the parlour-windows of which are ingeniously formed of the lids of packing-cases marked "glass." [See engraving above.]

Two carcases of kitchens, the rafters of the ceilings being kindly left exposed, in order to supply the poor of the neighbourhood with firewood. A field, at the back of which is a row of ten houses—five inhabited, four carcases, and one in ruins.

and houseless.

Two very handsome piles of bricks, ready to be made into houses, apparently awaiting the arrival of a few cart-loads of mortar and money. Here may be obtained a fine view of half a church in an adjoining meadow.

A field of taturs, conveniently adjacent to a baker's shop and an eating-house.

Three carcases, in a desperate state of mortification.

with three inhabitants.

A massive pyramid of bricks, ready for use, abutting on a good pasture and drying-ground. Another tatur-ground, which is bounded by the Herne-bay Livery-stables, where horses are received for the benefit of sea-bathing: a blind alley separates this equestrian infirmary from the extensive shaving-shop of Mr. Budd, the carpenter. A field, at the extremity of which the eye rests upon the sublime sight of an entire row of ten houses, in a state of ruin and desolation.

tion, that it has started a boarding-seminary.

Taturs and foundations again. A coach-house which has evidently seen better days. A very pretty little villa. A foundation and *parterre* of weeds.

A street, which at present forms the private entrance to a bean field.

A small lot of foundations, now in the possession of several fine cocks and hens.

A quickset hedge in a high state of cultivation.

THE MARKET is in perfect keeping with the rest of this very flourishing little town. At the entrance is a list of the tolls to be paid upon the admission of certain luxuries which could only be known to the inhabitants of Herne Bay through the medium of a cookery book. The building has

been designed upon a most liberal scale, as if the carcases of the surrounding houses were furnished with the organs of digestion; and though the market proffers accommodation for pigs, poultry, butter, eggs, fancy articles, sheep, cattle, horses, &c., it is at present occupied by two small greengrocers, one butcher, one fishmonger, and a pump. The latter object stands in the centre of the herbiferous quadrangle, and has been evidently placed there by the commissioners in the same feeling of benevolence as conceived the formation of wells in the desert.

The presiding spirit of Herne Bay seems to be the Bellman—his thin, spare figure harmonises beautifully with the emaciated state of the skeletons of the houses. His usual costume is a duffle dressing-gown, whose original grey has faded into the smoky yellow of a London fog: and though this evidently constitutes the Bellman's *déshabiller*, we never yet had the pleasure of seeing him after his sacrifices at the toilet. His pace, from the distance of the inhabited houses from each other, is that of a perambulating *estafette*. His style of lachrymal elocution is tri-syllabic: his lungs apparently not allowing him to deliver more than three syllables at a time. He is principally engaged in assuring you that there is a fresh supply of "shrimps, lobsters, veal, mutton, lamb, beef, and vegetables at the market," and in offering liberal rewards to humane individuals who will bring home to their disconsolate masters and parents, nursery-maids and children who have lost themselves in the wilderness of Herne Bay.

Of the amusements of this watering place the most conspicuous is ST. GEORGE'S GARDENS AND PROMENADE, which is an enclosed gusset of weeds and brambles, in the centre of which stands a stucco building, constructed in the style of a half-bushel measure, with an inverted funnel on the top; and an estimate may be formed of the number of the visitors to these delightful grounds, when we assure the reader that there are no less than seven flies, and a fine large blue bottle, in the cobweb of the spider who has, for the sake of security, taken up his residence in the key-hole of the principal entrance.

Next in attraction are the bathing-houses, the principal of which constitute the rival establishments of Forss and Hommersham.

At the former two blooming Naiads preside over the guides and towels, and form

THE FEMALE FORSS OF HERNE BAY.

We cannot decide whether we were allured to their house by the luxury of the bath, the urbanity of their manners, or the softness of their towels. We are ready to confess, that our heads are still swimming with the recollections of their beauty, and from the vacuum on the left side of our bosoms, we are afraid that when we settled our account we left our heart behind us. Will they oblige us by forwarding it to Wellington Street, addressed "Punch," and marked "Fragile?"

The rival establishment to this seems to have equal attractions, the sea very impartially supplying both of them with the same salt-water and sand.

The military at Herne Bay consist of a draft of nine invalid boys from the Duke of York's School, and the only time that we saw them on duty, they were actively engaged in towelling those bathers who seemed inclined to resort to Forss.

The only curiosity that we were able to discover in Herne Bay, was a first floor at a lodging-house, surmounted by the muzzles of two wooden cannons, which we conceive to be a delicate intimation that the place could not *be taken* without several severe charges.

MISS HOMERSHAM.

The brandy in this locality much excels the water in quality, which we regret to say, made us swerve from our hydropathic principles. In this panegyric, we do not include the "smuggled," which on the first trial convinced us had been run all the way from Smithfield-bars.

Our jest is ended, and we care not to confess the pang with which we obey the call of sterner duties, and bid adieu to this wilderness of bricks. Our first impressions on beholding its grass-grown streets were those of disappointment; but the kindliness—the almost hospitality of its inhabitants, at once reconciled us to the place. Herne Bay, it is true, unlike its flaunty neighbours, Ramsgate and Margate, has neither a Tivoli, a Boulevard, nor a Raffle, to tempt the mindless votary of display to visit its quiet shores; but to those who love to hold communion with nature—to invoke the shades of departed years from the tomb of Time—or to steal away from the burning ambitions and anxieties of life, it is rich indeed! A walk of a few minutes is rewarded by countless bursts of rural scenes, unpolluted by the innovations of fashionable taste; whilst the arena of old memories, consecrated both by time and the blessings they have conferred upon mankind, are within the reach of healthful exertion.

About two miles from the Bay is the little village of Herne, a cluster of humble homes, nestling in the midst of glade and woodland, breathing of such primitive simplicity that the world-worn mind hungers for its quiet. A few miles from thence, through a country, whose every plain and hill is a page of history, is Canterbury—a city, that in itself is worth a pilgrimage. We walked about its streets unsconscious of the present, and only heard and saw the memories that haunt them. The undefined, confiding veneration of childhood stole again upon our hearts when we stood beneath the roof of the little church dedicated to St. Martin. Its simple font and humble chancel appeared no mockery of those holy truths which in England were first promulgated within its walls.

The Reculvers—the monument of a sister's love—are within an evening's walk of Herne Bay—(but Punch is getting sentimental)—Here King Ethelbert retired, when he presented his palace at Canterbury to St. Augustin, and, hanging up his crown on a hat-peg, and placing his sceptre in his umbrella-stand, resolved to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*. Here—no—the jest drowns itself in the ink, and we must bid adieu to Herne Bay and its attractions, so welcome to all those who seek for enjoyment in other sources than excitement and ostentation.

RAMSGATE

MAY be considered a watering-place-of-ease to Margate. We have sometimes thought Margate not unlike Tottenham-court Road broken into streets, and removed to the sea-side for the benefit of the sea air. Ramsgate gives one the idea of Pentonville introduced to the ocean for a similar advantage.

The appearance and manners of Ramsgate, natives and visitors, differ very materially from the bearing of the Margateonians. There is not the same reckless air, the same determination—

> "To seize with eager strife,
> Through the iron bars of life,"

all the multitudinous delights to be found, thick as pebbles, on the sea-coast. The folks who congregate at Margate appear to have only six days to cleanse their animal spirits from the dust and cobwebs that for the previous three hundred and fifty-nine have hung about and clogged them at their desks and counters; whilst the visitors of Ramsgate, in lieu of six days, allow themselves at least a fortnight. Hence, they take pleasure with a certain calmness—a dignity not at all compassable by their inferiors. Ramsgate, is for the serene importance of 300*l.* per annum; Margate, for the vulgar bustle of 150*l.*

Ramsgate was once a small fishing hamlet, and supplied Hengist and Horsa, on their visit to England, with anchovies; whilst, as may be seen in Suetonius, its modest neighbour Pegwell-bay, sent its majestic shrimps to the breakfast-table of Caligula. So much for the antiquity of the spot.

The Pier of Ramsgate is a very handsome architectural toy; but is

nothing, either in structure or importance, to THE OBELISK, erected to commemorate one of the grandest historical events of these our eventful times, namely, the landing of George the Fourth; who—(all the ship's crew being turned up for the purpose)—was, with some difficulty—but what difficulty ever yet appalled the British tar!—hoisted from his ship, the vessel all the while pitching it very strong, and safely deposited, in his marine costume, in his own dominions.

His "majesty's gracious condescension, in selecting this port" of Ramsgate, was, doubtless, the result of his majesty's not wishing to reach so far as Gravesend.

IN the Pier-house is a picture—(which the Pier-trustees have, in the very handsomest manner, placed at the disposal of *Punch*)—commemorative of the event. We offer a most elaborate engraving of the same.

The basins, carried by the Pier-trustees on the august occasion, still remain in the Pier-house, and are inevitably used after the annual dinner, that is still celebrated to eternize the circumstance.

The Obelisk was, it is said, built from a model taken in putty, by the late Belzoni, from the entrance of Thebes. Others declare the origin of the erection to be wholly spurious.

After the Obelisk, the most pleasing architectural wonder is Jacob's Ladder; being a very etherial flight of steps, communicating between the Pier and Nelson's Crescent. It is upon record that Will Watch the smuggler, once close pushed by Admiral Nelson—who then commanded a revenue-cutter on the coast,—galloped up Jacob's Ladder on horseback, attended by all sorts of spirits.

The Baths hold a very conspicuous position. Their interior economy is also admirable. Hot-bath and towel, three shillings; which, with the usual gratuity, makes hot sea-bathing at Ramsgate just six dips to the pound.

Open sea-bathing has, also at Ramsgate, its peculiar attractions. Since the appearance of our last number, wherein we delighted the universe with our announcement of "the Guide," we have received a score of epistles from various watering-places on this vital subject; but are compelled to limit our insertion to three letters:—

"TO PUNCH."—No. I.

"MR. PUNCH,—I am the father of three daughters; and when in Bucklersbury, though I say it, they are the most timid, gentle, well-behaved girls as can be, almost screaming if a stranger chances to look at 'em. I have only been here at Ramsgate eight days, and hardly know my own flesh and blood again. The girls will haunt the sea-beach at bathing-times, and though repeatedly warned by the gentlemen away, they only giggle, and sit all the faster.

"You, sir, are a philosopher: can you explain the reason of this? Does sea-air always make this difference in female habits? My eldest girl, Sophonisba, says it's the contemplation of the immensity of nature that necessarily enlarges the intellect.—"Yours truly, PETER ALDERSGATE.

"P.S.—I thought when I sat down to write that the girls were up stairs.—No, they're on the beach again. I return to Bucklersbury to-morrow."

"TO PUNCH."—No. II.

"FRIEND PUNCH,—I am fond of swimming, and float like a cork. I find it, however, impossible to swim or float under a battery of telescopes. Yet so it is,—I am no sooner in the water than I feel that, 'by the optician's art,' I am pulled into twenty drawing-rooms. 'The glass of fashion and the world of form' may be all very well, but not as applied at Margate. A hint from you may help me.'—"Your Constant Reader, JACK DOLPHIN."

"TO PUNCH.—No. III.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I came down to Herne Bay to remedy a defective education: I wished to learn to swim. Here, however, I find it impossible; for being obliged to practise somewhat close in shore, I feel I cannot do justice to my powers, if ladies will persist, sitting with almost their ankles in water, seeming to look, or pretending to read, 'Pelham.'

"Yours ever, HENRY BLUSHLY.

"P.S.—I enclose this to say I have made another essay, but have been driven out of the water by four young ladies in pink bonnets. My landlady, to whom I have complained, gives me no hope of remedy, but has kindly offered me the use of the water-butt."

A RAMSGATE ZEPHYR.

Though all these letters are not from Ramsgate, they apply with tremendous force to a custom "that has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished" at that favoured watering-place. If ladies will enjoy, let them woo the luxury in fitting place and season,

"When tide is down, and bathing hours are past."

As for the natives of Ramsgate, they are—like the natives of most watering-places—cannibals. They, however, have the grace of economy; and for the whole twelvemonths live upon the lodgers caught in the season. Hence half-a-dozen single men are found quite sufficient to feed a widow and child or two for a year, if subsisting in the moderate way; whilst the more luxurious eaters—the owners of drawing and sitting-rooms—require husbands, wives, and families.

A TRUSSED LODGER.

From an original portrait, we make the subjoined sketch of the food consumed by the natives of watering-places.

The amusements of Ramsgate are few and innocent. A frolic over a pint of shrimps at Pegwell Bay, or a rush to take a lounge at St. Lawrence is, perhaps, the wildest outburst allowed to metropolitan dissipation. We certainly saw three young men seated on the beach, who, having selected a white stone as a mark, pelted it relentlessly with pebbles, and thus consumed a whole morning—but such lawless characters are happily great exceptions to the usual visitors of this favoured spot, who, eschewing such disorder and excitement, wisely throw themselves upon

SYMPATHISING FRIENDS.

GRAVESEND.

GRAVESEND is situated on the side of a declivity which slopes gently down to the water, except at low tide, when it terminates in a noble expanse of mud and shingles. It is distant from London, according to the latest steam-boat estimates—one breakfast, with shrimps, two weekly papers, and a "PUNCH," *i. e.*, the time consumed in discussing them.

Numerous derivations have been assigned to the name of this place. In the Doomsday Book it is written *Greaves-ham*, or the Town of Greaves, possibly from furnishing that article to the Isle of Dogs. Some say it signified *Graves'-end*, as from the extreme salubrity of the air, deaths and funerals are unknown; whilst, on the other hand, it has been written *Grave-send*, from the low water exhalations hurrying many people to their last homes. In proof of this latter assertion, there are undeniable traces of tombstones in the churchyard.

A part of Gravesend is in the adjoining parish of Milton; but there are no records to show that the compliment was ever returned by Milton's residing in the parish of Gravesend. It was spoken of, in the reign of Richard II., as a perfect Elysium; but, not presenting any tokens of such a place at present, it is clear that the Paradise of Milton has been lost.

The principal productions of Gravesend are—shrimps, Bank clerks, Camero Obscuras, and furnished lodgings.

PASSPORTS.—Before landing at Gravesend, it is essential to procure a passport. This is a small piece of blue paper, for which a fee of eighteen-pence is demanded by the resident ambassador on board the steam-boat; and it must be *viséd* by one of his *attachés* before the stranger is permitted to land on—

OBTAINING A PASSPORT.

THE TOWN PIER, at the end of which is a lighthouse nearly twenty feet high, ascended by a ladder of eighteen steps, occasionally put against it. It is surmounted by a red lantern, to warn vessels from the dangerous shoals of oyster-shells and broken crockery which here abound.

THE HOTELS are numerous and excellent. Like Newgate, each of them professes to be furnished with an *ordinary*. This is a meal at a fixed price, and not a clergyman, as some might suppose, although the name of the Rev. Mr. Carver associates aptly with the object of the announcement. We may add that the meal is well named, as well as the visitors, both being generally of a very ordinary description.

MEN OF EXTRA-ORDINARY POWERS.

THE LIBRARIES are the chief attractions of all watering-places; the main object of these resorts being apparently to get through the day as fast as you can. Gravesend is not deficient in this respect, and a large traffic is carried on in crockery inkstands, and German silver saltspoons, especially towards evening. We must not forget

TULLY'S LOUNGE, where, amidst other attractions, is to be found the celebrated *Wheel of Fortune*, whence the goddess pours her benignant dispensation on the metropolitan votaries. To give some idea of this mine of luck, we may only mention that a box of soldiers, a draught-board, a packet of soap, and an egg-glass, have all been won in a single evening.

ROSHERVILLE.—To arrive at this favoured spot, which now only wants a few inhabitants and more houses to convert it into a small village, the visitor may walk up High-street; and then, turning to the left through King-street, proceed for about a quarter of an hour on the Chatham-road. It will now be better for him to ask his way, when he will find that he has come a mile out of it, in the wrong direction, and must retrace all his steps to the New Road, and by following this line he will eventually arrive there. He may stop a short time to inspect the theatre, a neat structure in the farmyard-outhouse style of architecture, open in the autumn for the amusement of the performers and orchestra.

The Rosherville Gardens appear originally to have been named the "Kent Botanical and Zoological Gardens," as we have learned from an ancient inscription on one of the walls, well worthy the attention of the antiquary, but now half obliterated, and consequently more valuable. A bold arch of whitewashed flints conducts the visitor to the terrace, from whence a fine blow of the eye (to adapt a French phrase) is obtained of the entire range. At present the zoological curiosities are principally seen amongst the visitors themselves, with the exception of three bears and some monkeys (*bonâ fide* quadrupeds) who subsist chiefly on what they can get—more especially buns and gingerbread. There is a large assemblage of British birds, principally sparrows, who are not confined in aviaries, but fly about as they like, occasionally thieving the food of the cockatoos on the lawn, in a daring manner, without any fear of their beaks.

CAUGHT BY A BEAK.

On extra days also a small collection of fowls may be seen, chiefly cold, at the bar of the dancing-room, which is built after the model of the Crown-and-Anchor, and under the superintendence of Mr. Baron Nathan, the celebrated hop-merchant, which, of course, in this locality, are chiefly Kentish.

There is a maze in these grounds, which will repay a visit. The secret of arriving at the interior is to walk bang through the fences, when nobody is looking: this proceeding will be found to save much unnecessary trouble.

The gardens are protected by a castellated battery on the heights above them, which, in the event of an insurrection, could command the entire enclosure, and throw shells (oyster or whelk) as far as the power of the projector would admit. The whole place is at present in its infancy; but it is the opinion of geologists, that centuries may elapse before the cliffs surrounding it walk their chalks, or the hedges cut their sticks.

WINDMILL-HILL.—The ascent of this celebrated mountain, which is supposed, and with some plausibility, to derive its name from the windmill on the summit, is by no means dangerous, and may be performed in about ten minutes from the inn at the foot, the excursion affording the curious paradox of going up a down. The downs near Gravesend must not be confounded with the Downs, all in which we are told the fleet was moored. This was the case formerly, although the Fleet is now about to be moored in the Queen's Bench—those who are there, however, are generally "all in the downs."

Several curious inscriptions on the houses arrest the eye during the ascent, the majority of which, in the true spirit of mountain hospitality, imply the willingness of the inhabitants to provide the traveller with tea and shrimps for one shilling; or the accommodating offer to those importing their own tea, of water in a state of ebullition, and native porcelain, at twopence *per* head. The only animals who can subsist here are donkeys, and even these are obliged to be enveloped in a species of jacket, to guard against the cold attendant on such an elevated situation. At the top there is a portrait gallery of celebrated travellers who have reached the summit, open to public inspection; and, on the extreme heights, an octagonal building, termed the Observatory, appropriated to *gastronomical* purposes. In the pastry-cook's shop we approach the regions of perpetual frost—the glaciers of strawberry-ice never melt, on the hottest days in summer.

"The enraptured spectator," as the visitor is termed in the Guides, "may now enjoy the view." As he will evidently observe all the spots to be seen from here, there is no need to mention them; but we may state, amongst the objects perfectly invisible from Windmill Hill, are—the "Punch" Office, Pegwell Bay, and Putney Bridge. To the natural historian we may observe, that the principal things found on the summit of this mountain appear to be nut-shells, orange-peel, cherry-stones, gooseberry shucks, and empty bottles. Adjoining are the

ARCHERY GROUNDS, for the amusement of toxophilite gents, and the young ladies they keep company with. To the stranger it may be necessary to remark, that, during the shooting the safest place to occupy is immedately in front of the target.

THE BATHS at Gravesend offer peculiar advantages, combining the properties of both fresh and salt water, with the impurities of both, and the attributes of neither. Yellow slippers may, however, be purchased in the town; and this circumstance probably induces the belief that the neighbouring water is the sea—a delusion which appears common amongst most of the settlers.

RETURN FROM A WATERING-PLACE.

BRIGHTON.

BRIGHTON was an obscure fishing village till it was appropriately patronised by the Prince of Wales, who, together with Mrs. Gunn, converted it into a bathing-place. Now, however, it is one of the most important sea-side resorts in England; for it contains quite as many houses as are usually found in a moderately-sized town, and—according as the weather is fair or foul—so fluctuating is population, as to puzzle the calculating powers of the most acute census numerator.

The first object which naturally attracts the attention of the visitor is THE RAILWAY TERMINUS, which consists of a noble shed, formed by a sloping roof, tastefully overlaid with slates and supported by iron pillars. The Booking-Offices are admirable specimens of the brick-and-mortar style of architecture: the interior is conveniently supplied with counters and clerks. Egress is obtained by means of a large gate, which will be easily found on application to a policeman, who will be recognised by his green uniform.

Arrived safely in Brighton, the stranger will naturally desire to write home to his friends, for which purpose he had better subscribe to—

THE LIBRARY, in North-street, where he will be able to get a sheet of letter-paper by paying for it. This will naturally take him to—

THE POST-OFFICE, which is in the New Road, and presents a handsome frontage, consisting of a large window-frame tastefully variegated with glass and boards. The hole for the epistle he will find in the left-hand corner. Having performed this pious duty to his absent friends, he may, with a clear conscience, seek out—

THE PAVILION,

An extensive pile, or rather (like the Shoreham Harbour) a series of piles, originally intended as an imitation of Turkish architecture, but, when finished, was found to bear so obstinate a resemblance to a Chinese village, that its precise school has never been settled. The furniture of the interior is splendid in the extreme, being chiefly in the

ARABESQUE STYLE,

magnificently gilt and carved. Some of the carvings are curious, and record several visits made by the public when they were indiscriminately admitted to view. "J. Griggs," deeply cut with a clasp-knife into a sycamore table, gives greater effect to its buhl-work; whilst "Sarah and James," boldly slashed upon a state chair, considerably enhances its grandeur. This kind of work proceeded so rapidly, that it was found expedient to suspend the free list; and the only way in, at present, is through the Lord Chamberlain's office. Attached to this Royal palace are—

THE ROYAL STABLES, for the royal horses when recommended sea-air by the Royal veterinary surgeons. Each stable opens upon an equestrian circus, capped by a glass dome, admirably adapted for the racing stud to take their heats in during the summer months, and to take their colds in the winter season. The mangers and hay-racks are French-polished, and were constructed, it is said, from designs by the Prince Regent's upholsterer. The halters are supposed to consist of the rejected articles manufactured for the palace bell-pulls; the floors are tesselated; and the hay is, we are told (but we cannot vouch for the fact), kept in carpeted lofts and "pitched" with silver forks. A report got abroad during the reign of the illustrious builder, that the stable-lanterns were lighted with wax candles, and that a French cook was retained to prepare the soft mashes; but this was contradicted from authority.

ESPLANADE AND MARINE PARADE.—The most favourable time for making the perambulation of these popular promenades is in the month of August, when the sun is hot and vertical, for, compared with them, the Long Walk at Windsor is but a step, and the plains

of Calcutta. The sedentary visitor may start from Kemp-Town and end his saunter at Wick, with the proud consciousness of having to walk only three hundred and thirty-seven miles more, to complete a pedestrian journey of the entire southern coast of England.

A COOL RETREAT.

THE CHAIN PIER, abutting from the Marine Parade, was constructed by Captain Brown, of the Royal Navy. This structure stretches—"in *linked* sweetness long drawn out"—far into the sea, and offers ample accommodation for a band of music which is sometimes stationed at the end of it, for a cutter-out of black profiles, a dealer in ladies' shoes, and for a toy-seller, each of whose depositories are situated in the iron towers that support the chains. It is also a place of rendezvous for the inmates of boarding-houses, who, having just separated from the dinner-table, encounter each other here with many expressions of happiness at again meeting. Twice a week, for about five minutes each time, the pier is really used for its intended purpose—a steam-boat embarks or lands passengers for Dieppe.

THE STEYNE contains several iron railings, and a statue of George the Fourth.

THE GERMAN SPA boasts of a "meeting of the waters" much more extensive than that in the far-famed Vale of Avoca, combining (as the prospectus informs us) the properties of the Carlsbad, Ems, Marienbad, Auschowitz, Eger, Geilnau, Selters, Seidschütz, and Püllna Spas, a concentration of excellences which is supposed to cure everything but the stomach-ache.

THE HOTELS OF BRIGHTON are justly celebrated for the extreme moderation of their charges, especially the principal ones, at which it is actually possible to live as low as from ten to fifteen guineas per diem; but then you must not indulge in warm baths, or be as liberal as they think you ought to be to the waiters.

THE STREETS OF BRIGHTON are, upon the whole, tolerably wide when not too much contracted, and generally intersect each other at right angles where they do not branch off in an oblique direction.

THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES OF BRIGHTON are composed of a high constable, a superintendant of police, and a master of the ceremonies.

DOVER.

DESCENDING the Thames to its mouth, Dover is situated on the first turning to the right in the British Channel. Being the nearest PLACE OF CALL from abroad, it is daily occupied by hordes of foreigners from all parts of the Continent; consisting chiefly of plaster-image boys, doubtless attracted thither by the immense quantities of chalk which form the cliffs. The stationary population consists of custom-house officers, touters, hotel-keepers, boatmen, and shop-keepers; the latter subsisting chiefly upon emigrants from London, who make the voyage on Saturday nights to buy French shoes, snuff-boxes, &c., for the purpose of fibbing their friends—when they return home on Monday morning—that they have been on the Continent.

The principal attractions of Dover are Snargate-street (which is quite as wide as Fetter-lane, but not nearly so straight), the Baths, the Castle, and the Shakspeare Cliff. Bathing is preferred here, on account of the clearness of the water, which allows the dippers to see how deep it is before they make the desperate plunge.

The harbour of Dover is grand beyond description, having been constructed at an immense outlay, for the accommodation of the pilots, fishermen, and the two mail-boats which daily leave it for Calais. The whole town is strongly fortified with a castle, redoubts, and artillery, including "Queen Elizabeth's pocket-pistol;" a brass cannon, and formidable engine of destruction, especially to whoever might let it off, for there is no doubt that a charge of powder would blow it to atoms. Some of the ramparts are particularly impregnable, having been constructed at an early period of history in chalk; but what renders Dover completely invincible is its governor;—the mere name of WELLINGTON is a tower of strength, formidable enough to frighten away the most hardy invader.

EXECUTED IN CHALK.

Dover is the place at which Julius Cæsar first landed, and where Napoleon Buonaparte didn't.

ROMNEY MARSH.

ACCORDING to the best geographers, the world, properly divided, consists of Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Romney Marsh.

The last continues so obstinately a watering place, that although whole ages and acts of parliament have been passed to drain it, it is at present rather more damp than ever. Hence it has been chosen for the site of several of the Cinque Ports, which are also selected as bathing-places by whoever chooses to go down to them. Persons fond of retirement and the smell of tar select Folkestone; Rye is a famous place for bathing; Sandgate, for catching fish and the rheumatism; Hythe, for seeing ruins; and New Romney, for seeing nothing but the sea and the fishermen.

DRAINAGE BILL.

HASTINGS.

THE town of Hastings—contained in the close embrace of an amphitheatre of hills—bears in many respects a strong resemblance to the circus of the late Mr. Ducrow. Instead of a stage, there is the "stade" (or harbour), on which several nautical pieces are daily produced with great success; Hastings being the chief of the Cinque Ports. Its scenery is grand beyond description, some of it having been produced at a great expense; particularly St. Leonard's and the Marine Parade, which cost 1,000*l.* getting up;—but the Fairlight Down scene obtains most applause, spreading as it does over a vast extent of country, including the "Lover's Seat," and several noblemen's dittos, the whole bounded—on a very clear day with a very long telescope—by the coast of France. The properties are also extensive in the vicinity of Hastings, and abound with modern country-houses.

ONE OF THE SINK PORTS

Several pleasing excursions may be taken by means of flies, (so called from the swiftness of their motion,) in which any number of persons are drawn by one horse. Though there are by no means war-chariots, yet they will take you at a shilling a-head to Battle, a place eight miles off, where William the Conqueror beat Harold, and built an abbey.

GOING TO BATTLE.

Besides its claims as a watering-place derived from being close to the sea, Hastings is intersected by a river called the Bourne, and from it almost every traveller returns highly delighted with his visit.

WORTHING.

THOSE who are so excessively genteel as to be very select in their company, had better spend a season at Worthing, which is so fashionably attended that such a phenomenon as three persons meeting by mere accident, in the principal and only street, was never known but once; and that was when two sheriffs' officers happened to meet a friend of ours quite unexpectedly. Even he found the place too retired, left it, and took refuge in an hotel near Fleet-street.

The grand attraction to this place is the bathing-machines; which afford the double advantage of a carriage airing, and a dip at the same time, and at the same price. The sands slope so gradually,

A WATER EXCURSION.

that you have to be taken out to sea before you can get over your ancles; and to go far enough for a plunge would, in unsettled weather, be positively dangerous, lest a storm should burst and overwhelm yourself and the bathing-cart before you have time to return.

Tradition affirms that, in the middle ages, a play was performed in the theatre; but its name, with those of the actors, have not been handed down to posterity. Balls have—it is also asserted in the Guide Books—been given at the Assembly-rooms of the Steyne Hotel; but not a word is mentioned as to whether anybody attended them. When Paganini gave a concert there, the waiters formed the audience, together with two old gentlemen who went by mistake.

Worthing is particularly recommended to visitors for the pleasant excursions to be made in its vicinity—to Arundel, Lancing, &c.; but when these have been visited, most people go home again.

SOUTHAMPTON.

Ever since the time of Henry the Fifth, Southampton has been a celebrated watering-place; there he embarked for Agincourt, in 1415, though, now, most people go that way to Havre.

On entering the town the first object which the guide-books imperatively call upon you to pull up at, is a high arch in the High-street, upon the antiquity of which many learned disquisitions have been written; and from them we gather that if it was not built by the Ancient Britons, it very likely was constructed by the Romans, although, when compared with other remains of Norman edifices, it bears strong marks of having been raised by William the Conqueror; whilst a statue of Queen Anne, recently removed from a niche in the south front, to make way for a figure of George the Third, assigns to this well-authenticated piece of antiquity a more modern origin.

Having thus cleared the obscure "Bargate," you are conducted by your convenient hand-book to the theatre at the other end of the town, which is capable of containing a numerous audience, though the truth of this statement was never known to be tested by experience; and no wonder, for "the performances generally commence early in the month of August, and continue until the Christmas week;" so that if at Southampton a month is allowed for the performance of each act of a tragedy, there can be no time left for the farce.

A HANDSOME FRONTAGE.

It is a singular fact, according to our cicerone, that "baths at fashionable watering-places are universally admitted one of the chief objects of attraction,"* and the attractions offered by those of Southampton are said to be "elegance, convenience,"—and clean towels.

Entrance to the Royal Victoria New Pier is effected, by payment of two-pence, between two handsome toll-houses (a penny for each). It is also accessible to steam-boats, and—Southampton being very select in its visitors—"gentlemen's" yachts; but the price of admission for these is not stated.

The Spa is "attached" to the Assembly Rooms, and the lovers of carbonate of iron, and sulphate of magnesia, are said to be equally attached to the Spa.

The natives of Southampton are noted for being exceedingly fond of company, and violently averse to bribery at elections.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE AND LAMBETH.

The first Watering Place—in the literal acceptation of that very wide term—which we come to on leaving London is at Knightsbridge, where there is a capacious cab-stand, and a place for watering the horses; but as it is only in a maritime sense that the word watering place is now to be used, we shall confine ourselves to those little sea, or rather river, ports which skirt the coasts of Surrey in a western direction from the great metropolis.

A WELL-KNOWN WATERING-PLACE.

The town of Lambeth is not remarkable for anything but for its burying-grounds, of which there are two, and its rag-shops, of which there are nearly two hundred, all of them professing to give "the highest prices" for bones and bottles. The chief commerce of the place is in the hands of an enterprising set of marine-store dealers, who are supposed to have come in with a body of settlers from the Minories, when the overthrow of Ikey led to the discomfiture of the house of Solomons.

But though Lambeth is insignificant as a mere town, it stands high as a watering place; and the fact of its being the chosen residence of the Archbishop will always give it a *recherché* air; while its being the point at which all outward and homeward-bound steamers invariably touch, must render it attractive to the casual visitor.

Among the chief amusements to be met with at Lambeth by those who go there solely for pleasure, the favourite pastime is decidedly that of leaning on the iron railings of the grand parade—which runs along the garden-wall of the palace—and watching the rising or retreating of the tide—a process which takes place at certain hours, which are always indicated in the newspapers. The Archbishop is very fond of Lambeth, but does not mix with the inhabitants in that sort of familiar intercourse that might be expected from a near neighbour: but when it is remembered that there is a shop in the general line precisely opposite his Grace's door, and the sign of the "Sprightly Periwinkle," is visible from the palace gate, we can hardly blame the Archbishop for not selecting his society from his own immediate vicinity.

Lambeth is considered healthy by all those who have faith in a mixed atmosphere, compounded of effluvia from soap-boilers', smoke from gas-works, and exhalations from a damp and muddy soil, which is kept continually irrigated by copious overflows of the river.

The places of public amusement in Lambeth are by no means numerous; but during the season, which begins on the 1st of January, and terminates on the 31st of December, the place is often enlivened by visits from travelling exhibitions, and the *Mackintosh Untrustables*—a party of rivals to the Indian-rubber Incredibles—now and then excite a sensation in the place by clearing a ring for a performance, collecting a few preliminary pence, and walking away without going through their truly unbelievable achievements—for unbelievable they are, since no one has yet seen anything more of them than the adroit manœuvre with two balls attached to a string, which are employed in keeping back the bystanders.

A GROUP AFTER A DISTINGUISHED ARTIST.

MILLBANK

Is a small and secluded place, on the northern bank of the Thames, and is supposed to have been one day famous for a mill upon the Bank, though the only vestige of anything of the kind now remaining is the treadmill. The climate of Millbank is supposed to be highly salubrious in a moral point of view, though very destructive to mere animal life; and the Penitentiary, which is considered unrivalled as an hospital for the cure of the mind, proves, unfortunately, extremely fatal to the body. The building alluded to is used to save the expense of transporting convicts, who are kept at Millbank for home consumption—and home consumption is frequently their fate, for pulmonary attacks are frightfully prevalent.

THE COLD-WATER CURE.

There is a very handsome parade at Millbank, but the laying down several cart-loads of gravel, and other spirited devices adopted last year, have not succeeded in investing the locality with the character of a fashionable watering-place. Should the cold-water cure come in general repute, there is no doubt that the great advantage enjoyed by the few inhabitants of Millbank in having the water laid on as high as the ceiling of their kitchens, and sometimes even to the depth of a foot on their ground floors, will point out the spot as eligible to the followers of Presnitz.

VAUXHALL

Is situated in a fertile cranny or nook of land, and is approached from the water by a pier which is almost twenty minutes' walk further on than the place which the steamers profess to take you to. But what is lost in time and trouble is perhaps made up in another way, for you have an opportunity of seeing the Windmill Pier, which consists of a barge moored opposite to a fine old ruin which looks like—nay, certainly is—the wreck of a windmill without any sails, and of which the whole of the top has either been stolen, blown away, burnt down, fallen into decay, or otherwise demolished.

A CRAZY PIER.

Vauxhall is exceedingly gay in the summer, and many families come down with their own carriages, particularly on Sundays, when the juvenile branches enjoy the pleasures of the country.

FAMILY DEEDS—THE DRAUGHT OF A CONVEYANCE.

* We quote "The Visitor's Guide to the Watering Places." London, 1841.

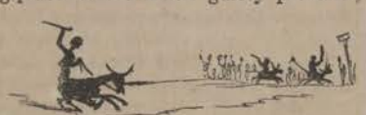
The Royal Gardens are so well known, that it is hardly worth while to notice them; but there are other places of amusement with which our readers might not be quite so familiar. Among these are the Brunswick and Victoria Gardens, which respectively open about Whitsuntide with a strong company, including a gentleman who sings "Hot Codlings" on his head; a feat which, according to the bills, he has performed at the especial request of seven or eight European potentates. There is also a Mr. Somebody *from* the "Nobility's Concerts," and who is likely to remain as far as ever *from* the concerts alluded to. The entertainments generally conclude with the release of a little gunpowder from three or four rolls of cartridge-paper, which is somewhat poetically described as a "Grand Display of Fireworks." And there is sometimes a monopolylogue by one of the waiters, whose name is put into the bills for the occasion, and who professes to give an entertainment *à la* Mathews; his qualifications for doing so consisting in a deal table, a couple of tallow candles, and a white neckcloth.

BATTERSEA.

THE approach to Battersea is considered, in some degree, perilous; for there is a strong current from the north-east; but a natural bay, formed by the accumulation of several cart-loads of rich loamy mud, gives a sort of security to the passage. There is a wild and lonely tract on the coast, which has often proved perilous to the desperate adventurers who come up in small boats from the East, and seek to land on the northern embankments. The *Red House* is an object of considerable interest to the traveller in these unfrequented parts; and a rushlight is kept constantly burning in one of the top windows, as a guide to the wandering bark of the weary mariner. The pier is a rudely constructed erection; and a small hermitage, at one end of it, serves as an abode to the Recluse of Battersea—an individual who, in a sackcloth garment or blouse, devotes his days to the pious martyrdom of waiting to give and receive the checks of passengers. Of this individual little is known, except that he wears the monkish slipper of Margate, and that his loins are girded with the leathern belt of blackness. He passes the whole of his days in mournful ejaculations of, "Anybody for Milbank, Hungerford, or the City?" and seldom varies the burden of his melancholy song unless it be to intersperse it with allusions to the Temple and Westminster.

MONKISH IGNORANCE.

Battersea is not a watering-place where much gaiety prevails; but the Fields are an object of considerable interest to amateurs in donkeys, where a stud of three is constantly kept saddled for the convenience of the metropolitan visiter.



THE LAST OF HIS RACE.

There are cottages in the neighbourhood, where tea is provided on three-legged tables, out of doors, at 8d. a head, and the public, who come for the sake of the rustic nature of the thing, have the satisfaction of sitting on chairs without any bottoms, and otherwise revelling in the luxury of really rural arrangements. The town of Battersea would probably be a favourite resort, if any one could find it out; but as there is no getting to it from the point at which the steamers set one down, it is seldom or ever visited. It is governed by a beadle and two turncocks, the latter of whom hold their offices during good behaviour, under the County Fire-office. The beadle is removable at the pleasure of the churchwarden upon an address from the inhabitants.

CHELSEA.

THIS important watering place is in latitude 00$\frac{3}{8}$ from London Bridge, and is chiefly famous for its buns and its Hospital. The buns were originally founded for the relief of hungry customers, but the Hospital was established for the advantage of decayed soldiers. Chelsea is built partly on a level soil and partly on uneven ground, but the place altogether has a very flat appearance. It is more emphatically a watering-place than any other in the vicinity, for the Thames, which narrows to almost a creek some miles higher up, expands in this part almost to the breadth of a sea—and hence the name Chelsea, which was probably given by the first settlers, who migrated with their families and effects from the Brompton Border and the Fulham Frontiers.

ORIGINAL CHELSEA BUNHOUSE.

The town of Chelsea has lately been considerably beautified by a simultaneous painting of shop fronts on the part of several of the principal tradesmen; and the new pier, erected by the Earl of Cadogan, is an object of great curiosity to the traveller. It is a large structure of stucco and deal, but we are unable to furnish any further particulars. It was built under the superintendence of a master bricklayer, whose name is already lost in the mist of months that have elapsed since the erection of the building. There is a charity school at Chelsea, the boys at which are supposed to have better calves than those of any other similar establishment.

BATTERSEA BRIDGE.

THIS curious old pile is a singular specimen of the barbarism of Gothic ages. It was built for the purpose of enabling persons to go over it, and little regard has consequently been paid to the convenience of those who desire to go under it. It has the appearance from the river of an old fortress, and is garrisoned by a single toll-keeper.

WANDSWORTH.

WANDSWORTH can hardly be called a watering-place, for it lies inland; but the parochial boundary goes to the very verge of low-water mark, and it is sometimes resorted to by the Metropolitan visitor. A ditchy desert lies between the water and the town, so that the inhabitants are protected from fears of invasion; and we believe that when William the Conqueror, at the head of his Norman legions, surveyed his new kingdom, he was so struck with the secure position of Wandsworth that he exclaimed "*Nullum eo!*" (which, being interpreted, means, "*No go!*") to one of his followers. Wandsworth has a commodious watch-house, which the munificence of a resident has lately adorned with a weathercock. Its inhabitants are a rude but somewhat romantic race, who are supposed to have great faith in the interior resources of the place, and who therefore do nothing to attract the foreigner to their isolated neighbourhood.

PUTNEY.

PUTNEY is supposed by an old classical writer to be the ancient Patnos—founded by a few colonists from Pat-nos-ter, or Paternoster Row; but, as there is no evidence to confirm the ingenious hypothesis of the old classic, we at once reject it as contemptible. It is quite true that the old Greeks refer to Patnos as an isle of great beauty; but as Putney is neither an island nor particularly beautiful, we can see no reason why the two places should have been thought to be at all identical. It is more likely that the word Putney, if it has any origin at all, arises from a practice, still prevalent among the people, of playing at the game of *Put*, and the addition of the syllable *Ney* may be very easily accounted for.

POTTER'S ANTIQUITIES.

The principal attraction of Putney is the High-street, which is exceedingly short, and is chiefly admired on this account, as it enables one to get out of the place with as little delay as possible. Few people land at Putney, and fewer still are tempted to remain there after having landed. The bridge is an object of some curiosity, for people wonder how it holds together, and its great charm consists in the fact that its dilapidated condition must soon necessitate the erection of a new one.

THE BRIDGE-HOUSE ESTATE.

Leaving Putney, which we are always very happy to do, we pass under—

HAMMERSMITH SUSPENSION-BRIDGE;

A BEAUTIFUL instance of the triumph of obstinacy over interest, for though it must always have been clear that it would never pay to build it, a body of men were found sufficiently headstrong to lay down their money for the purpose of erecting it. The bridge itself, like the value of the shares, is at a very low pitch, and a vessel passing under it is compelled to lower her chimney on to the heads, or into the laps of her passengers, besides rendering it incumbent on all on board to bend to circumstances, by placing their heads between their knees, during the time occupied in passing under the elegant and commodious structure.

COMING TO A PRETTY PASS.

BARNES.

THOUGH there is no maritime intercourse between the metropolis and Barnes, it is impossible to pass over without notice the modest little knot of brick erections which constitute the place we have mentioned. Barnes is to be regarded as a little curiosity, for as there is no regular conveyance to it by water, and such thing as a stage-coach going to Barnes was never heard of, it is really a matter of considerable mystery how any one has ever found his way to it. From the number of houses that are to let, it is, however, very clear that people are glad to find their way out of it. Barnes is supposed to have been founded by the celebrated Pantaloon of that name, which accounts for the clownishness of some of the inhabitants. This is, however, merely an antiquarian surmise, and like nearly all antiquarian surmises, is one of the greatest pieces of tomfoolery that can be well imagined.

A RURAL HAMLET.

ISLEWORTH

Is a small and compact borough, which sends two omnibuses to town, but no members to Parliament. It is a great deal resorted to in the fishing season by those who had rather not catch any fish, but who have no objection to stand for several hours on the banks of the river, holding a fishing-rod. Its natural productions are potatoes and tittle-bats—the last of which are brought from the river-side in pocket-handkerchiefs, in very small quantities, by boys, who succeed in catching them with a worm attached to a pin, and fastened to a few yards of packthread. An irregular group of islands stud the bosom of the river on leaving Isleworth, and are supposed to be chiefly inhabited by the swans, who enjoy the patronage of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. His lordship, as conservator of the Thames, occasionally goes up the river, for the purpose of inspecting the nests and counting the eggs; and it is said that he claims all the pears growing in the gardens on the banks, if they happen to be swan's-eggs. We have been given to understand that strict orders are left with the Lord Mayor's Deputy, that if a swan with two necks should make its appearance in any part of the river, the bird shall be immediately placed under arrest, and brought to the Mansion-House.

TAKEN IN TOW.

GREENWICH.

THE Observatory at Greenwich, originally built by John Flamstead, for watching the rise of the celestial bodies, is now principally used at fair-time for observing the fall of the terrestrial ones, in their declination down the Hill. The diverting game of Fixing the Meridian is played there daily by the professors. The sport consists in pulling a round ball to the top of a high pole, and then letting it fall, to indicate the hour of noon, which less educated people ascertain by looking at a clock. During the fair, also, the astronomers find full employment in watching the apogee and perigee of the swings, the revolutions of the cockhorses on their spheres, and the total eclipse of the booths at eleven o'clock—after which hour none of the dancers are allowed to rise and set. The policemen can generally foretell these phenomena with tolerable accuracy.

A RISING CELESTIAL BODY.

ALL FAIR.

Both Greenwich and Blackwall are celebrated for whitebait—a delicate fish, remarkable for its intoxicating properties, to judge from the deportment of those who have partaken freely of it. The whitebait come up with the tide, and are apt to go down with cold punch. During the height of the season, the traveller will do well to inspect the steam sawmills, used for the purpose of cutting the brown bread-and-butter eaten with these fish. We do not exactly know their situation, but leave it to be found out upon inquiry.

The Naval Gallery of Greenwich Hospital is adorned with paintings of great sea fights; and fills the mind of the spectator with admiration at the coolness of the artist who could sketch the contest in the midst of such awful carnage. In the Council Chamber we find, according to the catalogue, "No. 122. King James, after Sir Peter Lely;" the latter individual is, however, not introduced; and the portrait of the king does not betoken much energy in the chase. There is also an astrolabe, presented by Queen Bess to her duck Drake. No. 56 in the catalogue represents "Admiral Sir H. Palliser, after A. Dance." He does not, however, seem to have exerted himself much.

HARMLESS MAN.

In the centre of the Hospital Square is a statue of George II., in the appropriate costume of a Roman Emperor, for the purpose of showing future ages how the English kings dressed at this period.

On the ceiling of the Painted Hall, are allegorical representations of the rivers of England. According to the account of Sir Richard Steele, prefixed to the catalogue, we see "the river Tyne pouring out sacks of coals; the Humber with his pigs of lead, and rivers tumbling down, by the moon's influence, into the Severn. The whole raises in the spectator the most lively images of glory and victory, and cannot be beheld without much passion and emotion."

GREAT IN ART AND ARMS.

BROADSTAIRS

Is about three miles from Margate, and seems to be a shrine to which certain fashionable people make a yearly pilgrimage, in order to do penance. It is said by some historians to have been a Roman station, but there is no doubt that it was originally colonized by genteel emigrants from Margate, who were driven hither by the migratory hordes from Tooley Street.

Its principal attractions consist of a black wooden pier with white rails, and a solitary pony.

At the foot of the pier is a large-sized packing-case, bearing the imposing inscription of *Droit Office*; but as no record exists of such an establishment ever being required at Broadstairs, we presume that it has been erected to be ready in case of necessity.

A flint arch, which Sir John Henniker was kind enough to repair in 1795, is facetiously designated by the inhabitants as York Gate, and is said to have been originally erected for the defence of the place; but as nobody ever thought it worthy the trouble of an attack, the gates were used in 1800 to repair the stairs from which the town derives its name.

YORK GATE.

Turning your back upon this ancient defence, you cannot fail of being struck by the Royal arms, which occupy the entire front of a confectioner's shop in honour (as we were informed, from a first-floor window, by a gentleman in a striped nightcap) of "her gracious Majesty having, sixteen years ago, purchased her first lollipop at this manufactory."

Near this place, we are informed by old Kelburn, in his Survey of Kent, that, "on the 9th of July, 1794, a monstrous fish shot himself on shore;" but after the most diligent inquiries, both of the beadle and the bellman, we could not ascertain the precise verdict of the coroner's jury.

AN EXTRAORDINARY FELLO DE SE.

London; Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

LETTER III.—OBJECTS WORTHY OF DISCOVERY.—SHORT STORY OF MAN AND HIS DUCK.

My Dear Boy,—You tell me you have been reading *Captain Cook's Voyages*, and are so much pleased with them, that you would start round the world on a voyage of discovery to-morrow morning. You will seriously offend me by any repetition of this folly. Leave such mad adventures to fools and zealots. Stay you and make greater discoveries at home.

Do you know the reward of these simpletons who peril life, and forego all the comforts of the fleshly man—for what? To give, it may be, their name to an iceberg, and their carcases to the sharks. Columbus discovered America, and was at last rewarded with fetters for his pains. Who can point out the two yards of dust that cover Cabot the mariner, who found a home and a retreat for tens of thousands? Ask of the sea, in which of its multitudinous caves repose the bones of Hudson?

The world is quite large enough for you; let fools, if they will, leave their snug arm-chairs, and sea-coal fires, to extend its boundaries. What matters it to you where the Niger begins or ends? Have you not the pleasant banks of Thames, the tens of thousands of unsophisticated natives thronging its shores; all of them ready to exchange their gold-dust for any glass-beads you may bring for barter, if, by your confidence and swagger, you can pass off the glass for veritable diamonds? If you can, great and sufficient will be your reward. If you cannot, you will undergo the rightful penalty of your ignorance. But the thing is done every day. Do not imagine that they are the only savages, whose skins are soot-colour, who wear rings through their noses, stick parrots' feathers in their woolly hair, and bow to Mumbo Jumbo as their only deity. My dear boy, you will find amongst the whitest, the most carefully-dressed, and most pious of London—absolute children of nature—men, as it would seem, expressly made for the support of their fellow-creatures, as shoals of herrings are every season spawned expressly for the nutriment of whales. Therefore, trust yourself to no canoe on the Senegal, but prosper on the banks of your paternal river.

You would like to be a discoverer? Very well. London is a boundless region for the exercise of the greatest sagacity. Leave to dreamers the solution of the shortest cut to India—find you the north-west passage to the pockets of your fellow creatures. Discover the weaknesses of men; they will be to you more than the mines of Potosi—bring you richer merchandize than cargoes of gold-dust and ivory.

If, forgetful of my paternal lessons and unworthy of your progenitor, you address yourself solely to what is absurdly termed the dignity of human nature and the amelioration of the condition of mankind,—if you choose to make one of the fools who have lost their labour and their soap in the vain attempt to wash the negro white,—why, starvation, obloquy, and wretchedness in every shape attend you! Your heart's blood may dry up in a garret, and—if your carcase be not arrested by the bailiff—you may rot in the pauper's corner of the parish churchyard. To be sure, after some hundred years or so, it may be some comfort for your ghost to slip from your forgotten grave, and make midnight visits to the statue that may be at length erected to the genius that died, the debtor of a twopenny loaf to a benevolent baker. If you will be contented with such reward, try of course to elevate your species. If, however, you would rather enjoy present sixpences, why then spin pewter plates on a balanced sword, or poise a donkey. My dear boy, work for ready money. Take no bill upon posterity: in the first place, there are many chances against its being paid; and in the next, if it be duly honoured, the cash may be laid out on some piece of bronze or marble of not the slightest value to the original. Sure I am that no statue or monument is erected to the memory of one who is at length called the benefactor of his race, that the ceremony is not a holiday for famine and all the household furies. They behold in the thing an irresistible temptation to other fools. One rewarded martyr inevitably raises a new regiment to bleed and suffer.

It is upon this truth—for truth is not always to be disregarded—that I would have you stand: it is upon this principle I would have you eschew all romantic notions of travels to Abyssinia, and voyages to the Pole, for the more profitable discovery of the weaknesses of mankind. Are you fond of wild countries, curious plants, rare animals, strange adventures? Plunge into the heart of man. There you will find deserts, poisonous weeds, snakes, and a host of iniquities arrayed against a host. You will also find streams gushing with health, amaranthine flowers, cooing doves, and things of divine aspect and heavenly utterance: with these, however, meddle not. No; turn from them, and, spite of yourself, convince yourself that they exist not—that they were the mere phantasm of the brain—the mere offspring of the imagination, that, sickened with arid, burning tracts, sees in its sweet disease palms and silver streams, and in the tinkling of the camel's bell hears the heart-delighting nightingale. Not so with the dreary places and the venomous things. Learn every nook of these; catalogue every object. It is in such spots you are to drive a prosperous trade; it is such articles you are to use in barter. Does not the wise tradesman put on his comeliest looks and bow lowest to his best customer? Virtue is a poor, paltry creature, buying her miserable penn'orths at miserable chandlers'. Now Vice, Weakness, and Co., are large, burly traders, and "come smug upon the mart." Therefore, make yourself master of their tempers—find your way to their hearts; for they have hearts—even as blocks of marble sometimes contain within them the sleeping, sweating toad, "ugly and venomous."

However, in opening an account with this firm, be sure you never apply to them the names spat upon them by clean-mouthed Virtue. Oh, no! although you know them to be leprous to the bones, you must treat them, must speak of them, as though they were the incarnation of health; though their corrupt practices are to the nostril like the foulness of a new battle-field, you must snuff them as though you inhaled the odours of myrrh and frankincense burning in the temple.

When you have become a scholar in the weaknesses of the human heart, you may then lay them under what impost you will. You may—but I will tell you a little story in illustration of the truth of this:—

You must know that the greater number of the inhabitants of Ceylon have it, as their firm belief, that when dead their souls will take up their habitation in the bodies of various animals. A wise fellow—too wise to work, and sage enough to be determined to enjoy himself without labour—turned the superstition of his neighbours to constant profit. Whenever his pockets were empty he would rush into the streets, and carrying a live duck in one hand, and brandishing a knife with the other, he would exclaim to the terrified people—

"Wretches! this duck may be your grandfather—your grandmother—your father—your mother—your brother—your sister—your son—your daughter! Wretches! I'll kill the duck!

Whereupon, men, women, and children would throw themselves upon their knees, and offering what money they had, beg of the man not to kill their grandfather, their grandmother, their son, their daughter, but in the depths of his mercy, and for the sake of ready money, to touch not a feather of the duck!

And the man, pocketing the cash, would walk away, for that time.

My son, you are not an inhabitant of Ceylon; but a denizen of enlightened London; nevertheless, in every city every man has some sort of a "grandmother" in some sort of a "duck."

MISS TICKLETOBY'S LECTURES ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

LECTURE III.—THE SEA-KINGS IN ENGLAND.

IN the olden time our glorious country of England, my dears, must have been a pleasant place; for see what numbers of people have taken a fancy to it! First came the Romans, as we have seen, then the Saxons,—and when they were comfortably established here, the Danes, under their Sea-kings, came gallantly over the main, and were not a whit less charmed with the island than the Saxons and Romans had been.

Amongst these distinguished foreigners may be mentioned the Sea-king Swayn, who came to England in the year nine hundred and something, landing at Margate, with which he was so pleased as to determine to stop there altogether,—being, as he said, so much attached to this country that nothing would induce him to go back to his own. Wasn't it a compliment to us? There is a great deal of this gallantry in the people of the North; and you may have observed, even in our own days, that some of them, 'specially Scotchmen, when once landed here, are mighty unwilling to go home again.

Well, King Swayn's stay became preposterously long; and his people consumed such a power of drink and victuals, that at length our late beloved monarch, King Ethelred the Second, was induced to send to him. A bard of those days has recorded, with considerable minuteness, the particulars of Swayn's arrival; and as his work has not been noticed by Turner, Hallam, Hume, or any other English historian, may be quoted with advantage here. Snoro the Bard (so called from the exciting effect which his poem produced on his audience) thus picturesquely introduces us to the two Kings:—

'ÆTHLFRED KONING MURNING POST REDINGE.'

B. M. MSS. CLAUD. XXV—XXVII.

A reading of the newspaper | in meditation lost,
Sate Æthelfred of England | and took his tea and toast;
Sate Æthelfred of England | and read the *Morning Post*.

Among the new arrivals | the Journal did contain,
At Margate on the twentieth | His Majesty King Swayn,
Of Denmark with a retinue | of horseman and of Dane!

Loud laugh'd King Æthelfred, | and laid the paper down;
Margate is a proper place | for a Danish clown.
Take care, said the Chancellor, | *he doesn't come to town*.

This King Swayn, says Witfrid the fool, | laughing loud and free,
Sea-king as he is | a boat-swain ought to be.
It is none of *our seeking*, | says the Chancellor, says he.

Let him come said the King (in his mouth | butter'd toast popping),
At Wapping or at Redriff | this boatswain will be stopping.
Take care, says Chancellor Wigfrid | he don't give *you* a wapping.

I'm certain, says wise Wigfrid, | the Sea-king means us evilly,
Herald, go to Margate | and speak unto him civilly;
And if he's not at Margate, | why then try Ramsgate and Tivoli.

Herald, in obedience | to his master dear,
Goes by steam to Margate, | landing at the Pier;
Says he, King Swayn of Denmark | I think is lodging here?

Swayn the bold Sea-king, | with his captains and skippers,
Walk'd on the sea-beach | looking at the dippers—
Walk'd on the sea-beach | in his yellow slippers.

The ballad, which is important to the archæologian, as showing how many of the usages of the present day prevailed nine hundred years back (thus fondly do Englishmen adhere to their customs!), and which shows that some of the jokes called puns at present currently uttered as novelties were in existence at this early period of time, goes on to describe, with a minuteness that amounts almost to tediousness, the interview between Swayn and the herald; it is angry, for the latter conveys to the Danish monarch the strongest exhortations, on the part of King Ethelred, to quit the kingdom.

Nay, I cannot go, said Swayn, | for my ships are leaking.
You shall have a fleet, says the herald, | if that be what you're seeking.
Well, I *won't* go, and that's flat, | answered Swayn the Sea-king.

Falling into a fury, Swayn then abuses the King of England in the most contumelious terms; says that he will make his back into a foot-ball, and employ his nose for a bell-rope; but finally recollecting himself, dismisses the herald with a present of five-eighths of a groat—twopence-halfpenny (a handsome largesse, considering the value of money in those days), bidding him at the same time order what he liked to drink at the hotel where he (King Swayn) resided. "Well," says the Chronicler pathetically, "well might he order what he thought proper. *King Swayn of Denmark never paid a copper*." A frightful picture of the insolence and rapacity of the invader and his crew!

A battle, as is natural, ensues; the invader is victorious—Ethelred flies to France, and the venerable Chancellor Wigfrid is put to the most dreadful tortures, being made by the ferocious despot to undergo the indignities which (as we have seen in the former passage) he had promised to inflict on the royal fugitive, as well as many more. As a specimen of the barbarian's ingenuity, it may be stated that the martyr Wigfrid is made to administer a mockery of justice, seated on a woolsack stuffed with—the mind revolts at the thought—*stuffed with fleas!*

But it is remarkable that the bard Snoro, who so long as Swayn was not victorious over Ethelred is liberal in his abuse of the Dane, immediately on Ethelred's defeat changes his note, and praises with all his might the new sovereign. At Swayn's death he is lost in grief—being, however, consoled in the next stanza by the succession of his son Canute to the throne.

Snoro gives particular accounts of Canute's reign and actions—his victories in foreign lands, and the great drawn battle between him and Edmund Ironsides, about whose claims the bard is evidently puzzled to speak; however, on Edmund's death, which took place, singularly and conveniently enough, about a month after Canute and he had made a compromise regarding the crown (the compromise left the kingdom to the *survivor*), Snoro takes up the strain loudly and decidedly in favour of Canute, and hints at the same time his perfect conviction that Ironsides is roasting in a certain place.

And then, after following King Canute through his battles—in one of which the celebrated GODWIN (who, I believe, afterwards married Mary Wolstonecraft) showed the valour of Englishmen—after going through a list of murders, treasons, usurpations, which the great monarch committed, the bard comes to that famous passage in his history, which all little boys know; and I have the pleasure to show a copy of an Anglo-Saxon drawing which is to be found in the MS., and which *never* has been seen until the present day.

This drawing was handed round to the company by Miss Tickletoby, and excited an immense sensation, which having subsided, the lecturer proceeded to read from the same MS., Claud. XXVII., XXVIII., "The Song of King Canute."*

King Canute was weary-hearted, | he had reigned for years a score;
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, | killing much, and robbing more;
And he thought upon his actions | walking by the wild sea-shore.

'Twixt the Chancellor and Bishop | walk'd the King with step sedate;
Chamberlains and Grooms came after, | Silver-sticks and Gold-sticks great;
Chaplains, Aides-de-Camp, and Pages, | all the officers of state.

Sliding after like his shadow, | pausing when he chose to pause,
If a frown his face contracted | straight the courtiers dropp'd their jaws;
If to laughter he was minded | out they burst in loud hee-haws.

But that day a something vex'd him | that was clear to old and young;
Thrice his Grace had yawn'd at table | when his favourite gleeman sung—
Once the Queen would have consoled him | and he bid her hold her tongue.

"Something ails my royal master," | cried the Keeper of the Seal;
"Sure, my Lord, it is the lampreys | served at dinner, or the veal
Shall I call your Grace's doctor?" | "Psha, it is not *that* I feel.

"'Tis the *heart* and not the stomach, | fool! that doth my rest impair;
Can a king be great as I am | prithee, and yet know no care?
Oh! I'm sick, and tired, and weary." | Some one cried, "The King's arm-chair!"

Then towards the lackeys turning, | quick my Lord the Keeper nodded;
Straight the king's great chair was brought him | by two footmen able-bodied;
Languidly he sunk into it, | it was comfortably wadded.

"Leading on my fierce companions," | cried he, "over storm and brine,
I have fought and I have conquer'd: | where is glory like to mine?"
Loudly all the courtiers echoed, | "Where is glory like to thine?"

* The poems are translated, word for word, from the Anglo-Saxon, by the accomplished ADOLPHUS SIMCOX, Esq., author of "Perdition," "The Ghoul," editor of the "Lady's Lute," &c.

" What avail me all my kingdoms? | I am weary now and old;
Those fair sons I have begotten | long to see me dead and cold;
Would I were, and quiet buried | underneath the silent mould.

" Oh, remorse! the writhing serpent | at my bosom tears and bites;
Horrid, horrid things I look on | though I put out all the lights,—
Ghosts of ghastly recollections | troop about my bed of nights.

" Cities burning, convents blazing | red with sacrilegious fires;
Mothers weeping, virgins screaming | vainly to their slaughtered sires."—
" Such a tender conscience," cries the | Bishop, " every one admires.

" But for such unpleasant by-gones | cease, my gracious Lord, to search;
They're forgotten and forgiven | by our holy mother church.
Never, never doth she leave her | benefactors in the lurch.

" Look, the land is crown'd with ministers | whom your Grace's bounty raised;
Abbeys fill'd with holy men, where | you and Heaven are daily praised;—
You, my Lord, to think of dying! | on my honour I'm amazed."

" Nay, I feel," replied King Canute, | " that my end is drawing near."
" Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers | (striving each to squeeze a tear);
" Sure your Grace is strong and lusty | and will live this fifty year!"

" Live these fifty years!" the Bishop | roar'd (with action made to suit);
" Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper | thus to speak of King Canute?
Men have lived a thousand years, and | sure his Majesty will do't.

" Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Canan, | Mahaleel, Methusela,
Lived nine hundred years apiece; and | is not he as good as they?"
" Fervently," exclaimed the Keeper, | " fervently I trust he may."

" *He* to die?" resumed the Bishop; | " he, a mortal like to us?
Death was not for him intended, | though *communis omnibus*.
Keeper, you are irreligious | for to talk and cavil thus.

" With his wondrous skill in healing | ne'er a doctor can compete;
Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, | start up clean upon their feet;
Surely he could raise the dead up | did his Highness think it meet.

" Did not once the Jewish Captain | stop the sun upon the hill,
And, the while he slew the foeman, | bid the silver moon stand still?
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute | if it were his sacred will.

" Might I stay the sun above us, | good Sir Bishop," Canute cried,
" Could I bid the silver moon to | pause upon her heavenly ride?
If the moon obeys my orders, | sure I can command the tide.

" Will the advancing waves obey me, | Bishop, if I make the sign?"
Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, | " Land and sea, my Lord, are thine."
Canute look'd toward the ocean, | " Back," he said, " thou foaming brine!"

" From the sacred shore I stand on, | I command thee to retreat,
Venture not, thou stormy rebel, | to approach thy master's seat;
Ocean, be thou still, I bid thee, | come not nearer to my feet."

But the angry ocean answered | with a louder, deeper roar,
And the rapid waves drew nearer | falling sounding on the shore,—
Back the keeper and the Bishop | back the King and courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never | more to kneel to human clay,
But alone to praise and worship | that which earth and seas obey;
And his golden crown of empire | never wore he from that day.
King Canute is dead and gone; | Parasites exist alway.

THE NEW FOOL-OMETER.

THE measure of folly invented by the Reverend Sidney Smith—St. Paul's mirth-exploding cannon-residentiary—hath at last, after various improvements, been brought to perfection by those experienced jesters, Commodore Napier and Joseph Hume. Up to Friday evening, July 29, the following indications were placed against the various degrees on the scale to prove a man to be a fool:—

Any secretary of state for the colonies, or otherwise, who receiveth deputations from Canada, and so implicitly believeth their statements of imaginary grievances and trumped-up wrongs that he proceedeth to concoct and issue orders in council, which set the whole country in open rebellion.

Any man who believeth that the Whigs are better conjurors than Herr Döbler.

Any man who incontinently becometh the manager of a playhouse.

Any person who can read and subscribeth not to "PUNCH."

Any reader of the "Morning Herald" who trusteth in the daily laudations of George Robins, and believeth him to be the greatest auctioneer upon earth.

Any elector who doth promise to vote for a parliamentary candidate without first ascertaining how much cash he hath lodged at the local bank.

But these and an uncountable number of softheads—varieties of the same species—may be not always and altogether fools, but only foolish upon the particular points above-named. The fool positive and the fool superlative are thus pleasantly described *by themselves* in the debate of Friday, July 29:—

Sir C. Napier accused Mr. Hume of moving for nonsensical returns, some of which he had himself seconded: whereupon—

"Mr. Hume said the gallant officer talked of his moving for nonsensical returns: if they were nonsensical ones they were foolish ones, and, ergo, he was a fool. (Loud laughter). But was not the man who supported a fool as great a fool as the fool himself? (Laughter.) And yet the gallant commodore had supported him in five motions to obtain these very returns which he now called nonsensical returns, but without which he told him that he should never be able to show the state of the navy.

"Sir C. Napier said he had supported the hon. gentleman merely *to show him that he was wrong.*"

VYSE'S SPELLING-BOOK, WITH CUTS.

Any man, therefore, who talketh nonsense is a fool positive.

But who is to prove him a fool superlative? The "rum old commodore," by agreeing with him.—Q. E. D.

THE FIRE-ESCAPE SOCIETY.

THIS well-meaning Association has published its report, from which we learn the gratifying fact, that it has succeeded in saving ONE LIFE during the several years that the society has now been in existence. Dealing with this life upon the usual principle of calculations followed at Assurance Offices, we find that it stands in the relation of one to a hundred and eight; and we are, therefore, justified in stating, that any life which is under the especial protection of the society alluded to, is worth, on an average, about three weeks' purchase.

While a point is very properly made of the *one life* saved, we hear nothing of those which have been lost; and the case of the Society's man who rattled down from the height of a hundred feet in a bucket to show the way in which it worked—when he was unfortunately dashed to atoms on the spot—is not alluded to. Perhaps, however, on the principle of the Railway Companies, who, when a person is killed, consider that inquiry is satisfactorily stopped by the announcement that it is "*only a stoker*," the Protection-of-life-against-fire Society feels that it may do as it likes with its own, and that it is not accountable for any casualties among its own servants. We are surprised that the Society has not taken credit in its report for the number of people who are saved by being drawn up and down for the amusement of the crowd on the day *after a fire*. We ourselves witnessed some delightful experiments with boys a little while ago, who were pitched out of top windows with ropes round their waist to a degree that really rendered their being "saved" a matter little short of miraculous. One or two added to the interest of the scene by rebounding to within an inch of the wall of the house, and then executing a series of rapid gyrations while their booted feet were almost on a level with the heads of the admiring bystanders. The Society has, however, our best wishes, and when the apparatus can be got to a fire while it is raging, instead of arriving only on the next day—when the bucket has learnt moderation and will pause before it reaches the pavement—when the ropes are ready at the right time instead of being absent or in a knot whenever they are wanted—when all this occurs, *Punch's* guinea may be called for by the Collector of the Society, on presenting this number as his authority, at the Office, in Wellington Street.

PHYSIOLOGY OF THE LONDON IDLER.

CHAPTER VI.—CONCERNING THE GENT.

Of all the loungers who cross our way in the public thoroughfares, the *Gent* is the most unbearable, principally from an assumption of style about him—a futile aping of superiority that inspires us with feelings of mingled contempt and amusement, when we contemplate his ridiculous pretensions to be considered "the thing."

Were we inclined to dismiss the subject of our chapter in a few words, but, at the same time, anxious to give our readers the best general idea of him, we should say that the finest specimens of the Gent might be seen pourtrayed in the coloured "Fashions" with which certain tailors adorn their windows. In these pictorial representations of presumed style, some favourite West-end locality is taken for the back ground, and in front are many Gents, in such attitudes as may display their figures and little boots to the best advantage. Some are presumed to be arrayed for an evening party in green dress-coats and puce tights; some again are represented as sportsmen, with pinched-in waists that the shock of the first leap, or kick of the first fire, would knock in half; and others are promenade Gents in frock-coats and corded trousers, bowing to one another with much grace, or leading little Gents by the hand, who look like animated Daguerréotypes of themselves.

A grade lower are the representations of men of *ton*, who figure at the side of cheap tailors' advertisements; and at the bottom of the scale stand the dummies we sometimes see displayed at the doors of ready made clothes' shops, invested in the splendour of an entire suit "made to measure for the same terms." The announcements peculiar to the Frankensteins of these strange creations are both imaginative and full of spirit; we write one of them, and present the copyright to any of them who may choose to adopt it:—

THE ATTEMPT ON THE QUEEN'S LIFE.

A wild excitement reigns throughout the town,
Policemen scour the city up and down,
And try throughout the day to capture Bean,
Who snapp'd the pistol at our lovely Queen.
Each guileless hunchback falls a ready prey,
And to the station-house is hauled away.
But had their garments been by Stitchtapes made,
To show their forms they had not been afraid.
Mark their drab Chesterfields of the first water,
With the first rain 'twill shrink four inches shorter.
One pound's the price—it surely can't be dear,
And warranted to wear for half the year.
The celebrated window-cleaning blouse,
To buy at six-and-six you can't refuse.
Their new dress-coat they make for one pound nine,
And at this price of course 'tis superfine.
With contract suits they build for eager nobs,
In the most dashing style of Sunday snobs.
Coarse cloth, rude work, bad cutting, and quick wear,
With Stitchtapes' grand *depot* what can compare?
And recollect—old suits must be return'd,
If when worn out they're not worth being burn'd.
Then haste to Stitchtapes', and inspect their store,
For going once, you will return no more*.

Such is the ubiquity of the Gent, and under so many phases does he move, that it is next to impossible to place him in any regular classification. However, evening is approaching, (the time when Gents and cheap umbrellas chiefly flourish), and we will therefore sally forth and jot down the peculiarities of such specimens as we may encounter, for the instruction of our friends.

We have stumbled over one the minute we have quitted the house. This species is possibly a clerk, who is scribbling in an old coat all day at his office, and now puts on a cheap Taglioni, or one of the "Gent's new horsecloth envelopes," dons a cheap pair of gloves, sticks a cheap cigar in his mouth, and imagines that he is "rather the Stilton than otherwise"—"Stilton," or "cheese" being terms by which Gents imply style or fashion. He is pursuing a pretty girl, of modest deportment, who is possibly going home after her hard day's toil at the bonnet-shop.

The Gent has not the sense to perceive that his advances are repulsed with scorn and indignation. He imagines, that by addressing his coarse and annoying attempts at gallantry to an unprotected girl, he is acting as if he was "upon town"—"a fast man"—"up to a thing or two"—"a roué"—or some other such epithet; which it is the ambition of the Gent to get attached to his name.

There are a group of thorough-bred Gents (be careful, reader, not to confound them with thorough-bred gentlemen), whom we see through the window, lounging in a tobacco-shop—some leaning against the counter, others seated on tubs, and occupying the like positions. This employment is another variety of what Gents think knowing.

The presiding goddess of this temple of smoke is an uneducated woman, who has been more or less pretty at some time or another; but still retaining sufficient attraction, it would seem, to draw the Gents about her. Here they will pass hours, finding intense pleasure in her common-place, uninteresting conversation—retailing dull jokes, worn-out anecdotes, or vapid inevitable puns to each other; and staring at any casual purchaser who may enter the shop, as if he were an intruder on their domain.

* Not ten days back, since this chapter was written, we were disgusted at perceiving a puffing advertisement of the class above alluded to, in which the melancholy death of the Duke of Orleans was made the medium of attracting the eye of the reader to the trumpery doggrel which followed.

These are the Gents who are afterwards seen in the theatres at half-price: in the slips during the performance, and in the saloon during the *entr'acte*—the class, who, whilst they carry on brisk conversation and smart repartees (of a sort,) with the least reputable in public life, form the vapid nonentities of private society when females are present. They are men, to use a phrase more expressive than elegant, strongly addicted to *bear parties*—who think "a glass of grog and a cigar" the acme of social enjoyment, and who look upon all entertainments as bores that throw them into the society of ladies, or, indeed, any one of intellect or refinement.

The toilet appertaining to Gents has few variations. They like fierce stocks, out-of-the-way cravats, large-pattern handkerchiefs, staring trousers, and the like articles. They think it grand to sit on the box of a coach, and are hurt if they cannot do so. They would imagine they lost *caste* if they did not know something about the horses and odds of an approaching race. They affect thick sticks and queer superfluous pockets and buttons to their great-coats; and they regard the various night haunts of London with the same affectionate feeling that Alciphron evinced towards the gardens of Athens—with the exception that the young Epicurean was certainly not a Gent.

At the theatres it has sometimes occurred that the Gents have been observed in private boxes, and when this is the case, they are perpetually pulling the curtains backwards and forwards, (because they have seen the *élite* shroud themselves behind their folds occasionally,) and exhibiting their hand only. During the play they assume a *négligé* attitude, which is meant to be imposing and aristocratic. When it is over they immediately migrate to a neighbouring tavern for some

singing and supper; and here, perhaps, we may pitch upon the Sporting Gent—an individual in a cut-away coat, through the sleeves of which are thrust two ungloved beefy hands, who, if he cannot get into conversation upon dogs and horses, is as silent as a pickled salmon. The true Gent slaps Von Joel on the back, shakes hands with the chairman, and knows the comic singer. All this is, however, harmless in its way, for the majority of these houses are exceedingly well conducted; and, indeed, it is only the Gents of the lowest sphere who deem it spirited to mix themselves up, in other resorts, with the ruffians of the ring, and the most degraded of either sex, in an atmosphere of oaths and odours, where indecency is mistaken for broad humour, and dull slang for first-rate wit.

A TALE OF BLOOD!

Spots of blood were on the wainscoat—spots of blood were on the floor—
Spots of blood were on the carpet—spots of blood were on the door—
A senseless corse before me—a phial lay by its side—
The eyes forgot their glory—the brow forgot its pride.
Ah me! what shall I do—alone in this sad room?
I'll rouse the house—I'll call the folk—or hail this wretch's groom.
Spots of blood are on the wainscoat—spots of blood are on the floor—
Spots of blood are on the carpet—spots of blood are on the door—
I'll raise the victim's head—O! what a sight is here—

A HARROWING SPECTACLE.

Our Tom has split his Roman nose whilst in a state of beer!

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF COURTSHIP.

Chapter V.—Of Men who are mostly rejected.

With men who move in much society, making love is a habit. They may be divided into two classes—consisting of men who are generally rejected, and men who are frequently accepted.

You may know the man who has been often rejected, by his setting up for *un homme à bonnes fortunes*—by his eternal boastings of success. He is, in most instances, dandified in his dress, and possesses a talkative, know-every-thing, manner. He makes a point of paying great devotion to the sex; and where men and women meet, is always to be found boring the latter, happily indulging the former with little of his company. On entering a room, he seeks out the belle of the party, and "makes up" to her with the least possible delay. His mind—being constructed upon the principle of a barrel-organ, which can only play a certain number of tunes—furnishes him with a prescribed number of topics, a limited range of compliments; and not being an economist of either, his stock of subjects is soon exhausted, and he is obliged, during his incessant chatter, to work them up over again. The belle, flattered—by what she knows must appear to her female friends a new conquest—smiles, encourages his loquacity, dances with him twice, and refuses to waltz with her latest admirer. This temporary favour is mistaken by the vanity of the favoured for a deeper feeling. He meets the lady two or three times more—without much regard to delicacy—proposes, and is, of course—rejected.

The clever, amusing fellows, who may be called the mountebanks of society, form another set, who are seldom much favoured by the sex. They have not time to pay any single beauty even that degree of attention which is conventional, being always so busy in angling after applause of themselves. These are the singers of songs, the givers of imitations. Watch such a person at a *soirée* whilst *tête-à-tête* with a belle, be she even worthy of the truest devotion. He talks mechanically, he responds to her remarks at random; for if you notice his eyes, you will remark that they are following the motions of the hostess, whom he devoutly prays is about to ask him to sing. If she do not make the longed-for request, he immediately turns the conversation with his companion to the performances of the more favoured singer, picking them to pieces, and saying how *he* would "do" such and such passages had he been asked. When the delightful moment does arrive, and he is in the glories of a comic song, he throws glances between every verse to the lady he deems he is so highly favouring by his notice, which plainly asks her whether he is not casting the rival who sung last quite into the shade? and when he has finished his task, and the applause and laughter are over, he puts the same query in words, adding, "How do you like my song?" Should the damsel declare "she is delighted with it," he implicitly believes her. Perhaps her mama or her chaperon asks him to her next party, just as she would hire Rubini or Herr Döbler;—to amuse her guests. The "clever young man," mistaking the daughter's complimentary delight for a *sentiment*, and her mama's invitation for approval thereof, takes an early opportunity of proposing, and is most unequivocally rejected.

Besides these, there are many other sorts and conditions of men who are regularly rejected, including—paradoxical as it may appear—those who are eventually accepted; for young ladies believe themselves bound to dissent from the first proposition, especially if made prematurely. It is not till after much perseverance, and the third time of asking, that the most sanguine man ought to begin to hope. Such as we have more particularly described are doomed to die bachelors, for they are so closely wedded to their own personal perfections that no maiden will marry them.

THE MINISTERS AND THE DEPUTATIONS.

THERE was a meeting of delegates last week on the subject of the general decay of trade, and they at once repaired to Downing-street, where they were admitted to an interview with all the Ministers.

Mr. Jinkins, of the New Cut, opened the proceedings by stating the lamentable falling off in the baked tatur business. Nearly all the cans in his district were entirely stopped, and those that were at work could hardly find a market for their produce.

Sir R. Peel asked what became of the raw material, of which so much was consumed?

Mr. Jinkins replied, that the material was sold in its raw state to a higher class of persons than those who formerly took off the baked article.

Sir James Graham attributed the falling off to the introduction of steam. He had himself passed down the New Cut, and counted twenty cans all going at once, and as each was surrounded by a crowd of boys, the glut was of course dreadful.

Mr. Jinkins said that must have been on Saturday night. But, however, he would go to another branch of trade—he meant the cheap cherry-business. It was true that the ha'porths fastened on pieces of stick were generally taken off; but when the profit of the grower and the market-gardener, to say nothing of that of the timber-merchant, was deducted from the halfpenny, he would ask what was left for the retailer to support himself, a wife, and eight or nine children.

Sir R. Peel:—I thought that the tariff, in lowering the timber-duties, would have given a buoyancy to the cheap cherry-trade.

Mr. Jinkins:—Ay,-but the growers get the benefit of all that. Then there are the hemp-producers, who have to be paid for twine, and when you take off one-ninety-ninth of one-half per cent. for this, you reduce still lower the profit that the seller *must* get out of the halfpenny before he can take anything home to his family.

ALL A-GROWING.

Sir R. Peel:—That is very true, but if the hemp now coming up in the southern parts of the country turns out well, which I am given to understand is extremely probable, may we not look for increased buoyancy in that department, which may be advantageous not only to the cheap cherry interest, but to the small timber growers?—Mr. Jinkins said it might be so, but until the growers had got all they wanted, it was impossible for the sellers to get anything.

Mr. Pitts begged to say a few words on behalf of the marble trade, which he had carried on for several years in the Seven Dials. The new tariff would let in real marble at such a low figure that he must at once go to Pots if he wished to continue his business.

Sir R. Peel asked how that can be?

Mr. Pitts:—Why Sir, if the importers can send an Alley into the market lower than I can turn it out of my warehouse, the only chance I have is to place all my hands upon common Pots—or turn off the two men that I have hitherto been employing.

Sir R. Peel allowed there was some truth in this, but he must look for better times, and trust to pot-luck.

Mr. Pitts said that was all very well, but if Sir R. Peel could come in and take pot-luck with some persons in his (Mr. Pitts's) trade, he, Sir R. Peel, would not be so ready to make a joke about it.

Sir R. Peel did not mean to joke—indeed he was never more serious. He had himself in earlier days taken much interest in the marble business, and the name of Pitts was associated with some of the most pleasing spots in his (Sir R. Peel's) memory. But he could not help saying, and indeed he would say, that though marbles might be for a moment down it was their natural tendency to rise up again. He thanked the gentlemen present for the information they had given him, and politely bowed them out of the room.

THE HUNCHBACK OF NEWGATE.

THE fiend, miscreant, monster, Bean, has sadly vulgarized treason. His thimble-full of powder and broken 'bacco-pipe have killed all the importance of the petty traitor, who is henceforth not to bare his neck for the rope, but his back for the whip. Henceforth, the Royal Arms, will, to the eyes of all future Beans, appear as subjoined:—

From this time the Arms of England admit of a new supporter; in addition to the Lion and Unicorn they take the Cat! *Honi soit qui mal y pense* may henceforth be freely translated by the Beans and Francises, as follows:—

"A rod is in pickle,
Your toby to tickle."

The traitor sinks from the hero of the scaffold to the vagabond of the cart's-tail. He is levelled down to an apple-stealer; and his hopes of "a provision for life" terminates with the application of whip-cord. This is a wise measure; it is smiting the evil, that generates traitor-fools, *at the proper end*.

Whilst Sir Robert Peel had his hand in Treasonous Acts, we would he had struck out the mockery that condemns the traitor to the hurdle, with the supplementary punishment of having his head cut off, and his carcase cut into quarters and distributed according to the "pleasure of her Majesty." When sentence of death was passed upon Francis, the solemnity of the judgment was lessened by what everybody felt to be a fiction. Allowing, for a moment, that Francis had been hanged, does any man believe that in these times the traitor's quarters would have decorated Temple Bar, or York Gates? Imagine our gentle Queen transmitting a quarter of Francis to a corporation, to be hung up as a terror to all nascent traitors! Consider, for an instant, the effect of the fool's-head grinning on the Tower wall. As we have done with the reality of these horrors, why keep up their fiction? Why make Imagination see, about the black cap of the Judge, the winking eye of the Zany? When the Judge pronounces "Death" upon the traitor, we are struck by the awfulness of the doom; but when he talks of "quartering," we feel we listen to nothing more than the "tol de rol" of a worn-out song.

THE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

IT having been rumoured that a stone had been dug up near Battle-Bridge, the Antiquarian Society sent for the precious fragment, and a Committee was at once appointed to sit upon it.

After having sat for some time, the Committee reported that the substance was very hard, and having moved the standing order, asked leave *not* to sit again, which was at once granted. The letters L E G were found to be distinctly visible. This, it was observed, had been supposed to allude to some *legions* who came in with Cæsar, and who are supposed to have made for Gray's Inn Lane with a precipitancy that the miserable nature of the neighbourhood renders rather unaccountable. The Chairman thought that L E G, instead of meaning legions, might more naturally be thought to stand for LEG, and thus we might come to the fact that Gray's Inn Lane was the first place that Cæsar put his foot or *leg* upon. (*Hear, hear.*) That a battle had been fought there, no one could doubt; for the quantity of old-iron shops in the neighbourhood bear testimony to the large amount of javelins that must have been expended—supposing the iron which is daily brought for sale to have formed part of them.

After several hours' further discussion, it was resolved to place the stone in the hands of a skilful macadamiser, with the view of examining it more in detail than it would be possible to do in its entire state; and this course having seemed the wisest that the Antiquarian Society *could* follow, the meeting was adjourned.

THE NEW BRIBERY BILL.

HE measure proposed by Buller (not Buller of Brazennose) having been weighed and found wanting, Roebuck—whose ancestors did not leave him sufficient capital to avail himself of the privilege of bribing to any extent—has taken the matter so much to heart, that being always his own porter, he brought us, in his own arms, the voluminous report of the "Compromises at Elections' Committee," requesting advice and an interview. "Punch," with that suavity and condescension for which he is famous, was immediately accessible. The conference lasted exactly twelve minutes, and from it resulted the following draught of a bill, together with several of half-and-half which the terror of "treaters" (at elections) very handsomely stood.

Whereas, the preamble recites that ever since the passing of the Act of William IV., intituled "An Act to amend the Representation of England and Wales," it hath been a common practice for candidates, who set themselves up to represent the honest and independent constituencies of this kingdom, to debauch the said honest and independent constituencies by the bargain and sale of votes, and by divers other expedients contrary to the statute aforesaid in that case made and provided.

Therefore, by Clause I., it is enacted, that any candidate who shall present unto any person whatsoever five thousand pounds or more, without knowing how the said sum or sums is, or are, to be distributed or expended, shall be considered an egregious ass within the meaning of the act, and unfit to represent any enlightened and incorruptible body of electors who shall exceed in number one hundred and eighty.

Clause II.—Provides that no elector who, walking in procession, carries a flag or other emblem, shall receive more than six pounds sterling per day—always providing that the opposition candidate do not offer him seven pounds *per diem* and his victuals, in which case it shall be lawful for the aforesaid flag-bearer to do as he likes.

Clause III.—And be it enacted, that any candidate who shall make or cause to be made any immaculate elector drunk on or after the day of election, shall, on conviction, pay the usual fine as if he were drunk himself; notwithstanding and nevertheless that, contrarywise, he shall have been sober.

Clause IV.—Declares, that any individual who shall take instructions from and canvass for a candidate, or shall receive sums of money from the same, for the purpose of "expenses," distribution as head-money, paying electors' rates and taxes before registration-day, or otherwise, or making speeches in praise, and giving dinners at the sole expense, of the same, or (in undeviating conformity to an Act intituled "The Ribbon Act,") distributing coloured favours, with new hats appended thereto, shall, on no pretence whatsoever, be considered as, or denominated an "agent."

Clause V.—Makes the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds a saleable office, the price to be regulated by the election expenses of the candidate applying therefor*.

TO CAPITALISTS AND OTHERS.

IMPORTANT AND UNRESERVED SALE.

MOST DESIRABLE INVESTMENT.

MR. GEORGE ROBINS

Feels great pleasure in announcing that he has been honoured with instructions to submit to Public Competition, on the

FIRST OF SEPTEMBER

next, one of the most perfect Works of Art ever offered to the attention of a discerning Public. The difficulty of describing, in language suited to its merits, this

TRIUMPH OF BRITISH ART

is almost insuperable: suffice it to say, that it is one of those Splendid Inventions which are entitled to rank with the

STEAM ENGINE AND THE INVENTION OF PRINTING

as the most important Step in the Civilization of the Human Race, and the most decided advance towards the

PERFECTIBILITY OF THE SPECIES!

The fortunate Possessor of this valued Prize will be in one respect more happy than was our common Ancestor in the

GARDEN OF EDEN,

in which it may safely be asserted that no such instrument was ever found, nor is it even alluded to in the

WORKS OF SANCHONIATHON!

or the more recent productions of the most celebrated

WRITERS OF ANTIQUITY.

The returns to be derived from an invention so important, as will be seen from the particulars described below, will be amply sufficient to enable the Proprietor, in a very limited period, to realise

AN AMPLE FORTUNE!

which he may either invest in the purchase of one of the

SPLENDID MANSIONS

which the Advertiser is instructed to dispose of; or, if he be addicted to political ambition, he may make it the means of procuring himself

A SEAT IN PARLIAMENT AS MEMBER FOR IPSWICH!

OR ANY OTHER PURCHASABLE ELECTORAL BODY.

The reasons which have induced the Sale of this unrivalled Chef-d'œuvre and Gem of Science arise from

DOMESTIC DISTRESS

of so severe a nature, as to have left the spirited Owner, Mrs. Jane Jones, no other available resource than to

SELL HER MANGLE;

for to that inestimable Class of Implements does the present truly wonderful specimen belong. The Implement in question is one of that species long known to and highly esteemed by

THE CONNOISSEURS OF BRITAIN,

UNDER THE DESIGNATION OF

BAKER'S PATENT;

and but from the trifling circumstances of some few of its legs being deficient, and the whole of the machinery considerably out of order, it may be safely pronounced to be

PERFECTION

in its peculiar branch, as it will be warranted, after a very

TRIFLING OUTLAY,

to accomplish its object as successfully as the Honourable

MEMBER FOR FINSBURY.

The returns to be derived from this

MINE OF WEALTH

may be appreciated from the fact, that if we only suppose it to realise £64 per day (an amazingly small amount in a mercantile community like that of

LONDON, THE METROPOLIS OF THE WORLD!

and the vicinity), it would produce an annual income of very nearly

£20,000!

all, be it remarked, in

READY-MONEY PAYMENTS AND NO BAD DEBTS,

credit not being the custom of the trade.

Had such a splendid product of mechanical science existed in the days of

CORREGGIO,

or the still more celebrated

MICHAEL ANGELO,

it is not unlikely that it might have formed the subject of one of their

ADMIRABLE PAINTINGS & UNRIVALLED SCULPTURE;

but as they had unfortunately departed to

A BETTER WORLD

before the artistic genius of Baker had concocted this

NE PLUS ULTRA,

the Proprietor has had recourse to the most resplendent talents of

MODERN ARTISTS,

and at an immense outlay has procured the assistance of

H. B.

whose finished sketch of this property may be seen at the Advertiser's, where Cards of Address, and a descriptive Catalogue, (we wish we could say

GRATIS!

but, alas! circumstances forbid,) may be obtained, price 5*s*.—Mrs. Jones will be happy to exhibit the Implement at her

PRIVATE RESIDENCE,

No. 3½, Allerton-Street, where any person by supplying the requisite articles at the usual moderate premium, may enjoy the opportunity of seeing the Machine

ACTUALLY WORKING,

at any reasonable hour.

Persons desirous of effecting a purchase by Private Contract, are requested to transmit to the Auctioneer a

SEALED TENDER,

on or before the

TWELFTH OF AUGUST,

on which day he will depart to Scotland, on his annual tour: and should a Sale be thus effected, due notice will be given to the

BRITISH NATION

of the loss they have sustained, and the consequent withdrawal of the article from competition.

EXAMINATION PAPER OF THE TWADDLE-CUM-SQUAT UNIVERSITY.

Who was *Davy Jones*, and where is his *locker* situated?

Explain the meaning of "Go it like Bricks!" and give the greatest rate at which bricks can go.

* A handsome exception is made in favour of the Honourable Member for Montrose, who is allowed to accept the same as soon as he pleases; the Chancellor of the Exchequer being empowered to appoint the said member to the said stewardship, without fee or reward.

THE WHARNCLIFFE EAR-PLUG.

Lord Wharncliffe begs to inform cabinet ministers, poor-law guardians, and others, who are subject to the importunities of distressed manufacturers, hungry paupers, or poor relations, that he has become the proprietor of an ear-plug which can be so arranged as to allow the wearer to hear or understand only as much as he pleases. This important invention owes its origin to an infant three months old, the ear-plug having been originally constructed to exclude those distressing infantine sounds which mothers usually attribute to teething or the wind.

Lord Wharncliffe, from a pure feeling of Parliamentary Philanthropy, intends to offer this desirable instrument at the lowest possible price, and begs to subjoin the following unimpeachable testimonial of its efficacy.

"My Lord,—I hereby certify that when the deputation from the distressed manufacturers waited upon your Lordship, I am fully convinced that you would not hear the statements of distress then made to you, and the following report, extracted from the Times, is perfectly correct:—'After listening to a few brief representations of distress, Lord Wharncliffe said, he must be excused from further details, and politely bowed the deputation out of the room.' One of the Deputation."

"*Leeds.*

*** The ear-plug is kept ready made at the Privy Council Office.

"THE EYES OF EUROPE."

Who has not heard of the Eyes of Europe? "The Eyes of Europe are upon us!" "We shall become contemptible in the Eyes of Europe!" "What a proud position shall we hold in the Eyes of Europe!" "The Eyes of Europe are at length opened!"

These are familiar cries; so familiar, that we are almost insensible of the important truths they proclaim: hence, a man thinks no more of the Eyes of Europe being upon him, than if they were the multitudinous yet unreproving eyes in the tail of a peacock. He goes upon his daily business; he eats, he drinks, he sleeps,—now drives his little bargain on the Stock Exchange,—and now, in the solitude of a well-bolted attic, sweats her Majesty's sovereigns, wholly careless of the fact that all the time the Eyes of Europe are goggling at him on the mart, and through the casement. Why is this? The reason is obvious. The man has never seen the Eyes of Europe: they are to him inexpressive as the eyes of needles. We hasten, with the magic aid of art, to show to the unconscious culprit what it is to have only some of the Eyes of Europe wide awake upon him.

Of course, the Eyes of Europe are as susceptible of varied expression as the eyes of Venus. They do not keep one continual doll-like stare, but smile, and frown, and scowl, and squint,—and now have insolent, "high-exacting looks," and now droop as hang-dog and as sheepish as Hodge taken in the fact with stolen mutton.

It is not our intention to delineate all the Eyes of Europe as at present staring at one another. We do not propose to give the complacent, grateful glance of Belgium smirking at France—the haughty, watchful orbs of Spain—the tyrant scowl of Russia—the contented bigotry of Portugal—the cat-like looks of Austria—the calculating coldness of Holland, and every other European glance, but shall confine ourselves to our own Eyes, and the Eyes of our opposite neighbour.

Behold! our artist bids all the other Eyes of Europe bend their orbs upon

The Eyes of England.

There is, it will be observed, a melancholy, a heaviness in the Eyes of Mr. Bull at the present moment, that tell of the Income Tax, of the Corn Laws, of the rags and hunger of tens of thousands of his children. They have a downward anxious look, as though John was rummaging a hand in his capacious pocket, and knowing not whether it was a half-sovereign or only a fourpenny-piece that just struck his knuckles, and which he is endeavouring to pull from the abyss, that he may make up his quarter's taxes. There is considerable gloom in the look of Bull; nevertheless, it cannot be said of him—

"There is no speculation in those eyes;"

for John is still ready to do business with anybody; and you can see, despite of a troublous spirit in his looks, that it is not a settled, a constitutional heaviness, but that he can pluck himself up, and, brushing the back of his hand across his eyes, whistle, "Begone, dull Care!" and, "Britannia rules the waves."—However, we now leave John Bull, hoping that he will soon look more airily about him, and beg the attention of our reader and observer to

The Eyes of Young France.

What sublimity of insolence is in their expression! What a cannibal look! They are scarcely human eyes,—but have a wicked, Afrite gleam, that speaks of the man-eater. You would swear that the owner of the Eyes hungered for meals of nothing but human flesh cured by battle-smoke—seasoned with gunpowder. You feel that the Eyes would sparkle at a goblet of blood, tossing it off like *eau sucrée*. Blood—blood—blood—from the streaming veins of civilization; such is the daily beverage the Eyes hunger for! Such is the drink the owner of the Eyes would pour down his ogre-throat; and then, drunk with the abomination, shout, scream, and roar, "Glory—glory—glory!!" Nor is there unmixed ferocity in the Eyes. Look at them. Do you not detect a sneaking, cut-purse expression? Is there not the fitful under-glance of the pickpocket, varying the cruelty of the cannibal?

Such are the benevolent, the philanthropic Eyes of Young France! Fortunately, Trading France has eyes too. Consider them.

You perceive that he is counting the sous in his hand; and puzzling his brains how he shall add five centimes to the valuable copper exposed in his palm. He has all the stupidity of covetousness. Trading France knows that dozens of his sons in the South cannot get customers for their wine; he, however, tells them they must keep their bottles in the cellars, for he has at least two children in the North, who have a spinning-jenny each, and who, with such mighty mechanic power, may, if properly encouraged, in the year 3000 supply cotton twist to all Picardy. You can perceive that, pacific as are the eyes of Trading France, there is nevertheless in them a certain expression that shows their paternity to the Eyes above. Calculating France has no objection whatever to the shoutings and fanfaronnades of Young France: they sound of glory, *la grande nation*, and all that; but when it comes to a serious question of cutting English throats, why, then the commercial gentleman, with all his eyes, counts all his —sous!

The Eyes of England, when raised towards France, look more in sorrow than in anger at the Eyes of their opposite neighbour.

Consider yourself in the centre of the Channel, with an excellent telescope. Now, look towards Dover Cliffs, and now towards the Heights of Calais. What have you beheld! Why,—

The Eyes of England meeting the Eyes of France.

John Bull serenely staring at France; and France, with its hand upon its sword and its eyes out of its sockets, threatening John.

NEW PATENT.

To W. H. Ainsworth, Esq., for a new process of refining, by means of romances instead of blood.

GRAND REVIEW OF THE POLICE IN TOWER STREET.

It having been rumoured by a boy in a pinafore, who whispered it into the ear of a lad in velveteen, that the police were coming out of the station in Tower-street, the neighbourhood became a scene of much bustle and activity. It soon got about that a review was to take place, and having despatched our own reporter to the spot, we are enabled to give the following particulars.

At about a quarter to eight, the sergeant of the J. division, followed by eight of the men, came upon the ground in front of the station, and the review was at once proceeded with. The first manœuvre was the beau-

LONG DIVISION.

tiful exploit of falling in, which was executed in a manner that would have put the regular troops to the blush, and suffused the cheeks of the oldest grenadier with the deepest crimson. The sergeant, who was on foot during the whole of the review, marched round the whole line of men, poking in the stomachs of the more corpulent with the end of his staff, so as to bring them as nearly flush with each other as possible.

The following words of command were then given :—

1st—"Shoulder capes"—which means "cape shoulders." This beautiful manœuvre is thus accomplished. It consists of three motions : at the first the men draw their capes out and unroll them ; at the next they give them a shake ; and at the last they throw them over their shoulders.

2nd.—"Present lanthorns." This clever evolution had a very striking effect, for at a given signal the whole of the eight lanthorns of the men were turned full upon the two eyes of their superior officer.

After a few more manœuvres, the word was given to wheel and take close order, when the whole force got on to each other's heels with singular dexterity. In this state they marched off to their respective beats, and the Inspector having gone through the manœuvre (as practised by Buonaparte) of taking a pinch of snuff, retired into the station-house.

The review occupied the greater portion of five minutes, and was attended chiefly by the younger branches of some very private families in the neighbourhood.

Foreign Intelligence.

Our Barnes letters have come to hand, and speak of the prevalence of Elephantiasis among a great number of the inhabitants. The barge *Mary Ann* was in quarantine off the coast, and a clean bill of health had been in vain demanded by the lighterman. When our reporter left, a

AN UNDERWRITER.

shell had been thrown into the town, which on inquiry turned out to be an oyster-shell. The Chelsea consul had been called upon to interfere, and had obstinately refused ; but there were hopes of an arrangement, through the intervention of the British resident at Battersea. Our advices from Twickenham speak of an outbreak among the population, which was soon put down by the native apothecary.

The treaty by which Epsom is allowed to import its salts into Epping free of duty, in exchange for the sausages of the latter, is at last signed, and has occasioned a ferment in Banbury, whose cakes are now subjected to a very heavy duty. The Bath envoy claims the advantages of the tariff for Bath buns, and the inhabitants of Windsor have sent commissioners to provide for the introduction of Windsor soap upon just principles.

The Mayor of Everton had an interview with Sir Robert Peel, on the subject of toffey ; and the Archbishop of York has presented a petition in the name of the biscuit-makers, many of whom are so reduced as to devour their work in the paste, before it is put into the oven. The Mayor of Brighton has been with Sir James Graham, on the subject of Brighton rock ; but it seems that they had no sooner got on the rock question than they split upon it.

COMIC BALLADS FOR THE BOUDOIR;

WHICH MAY BE SAID OR SUNG TO ANY TUNE THAT SUITS THEM.

No. I.

TO YOUNG MEN SEEKING EMPLOYMENT,

(Where salary is not so much an object as genteel occupation.)

Wanted ! by a young lady, between twenty and sixteen,
A "Gentleman in Waiting" of good looks and graceful mien,
Upon whose upper lip a small well-turn'd moustache may grow,
With soft dark eyes, and waving hair, which o'er his brow may flow.
Wanted ! wanted ! by a young coquette,
A belle of the present season.

She undertakes to find him ties, and gloves, both white and yellow,
If he'll make himself agreeable—be, in fact, "a useful fellow;"
At the Opera adjust her glass—her fragrant *bouquet* hold,
At *fête* or ball run for her shawl, if she fears to catch a cold.
Wanted ! dreadfully wanted !
By a flirt of the present season.

It is desirable he write a soft and pleasing letter ;

If poetry he can indite, and waltz well, all the better.
A smattering of music, too, is almost indispensable—
For ignorance of *notes* is, at this time, most reprehensible.
Wanted ! terribly wanted !
By a flirt of the present season.

To Kensington or Chiswick—to the Regent's Park or "Surrey"—
He must fly off upon command, yet ne'er seem in a hurry.
Morn, noon, and night be at her beck,—do everything—in short,
To play the part of a *fiancé*, but—only just in sport.
Wanted ! sadly wanted !
By a flirt of the present season.

He must be a foil to other men, and keep them all at bay,
Until the season's over, and the *beau monde* flown away ;
And then she'll quit "the flaunting town," and "the busy hum of men,"
And give him a "long vacation" till the gay world wakes again.
Wanted ! exceedingly wanted !
By a belle of the present time.

NOT EXACTLYS, *à la Française.*

(AFTER THREE COURSES OF FRENCH ROLLS.)

Savez-vous danser, mon petit ?—Pas tout-à-fait, papa, mais je sais très, bien le Pas de Calais.

Etes-vous grand amateur de musique, monsieur ?—Pas tout-à-fait, madame ; mais une fois que je suis au *violon* je ne puis plus me contenir.

Est-ce que vous avez jamais été à la Porte ?—Pas tout-à-fait, mais j'y ai bien des fois mis un huissier.

Aimez-vous aller à la chasse, monsieur le Baron ?—Pas tout-à-fait, monseigneur ; je n'aime pas trop m'exposer à ces *chiens d'arrêt*.

Dis-moi, Gustave, tu as un penchant pour la guerre ?—Pas tout-à-fait, mon oncle ; j'ai seulement une soif dévorante pour les *canons*.

Vous n'avez jamais assisté à une séance de l'Académie ?—Pas tout-à-fait, madame ; je ne suis aucun partisan du système des *travaux forcés*.

Est-ce que vous avez jamais été sur la scène ?—Pas tout-à fait ; mais je me suis baigné bien des fois dans la rivière à Paris.

THE CASSOON FOR "THE LIGHT OF ALL NATIONS."

The latest dates (but one) from the Cassoon were of the most cheering description, and notified the fact that "all were doing well ;" but the latest dates of all are of a very alarming character. It appears that the Cassoon retired to its bed—of sand—over night in its usual health; when, probably from being too much puffed up at the success that was at last in view, the unhappy machine burst and blew up late on Saturday. We should be sorry to say anything harsh of the defunct. As the "light of all nations" is completely out, we presume that the whole world will be wrapped in gloom for the next fortnight. After the melancholy event that has happened, there will be no occasion to accept our liberal offer of an extinguisher, made elsewhere.

THE GAMUT AND THE DRAMA.

Music has charmed the ministerial breast. Lord Wharncliffe advocates "Tweedle-dum" in the Lords; whilst in the Commons, Sir Robert Peel appears for "Tweedle-dee." The singing classes at Exeter-Hall have made themselves heard by the Cabinet, and the gamut as a means of education has, in the shape of a petition, been presented to par-

MUSIC FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.

liament by the prime minister. Do we quarrel with this? By no means. Do we find fault with Sir Robert Peel for his late personal attendance at Exeter-Hall to hear with his own ears the musical strains of the working-classes? Oh, no: though we could wish he had listened more attentively to the terrible music issuing from the cellars of Leeds and Manchester, and let down the corn-laws a peg or two lower in unison with the screams for bread.

But, we ask—when will the prime minister appear in the stage-box of our various theatres? When will he, with an anxiety corresponding to the care he evinces for music, turn his attention to the drama? If Mr. Hullah be worth attention, why should not Mr. Shakspeare? If music for the people be so fine a moral pabulum, is a drama for the people to be considered of no value whatever? When Lord Mahon lately presented his petition from English dramatists, Sir Robert Peel was dumb as an unblown trumpet. Let these play-writers be instructed by a late instance, and have their next petition set to music.

SONGS OF THE SEEDY.—No. XIX.

Oh, why withdraw thy gentle hand,
And bid me to release it?
Aha! thy cuff! I understand—
By heaven I will not crease it.

I'd rather tear my heart from thee,
Though with thee every hope was tangled.
Take back thy hand—thy cuff is free—
Yes, like my feelings, nicely mangled.

You give me back thy hand, aha!
Alas! I can't despise it.
No, by the moon that shines afar,
Too much, cold girl, I prize it.

This pressure shall declare my love,
Sweet hand! why from me shouldst thou wean it?
That blush! I see, you thought the glove
Smelt of the stuff they use to clean it.

No matter, dearest, though thy dress
Were damaged, turn'd, and dyed;
I still would all my love confess,
And take thee for my bride.

Though thou wert even doom'd to wear
Cheap habit-shirts at one-and-nine,
Or shoes at two-and-six the pair,
Though seedy, thou shouldst still be mine.

THE LATE THUNDER-STORM.

A most singular accident occurred during the storm of Thursday. A person was sitting in a public-house, when the fluid passed from the cellar below to the beer above, and having entered a pewter pot, was conducted down his throat; and the phenomenon having been repeated several times, the individual became at last completely prostrate. An uninterrupted succession of "flashes of lightning," conducted through the medium of an ordinary gin-glass, were seen to pass rapidly into the mouth of a party, upon whom the fluid soon began to take a wonderful effect, causing him to stagger from side to side, and ultimately, throwing him with some violence into a gutter.

A curious incident occurred in a crowd: the finger of an individual suddenly became light, and was conducted with electrical velocity into another person's pocket, when being attracted by the metal, it struck upon the whole of it, and then glided off, so that the bolt which usually follows was quite in another direction.

THE PHARISEES' SUNDAY.

Mr. Plumptre and some others of his holy party have, for some days past, taken to their beds, horror-stricken by the late motion of Mr. Hume, the object of which was—the further desecration of the English Sunday. Here is the excellent, the camphorated Plumptre, assisted by a godly few, endeavouring to give the sleepers of the railways a sound nap on the Sabbath—to stop the pistons of the steam-boats on the *seventh* day—to prevent the unrighteous milking of cows, and suckling of parish children on the Sunday! Here is the disciple of Agnew striving, with all his righteous might, to make the day of rest a day of tribulation, and to invest the profane holiday-maker with orthodox sack-cloth and ashes, when the infidel member for Montrose steps forth, and proposes—that the British Museum, the National Gallery, and other public buildings, be opened for the recreation of unbelief on the Sabbath! Yes: making a distinct proposal that the false gods of Egypt should be visible on Sundays—that the voluptuous iniquities of Titian and Poussin, should be made public on the seventh day!

This motion is, however, very properly met by the argument—so powerful and so humane—that to open the British Museum and the National Gallery on the Sunday, would be to add a day's labour to the people employed there. Of course it would be impossible to have a distinct body of Sunday door-keepers and attendants; there being, especially in these times of national prosperity, no unemployed hands. For this reason tens of thousands are, on a fine aristocratic principle, sacrificed to some small fifty.

One honorable member, however, with a fine knowledge of the human heart, observed, that as in these days the working-man was frequently in want of employment, he might very well devote his unoccupied time to the contemplation of antiquities and works of art in lieu of making them a Sabbath recreation. There is not the slightest doubt that when a man knows not where to get a dinner for his wife and family, he is in the best possible temperament to receive the influences of antiquity and highest art. If he want bread-and-cheese, he is doubtless in the best possible mood to contemplate an Egyptian mummy; if his wife and young ones need a breakfast, it is but to delay their usual hour for the meal, and then to take them to feed off the fruit-pieces in the National Gallery.

The motion of Mr. Hume has, however, not been without its effect. We fear, in the end, the spirit that dictated it will prevail. The Museum and the Gallery are, for the present, closed on Sundays: so for a time there are left for the people—the Eagle Tavern and the Red-House at Battersea.

HUME'S TOUCH OF HUMOUR

Mr. Hume made a speech in the House the other night, which never was surpassed for its energetic truthfulness. "I am a fool," said the Honourable Member for Montrose, and applauding "Hears" confirmed the accuracy of his statement. It is said that we are generally the last to know ourselves, but it is refreshing to find Mr. Hume coming ultimately to that happy state of enlightenment which has made, at length, clear to him a fact that has been all along palpable to others.

Mr. Hume having happily given up his meddling with large numbers, has at length come down to that very simple figure, *Number One*, and we are glad to find him so accurate in dealing with it. The Honourable Member sits for *Montrose*, and when we remember it is the scene of the *Children of the Mist*, we at once perceive the affinity between the fogginess of the place, and the brains of its representative.

Grandmama seems to have been sadly flustered by the thunderstorm last week. Her report of the damage, in the *Herald* of Friday last, shows how completely her brains must have been addled, as the following extracts tend to prove:—

"The wainscoat has a charred appearance, showing the action of the *elemental fire*" (!)

"Mr. and Mrs. Chenu slept in the first floor, who had been also alarmed, and who had got up."

"The beautiful spire of St. Martin's Church received such injury as to render it unsafe to perform divine service until it has undergone repair."

"Elemental fire!" we presume to be the Herald for *lightning*; but how a first floor can get up frightened, and a spire perform divine service, we are at a loss, with all our acumen, to make out.

There is a house in the City whose accounts are so confused, that hearing the clown at Batty's Circus can balance anything, they have sent for him to see if he can balance their books, which have defied all their efforts.

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

LETTER IV.—ON THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

My dear Child,—You say, you are anxious to select for yourself an agreeable and profitable profession, and solicit my paternal counsel to assist you in your choice. This brings to my recollection, that your darling mother once begged that I would accompany her to a mercer's, to choose a gown. We entered the shop, and desired an inspection of the warehouseman's commodities. Velvets—cut, flowered and plain; satins of all colours; sarsnets; silks, shot with thunder and lightning, muslins, poplins, bombazeens, pompadours—all the beautiful products of the loom were graciously taken from the shelves, and displayed upon the counter before us. Some two or three hours were agreeably passed in this way; when your dear mother, with one of her sweetest smiles, thanked the shopmen for their trouble, then said, "she thought she could only afford a tenpenny gingham."

My dear boy,—I fear it will be thus with you in your choice of a profession. I may, it is true, unroll an archbishop's lawn before you—may call your earnest attention to a Lord Chancellor's ermine,—may request you to feel the weighty bullion of a commander-in-chief's epaulets,—to weigh in your hand the gold-headed cane of a court physician—and when all this is done, you may call for the leather apron of a cobler, or the goose and needle of a tailor.

I wish—and heaven witness my aspiration—that in your birth the law of primogeniture had bound you apprentice to £15,000 per annum, besides my good-will, when I slept beneath a slab of marble: such a calling must be a very pretty business, and believe me, I should have mightily liked to be your master. As fortune has ordered it otherwise, let us look at the professions.

Will you enter the church?—Alas! what a prospect lies before you. Can you discipline your mind and body to fulfil the functions of your office? I will at once suppose you a bishop. Can you, I ask it, satisfy your appetite with merely locusts and wild honey? Will you be content with raiment of sack-cloth, or at the best, linsey-wolsey; and can you answer for your conscience that you will, at all times and in all weathers, be ready to make a pilgrimage to the hovels of the poor; to give comfort to the wretched; to pray beside the straw of the repentant guilty; to show, by your own contempt of the creature blessings of this world, that you look upon the earth as a mere temporary tarrying-place,—a caravanserai where you are awaiting until called beyond the clouds? Consider it; as a bishop, you will be expected to take your seat in the House of Lords. When there, shall you be prepared, with the rest of your brethren, to set a continual pattern of piety and self-denial to the lay-nobles? Will you be ever prompt—as bishops always are—to plead the cause of the wretched; to stand between the sinking poor and the arrogant rich; and with a voice of almost divine thunder wake in the callous hearts of worldlings, a slumbering conscience for their fellow-men? Will you be in the House of Lords, a lump of episcopal camphor,—a bundle of spikenard—a pot of honey? Can you—as all bishops always do—abstain from the lusts of Mammon, and keep your lawn, white and candid as the wings of angels, from the yellow soil of filthy Plutus? Thinking only of the broadest, the shortest, and the best way to heaven,—will you (like all bishops) never meddle with turnpike-acts, nor job with wooden pavements? Eschewing the vanity of coach and footman (as John the Baptist *did*, and all bishops *do*) will you think only of the carriage of Elisha; and turning from the pomps and vanities of an episcopal palace, can you (as all bishops do) feed humbly, lodge lowly,—hungering only for immortal manna,—waiting only to be called to that home—

"Whose glory is the light of setting suns."

My dear boy, examine yourself and say are you equal to all this? I think you are my own flesh and blood, and thinking so, doubt your constancy in this matter. Hence, I would advise you to eschew the church; for unless you could lead a life apostolical, as all bishops always do, what disgrace would you bring upon the bench—what a slander and a bye-word would you be in the mouths of the heathen!

Let us now consider the law, and suppose you called to the bar.—Have you the fortune to support your dignity—have you, for this is more, that gentleness of spirit, that philanthropy of soul, which would make all men brothers, which would pluck from the hearts of your fellow-creatures, malice and dissent, the foul hemlock and nightshade that poison the sweet sources of human love? Consider the change that has come upon the law and its guileless professors. There was, indeed, a golden time, when you might have amassed a fortune by playing bo-peep with Truth; by abusing, reviling her; by showing her virgin innocence to be strumpet infamy; by plucking every pinion from her sky-cleaving wing, and making her a wretch of sordid earth; by causing Truth herself to blush for her nakedness; and more, you might have successfully "moved the court" to punish her for the indecent exposure; and thus Truth, by the potency of your eloquence, might have been handed over to the scourging arm of the beadle, whilst Falsehood, your successful client, should have gone triumphant home, in a carriage-and-four, with white favours! These golden times are past. Then, you might have walked the Hall, gowned and wigged with a harlot tongue to let for hire, carrying any suit into court, as a porter carries any load; then at the Old Bailey you might even have shaken hands with avowed murder in his cell, and fresh from the blood-shot eye, and charnel breath of homicide, have called heaven, and its angels, to witness to the purity of the cut-throat who had paid you so many silver shillings for your exordium, your metaphors, your peroration—your bullying of witnesses, your fierce knocking at the startled hearts of half-bewildered jurymen; threatening the trembling twelve with midnight visits from the ghost of the innocent creature in the dock, if the verdict went for hemp. This you *might* have done, but this is past. Now, Conscience wigs itself, and sits with open door, giving advice gratis. Therefore, can you afford it in purse? and, more; have you the necessary milkyness of humanity—for such is the term simpletons give it—to play the peace-maker between man and man, giving advice, allaying feuds, reconciling neighbour to neighbour, weighing out Justice in her golden scales, and charging not one marivedi for her trouble? Can you, as barrister, write up over your door—as may now be seen in thousands of places—"*Advice given against going to law, gratis.*"

In the olden time, I should have advised you to make an effort for the bar; but with the present romantic notions—for I can give them no worthier name—operating on the profession, you can afford it neither in pocket nor in spirit. To such an extent have barristers carried their peace-making quixotism (of course considerably assisted by their worthier brethren, the attorneys), that the judges have nothing to do. Already the moth is eating up the official ermine!

Will you be a soldier?—Well, I will presume you are a Field-Marshal. A war breaks out: a wicked, unjust war. It may be thought necessary (such a case occurred about a century ago, and may occur again) to cut the throats of a few thousands of Chinese; for no other reason than that the celestial Emperor hath, with his "vermilion pencil," written an edict against the swallowing of British opium. Well you are ordered for the Chinese waters, to blow up, burn, slay, sink—in a word to commit all the beautiful varieties of mischief invented by the devil's toy-woman, Madame Bellona. Well, with the spirit that is now growing in the army—a spirit that has lately developed itself in so many bright examples—you are compelled to throw up in "sublime disgust," your Marshal's baton, and like Cincinnatus, retire to Battersea to cultivate cress and mustard; philosophically preferring those pungent vegetables to laurels stained with the

blood of the innocent, defiled with the tears of the orphan. You may then send your epaulets to Holywell-street, to be burnt for the gold—or sell your uniform to be used, on masquerade nights, at the Lowther Arcade. My dear boy, military glory is not what it used to be. Once people thought it a jewel—a solid ruby. But philosophy has touched what seemed a gem, and has proved it to be only a bubble, blown from blood.

No, you shall neither be Bishop, Chancellor, nor Generalissimo; but, my boy, you shall be——

But that I'll tell you in my next.

"THE EYES OF THE WORLD."

When Mrs. Jenkinson dubitates over the ribbon-box of the mercer, and having fingered some fifty different ribbons, begs the shopman to show her another lot, and then another—and then another—dear Mrs. Jenkinson thinks not so much of her individual taste, cares not so much to gratify her own peculiar love of colour, as to satisfy—nay, delight and astonish—the Eyes of the World! How those Eyes will hang upon her, when she trips and jerks before them; her bonnet radiant with—new trimmings! How those Eyes will smile, and sparkle, and brighten, at the brilliant hues, the lovely pattern, new from the looms of Coventry! How, on the other hand, the Eyes of the World would have drooped, melancholy and dissatisfied—offended, hurt,—if dear Mrs. Jenkinson had selected the orange-coloured ribbon with that vile sprig, in lieu of the beautiful maiden's-blush with the divinest of flowers in it!

Lady Montpellier is trembling on the brink of forty. Every day, that execrable truth-teller, her looking-glass, speaks of fading lilies and roses. How can her Ladyship meet the Eyes of the World, if not as fair and blushing, as when she first came out? Lady Montpellier makes to herself a new face from the cosmetics of the perfumer: she "paints inch-thick," but purely out of respect for—the Eyes of the World!

The Hon. Augustus Markham is flung from his horse one crowded Sunday in Hyde Park. 'Tis a terrible case; for Augustus was remarkable, even at Almack's, for the beauty of his legs. There is, however, a compound fracture, and poor Augustus must lose his left leg a little below the knee. All goes on very favourably, and in a short season the cure is complete. Of course, Markham must be propped upon a wooden leg. What! a wooden leg? Meet the Eyes of the World, supported by a vile piece of naked timber! Be self-exhibited, a miserable cripple, hopping upon wood! Certainly not: no, Augustus Markham will have nothing but a cork leg. "I assure you," says the Surgeon, "in my opinion you will find a wooden leg much more commodious; you will be able to walk better with it—very much better." "No doubt," replies Augustus; "but then, Doctor, I put it to you—how, how, with a wooden leg, should I look in the—Eyes of the World?"

Honest Pilberry—a good-natured and high-minded conveyancer—has, within these two years, become grey, and partially bald. The worthy Pilberry was wont to smile complacently at his curling raven locks; he believes, too, that they were curling and gracious in the Eyes of the World. How, then, shall he appear in his present plight, with a grizzled, half-naked head? For our own part, we are convinced that the sprinkle of white among the black, with a thinning of his profuse tresses, has given him a look of loftiness, a sort of venerable kindliness he had not before. No—no: Pilberry sends for a wig-maker, and straightway, sacrificing all his natural graces, buries his head in artificial locks. The wig is excellently made; nevertheless, something almost like an oath flutters to Pilberry's lips whenever he glances at a mirror. "Ha! that I—with the locks I had—that I should ever be brought to carry dead men's hair!" "Then, my dear Pilberry, why do you do so?" "Why! God bless me! how can you ask the question? How, how, without a wig, how do you think I should look in—the Eyes of the World?"

Pretty Lydia Melrose! She had a nice little figure; straight as a hazel twig: but—for the Eyes of the World—Lydia did not think herself slender enough. Hence, she was laced and laced, and built about with steel sufficient to forge into a cuirass. She moreover eschewed the grossness of meat diet, and lived upon lemons, oranges, almonds and raisins, and such acid light fare. And all this, that she might appear an inch less in the waist to the—Eyes of the World!

Jack Splashly was left five thousand pounds. In an evil hour he became acquainted with young Lord Fusball, who had not as many farthings. Jack played and played, and dressed and dressed, his money running wastefully from his purse like sand from a broken hour-glass. "My dear Jack," said an old acquaintance, "I'm sure you can't afford to ride a horse like that—no, nor to wear diamond studs; nor to—" "My dear fellow," answered Jack, "I quite agree with what you say; but what am I to do! Were I to do otherwise, how the devil could I appear in the—Eyes of the World!"

We have only taken six instances; we might deal in six thousand—illustrative of the foolish sacrifices daily made to the Eyes of the World; which, after all, watchful and intelligent as we deem them, are nine times out of ten as insensible of the offerings we make to them as are the stone and wooden idols of the heathen. The truth is, the Eyes of the World have other employment than to look at us and our doings; and even when they do condescend to give a single glance at us, the chances are, that they either laugh in ridicule, or leer in contempt. Often, when we think we have made them stare again with admiration, they only stare in pity or disgust.

When Mrs. Jenkinson appeared in church in her new ribbon, what did the Eyes of the World? Some of them looked towards the pulpit—some at their prayer-books—but none at Mrs. Jenkinson. Yes; we forgot, two of the Eyes of the World, in the head of Mrs. Grundy, saw the vanity, and the owner of the Eyes thus soliloquised—"Here, again, is that foolish, bedizened Mrs. Jenkinson. A plain ribbon would much better become her!"

The Eyes of the World, looking at Lady Montpellier, exclaim—"What a pity that she should spoil the yet beautiful remains of her beauty with so much filthy paint!"

The Eyes of the World, glancing at Markham's cork leg, and seeing how uneasily he carries it, cry—"Well, certainly the man 's a fool not to prop himself upon wood!"

Pilberry's wig, flashed in the Eyes of the World, excites their contempt. "What an ass is Pilberry, if he thinks there 's anybody gulled by that wig!"

Two of the Eyes of the World, in the head of a linendraper's apprentice, deign to notice the waist of Lydia Melrose. "What a thing!" they cry, "you might put it in a pint-pot—I'd as soon throw my arms round a rolling-pin!" Poor Lydia! she thought the Eyes of the World were staring at her, when they were only the hollow Eyes of Death. At eighteen, vinegar, lemons, and tight lacing sent her, *viâ* consumption, to her grave.

As for Jack Splashly, he spent and dressed for the Eyes of the World; and if they deign to look at him at all, it is through the bars of a prison!

If we would only consider the degree of intelligence in the Eyes of the World—the small degree of attention towards ourselves existing in them—if we would only think of the vacant, selfish, unreflecting stare of the Eyes of the World—or of that portion of it which gazes at us—

Here, good artist, assist us with thy pencil. Show what staring, squinting, goggling, scowling things make up

The Eyes of the World!

THE EYES OF AMERICA.

"Mr. Punch,—As a citizen of the Old Dominion, I have to complain of an universal injustice done to my beloved country. I know it is the slang balderdash of your writers of the Old World to talk about the Eyes of Europe; but never, no never, do you breathe a word about the Eyes of America. Do you think, Mr. Punch, that because she is a young

country, like a three-day pup, she has not yet come to her eyes? If such is your opinion, be considerably undeceived. I herewith send you a portrait of "The Eyes of America," which I desire you will permit to stare upon the face of Europe, and am—

"Yours,

"SAM SLICK, THE YOUNGER."

In obedience to the peremptory demand of our correspondent, and withal a little conscience-stricken by the truth of his accusation, we let America look from our pages. It will be observed that, at this moment, America has a double squint—one eye contemplating a dollar, the other eye watching a slave.

THE LIGHT OF ALL NATIONS.

THIS glorious effort, to keep a rushlight constantly burning on the Goodwin Sands, has not as yet experienced the success that the friends of humanity could desire. A curious contrivance called a *Cassoon* was last year taken down to Deal, and an enthusiastic mob were anxiously watching its embarkation for the spot appointed for its reception, when, by some untoward accident, the *Cassoon* got pitched overboard, and was swamped in the harbour before the eyes of an agitated populace.

The exertions of a number of "friends to the good cause," who may be termed in this case "obstinate adherents of the swamped cassoon," have succeeded, after a year's raking and poking among the sands, in fishing up the remnants of the unfortunate machine, which has been riveted in one place, soldered in another, joisted here, and spliced there, until the fragments have been got into something like union. With this *Cassoon*, a party of enthusiasts started off the other day to the Goodwin Sands, for the purpose of fixing it as the contemplated candlestick in which the (rush) Light of all Nations is destined to glimmer.

Every thing went on in a very promising manner until the moment arrived for fixing the *Cassoon*, when the obstinate machine fell head-foremost into the sand, and the top part is consequently firmly embedded instead of the bottom.

What is to become of the "Light of all Nations" is now a very puzzling question. We propose that as the *Cassoon*, or candlestick, is irretrievably upside down, the original plan should be extended by placing the Light of all Nations on the Save-all of the Universe, and appending to it the Snuffers of the Spheres. The whole set-out will be complete, with the

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

exception of an Extinguisher, which Punch feels great pleasure in offering. Whether Boreas will be so polite as to refrain from blowing "the Light of all Nations" out, does not seem to have entered the head of the promoters of the project.

COMIC BALLADS FOR THE BOUDOIR.—No. II.

THE ANXIOUS MOTHER.

(A BEFORE-DINNER LYRIC.)

SCENE.—*The Library in a Country House. Time, Quarter to Six,* P.M.

JANE, love! let black be *your* attire,
(In velvet you look thinner),
Be civil to the booby squire
Sir John has ask'd to dinner.
He's horses—hounds—a fine estate—
(At least so writes your brother);
But of all things, you know, I hate
A *calculating mother!*

Emma, *ma belle!* pray wear the blue
That at the floral *fête*, love,
Such mark'd observance tow'rds you drew—
(Though all such *ruse* I hate, love).
But young Sir Harry may drop in
Before the evening closes;
I heard him praise your mouth and chin,
And say your lips were roses.

My sweetest Julia! let your hair
Fall lightly down your shoulders;
Those stiff French plaits on brows so fair
Lack taste to all beholders.
Sir Mark—Lord Lackland's eldest son,
Now canvassing the county—
Has been invited; every one
Is speaking of his bounty.

He p'rhaps may come; his colours place
Careless—about your dress, love;
A lurking *penchant* there I trace
For *some one*—you may guess love.
Fanny, my pet! that cheek's pale tint
Wants *just a tinge* to warm it:
Oblige me, dear; there's nothing in't;
The *leetlest* touch won't harm it.

Clara! that giraffe form, my dear,
Is best, I think, away;
So you with Mad'moiselle St. Pierre
Must in the school-room stay.
Besides, that low consumptive cough
Is really quite distressing:
Some of your sisters must go off,
Ere I direct *your* dressing.

Bless me! is that the dinner bell
The half-hour's notice ringing?
Quick—to your chambers!—weave the spell
To well-dress'd beauty clinging.
You've lunch'd at two; now I entreat
All appetite you'll smother
At seven—men hate to see girls eat.
Heigho! WHO'D BE A MOTHER?

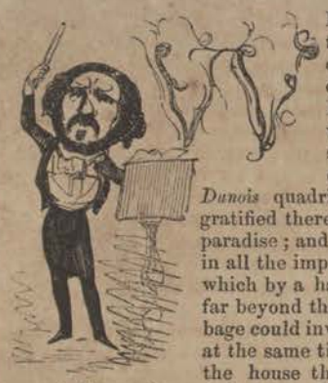
ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS.

THE Observatory at Greenwich has lately suffered considerably from the rivalry of three or four pensioners on the top of the Hill, who have added museums of natural history—on a small scale—to the more lofty attractions of astronomy. We visited no less than four of these collections last week, and were particularly gratified by the inspection of four different cockchafers under four different microscopes. We were induced to look through one of the telescopes, and our attention was particularly called to a spot on the glass, which we were informed was Windsor Castle. We were also much pleased by the contemplation of a neighbouring tree through one of the cut drops of a glass chandelier, when the single tree had all the appearance of several. For this rich treat the visitor is not expected to give more than sixpence to the gallant veteran who furnishes the means of enjoying it. The stranger may sometimes be fortunate enough to obtain the use of a piece of coloured glass, which, if his imagination is very powerful, may aid him in the idea that the scene is moonlight, if it happens to be a bit of a green bottle that has been placed in his hand by the accommodating "Heart of British Oak," who charges nothing and only expects a small silver coin for all the facilities afforded to the curious in these matters.

We understand that the authorities at the Observatory are about to remonstrate against the inroad made upon its peculiar province by the pensioners.

PHYSIOLOGY OF THE LONDON IDLER.

CHAPTER VII.—OF CERTAIN OTHER GENTS.



HEN the Concerts d'Eté usurped the place of the regular drama at our theatres, and the attractions of Kean and Macready yielded to Koenig and Musard—when Juliet was neglected for Jullien, Prospero for Prospère, and the Pistol of Henry IV. for the pistol of the *Dunois* quadrilles—the Gent was exceedingly gratified thereby. The Promenade became his paradise; and he used to walk round and round, in all the importance of a pair of cleaned kids, which by a happy "economy of manufacture," far beyond the cheapest arrangement Mr. Babbage could invent, had been revived and scented at the same time for twopence. In the tour of the house the Gent kept his face constantly towards the audience (admiring the young ladies in the dress tier), with the pertinacity of the grand banners in stage processions, which, painted only on one side, appear to be endowed with some heliotropic principle, that causes their emblazoned surfaces to revolve always on the same plane with the footlights.

We were rather inquieted as to what the Gents would do when these concerts were finally closed. We made great search, and found at length that the majority emigrated to the musical taverns, where, under the combined influence of Bellini, bottled beer, and brandy-and-water, they contrived to get through the evening, deriving additional excitement from the novelty of seeing Sonnambula performed through a haze of tobacco-smoke.

But the grand gathering of Gents is alone to be met with, in one universal *réunion* of all their varieties, on board the Sunday steamboats. No city in the world produces so many holiday specimens of tawdry vulgarity as London; and the river appears to be the point towards which all the countless myriads converge. Their strenuous attempts to ape *gentility*—a bad style of word, we admit, but one peculiarly adapted to our purpose—are to us more painful than ludicrous; and the labouring man, dressed in the usual costume of his class, is in our eyes far more respectable than the Gent, in his dreary efforts to assume a style and *tournure* which he is so utterly incapable of carrying out.

When joining a "steamboat excursion," the Gent never sits on the regular benches placed for that purpose. He prefers the top of the cabin-door—the steps of the paddle-boxes—the platform on which the steersman is elevated, and the like situations. Here you may always see him with a questionable newspaper and a bottle of stout, a light blue stock, and, being Sunday, a very new hat, and a pair of clean white trousers; with Berlin gloves, which he carries in his hand: for, indeed, not being used to them, nothing presents so perfect an idea of tolerated discomfort as a Sunday Gent in a pair of gloves. We can only compare his hands, when suffering under the infliction, to those of a Guy Fawkes, or the tailors' dressed-up dummies, before alluded to.

The Gent usually prefers travelling outside an omnibus, smoking a cigar thereon, and sitting next to the driver, in order that he may reap the benefit of his anecdotes and remarks concerning the horses and vehicle, to which the Gent replies at intervals, "Ah," and "Yes," and "I should say not," and "Just so," with other expletive phrases of unmeaning dialogue. He speaks also of "a party he knows," and is much interested at hearing that the off horse worked "in the fust buss as ever Shillibeer started, and was took from the Padd'n'ton line to be put on the Elephant." He is also informed of the singular speculation in which "the guvner give a fippun note for that little mare, and was offered eight sovrins for her within a week, though she was a reg'lar bag o' bones;" upon which the Gent observes that "very often those sort of horses are the best:" having delivered himself of which opinion, he rolls his cigar about in his mouth, gives a whiff, and then removes it between his middle and ring finger, to offer it to another Gent, who begs the favour of a light.

There is a species of Gent who, moving only in a third or fourth-rate sphere, goes to a party in a white cravat, and turned-up wrist-bands, and carries his hat into the room; he is generally an immense card. We chanced to stand next to a specimen of this kind one evening in a quadrille, and the only remark we heard him make, was inquiring of his partner, after two or three false starts, whether she preferred dancing on a carpet or the bare boards; to which the young lady replied, having looked down to see what the floor was, that she might not put her foot in it (figuratively speaking), that she preferred a carpet she thought; and this was the beginning and end of the conversation.

A sample of this variety fixed himself upon us the other day as we were taking a stroll—merely upon the casual intimacy of an evening party some two or three weeks before, where we had procured him some trifle, solely because we did not choose to run the chance of allowing him to approach the table, or stand near the pretty girl over whose white shoulder we stretched our arm to help him. We found out he was minutely particular about his deportment in the street, and a pretty treat we gave him. First of all we rattled our stick against all the area railings of the houses; then we bought penny bunches of cherries at the stalls, and munched them as we went along, continually pressing him to take some, or propelling the stones, by six at a time, along the pavement in front of us. We cut off the angles of all the squares, and ran very fast across all the crossings; and then took off a little boy's cap and carried it a short way with us, to provoke a few salutations in our wake, of that pleasing and forcible kind which only little boys can give with such piquancy of expression. We finally got rid of him, by insisting upon stopping at the corner of Berner's Street to see Punch—an exhibition we never, by any means, omit playing audience to; although we know many Gents who think their station in society would be lost for ever, were they once observed taking the slightest interest in anything so common.

MISS TICKLETOBY'S LECTURES ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

LECTURE IV.—EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.—HAROLD.—WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

ING CANUTE, whose adventures at the watering-place my young friend Mr. Simcoe described last week in such exquisite verse (and I am afraid that the doings at watering-places are not often so moral), died soon after, having repented greatly of his sins. It must have been Graves-end, I think, where the king grew so thoughtful.

[Here Miss T. was rather disappointed that nobody laughed at her pun; the fact is, that Miss ——, the usher, had been ordered to do so, but, as usual, missed her point.]

Before he died, he made a queer sort of reparation for all the sins, robberies, and murders that he committed—he put his crown on the head of the statue of a saint in Canterbury, and endowed no end of monasteries. And a great satisfaction it must have been to the relatives of the murdered people, to see the king's crown on the saint's head; and a great consolation to those who had been robbed, to find the king paid over all their money to the monks.

Some descendants of his succeeded him, about whom there is nothing particular to say, nor about King Edward the Confessor, of the Saxon race, who succeeded to the throne when the Danish family failed, and who was canonised by a Pope two hundred years after his death—his holiness only knows why.

Spooney, my dears, is a strong term, and one which, by a sensitive female, ought to be employed only occasionally; but SPOONEY, I emphatically repeat (*immense sensation*), is the only word to characterise this last of the regular Saxon kings. He spent his time at church, and let his kingdom go to rack and ruin. He had a pretty wife, whom he never had the spirit to go near; and he died, leaving his kingdom to be taken by any one who could get it.

A strong gallant young fellow, Harold by name, stepped forward, and put the crown on his head, and vowed to wear it like a man. Harold was the son of Earl Godwin that we spoke of in the last lecture, a great resolute fellow, who had been fighting King Edward's enemies while the king was singing psalms, and praying the saints to get rid of them, and turned out with a sword in his hand, and a coat of mail on his body, whilst the silly king staid at home in a hair shirt, scourging and mortifying his useless old body.

Harold then took the crown (though, to be sure, he had no right to it, for there was a nephew of the late king, who ought to have been first served), but he was not allowed to keep undisturbed possession of it very long, for the fact is, somebody else wanted it.

You all know who this was—no other than William, Duke of Normandy, a great and gallant prince (though I must say his mother was no better than she should be *), who had long had a wish to possess the noble realm of England, as soon as the silly old Confessor was no more. Indeed, when Harold was abroad, William had told him as much, making him swear to help him in the undertaking. Harold swore, as how could he help it? for William told him he would have his head off if he didn't, and then broke his oath on the first opportunity.

Some nine months, then, after Harold had assumed the crown, and just as he had come from killing one of his brothers, (they were pretty quarrelsome families, my dears, in those days,) who had come to England on a robbing excursion, Harold was informed that the Duke of Normandy had landed with a numerous army of horse, foot, and marines, and proposed, as usual, to stay.

Down he went as fast as the coach could carry him, (for the Kentish railroad was not then open,) and found Duke William at Hastings, where both parties prepared for a fight.

You, my darlings, know the upshot of the battle very well; and though I'm a delicate and sensitive female; and though the Battle of Hastings occurred—let me see, take 1066 from 1842—exactly seven hundred and seventy-six years ago; yet I can't help feeling angry to think that those beggarly, murderous Frenchmen should have beaten our honest English as they did.—(Cries of "Never mind, we've given it 'em since.")—Yes, my dears, I like that spirit—we *have* given it 'em since, as the Duke of Wellington at Badajos, and my late lamented br-r-other, Ensign Samuel T-t-tickletoby, at B-b-bunhill Row, can testify.—(The lecturer's voice was here choked with emotion, owing to the early death of the latter lamented hero.)—But don't let us be too eager for military glory, my friends. Look! we are angry because the French beat us eight hundred years ago! And do you suppose *they* are not angry because we beat *them* some five-and-twenty years back? Alas! and alas! this is always the way with that fighting; you can't satisfy both parties with it, and I do heartily hope that one day there 'll be no such thing as a soldier left in all Europe—(A voice, "And no *police* neither.")

Harold being dead, His Majesty, King William—of whom, as he now became our legitimate sovereign, it behoves every loyal heart to speak with respect—took possession of England, and, as is natural, gave all the good places at his disposal to his party. He turned out the English noblemen from their castles, and put his Norman soldiers and knights into them. He and his people had it all their own way; and though the English frequently rebelled, yet the king managed to quell all such disturbances, and reigned over us for one-and-twenty years. He was a gallant soldier, truly—stern, wise, and prudent, as far as his own interests were concerned, and looked up to by all other Majesties as an illustrious monarch.

But great as he was in public, he was rather uncomfortable in his family, on account of a set of unruly sons whom he had—for their Royal Highnesses were always quarrelling together. It is related that one day being at tea with her Majesty the Queen, and the young Princes, at one of his castles in Normandy, (for he used this country to rob it chiefly, and not to live in it,) a quarrel ensued, which was certainly very disgraceful. Fancy, my darlings, three young princes sitting at tea with their papa and mama, and being so rude as to begin throwing water at one another! The two younger, H.R.H. Prince William, and H.R.H. Prince Henry, actually flung the slop-basin, or some such thing, into the face of H.R.H. Prince Robert, the King's eldest son.

H. R. Highness was in a furious rage, although his brothers declared that they were only in play; but he swore that they had insulted him; that his papa and mama favoured them and not him, and drawing his sword, vowed that he would have their lives. His Majesty with some difficulty got the young princes out of the way, but nothing would appease Robert, who left the castle vowing vengeance. This passionate and self-willed young man was called *Court-hose*, which means in French *short inexpressibles*, and he was said to have worn shorts, because his *limbs* were of that kind.

Prince Shorts fled to a castle belonging to the King of France, who was quite jealous of Duke Robert, and was anxious to set his family by the ears; and the young Prince began forthwith robbing his father's dominions, on which that monarch marched with an army to besiege him in his castle.

Here an incident befel, which while it shows that Prince Robert (for all the shortness of his legs) had a kind and brave heart, will at the same time point out to my beloved pupils the dangers—the awful dangers of disobedience. Prince Robert and his knights sallied out one day against the besiegers, and engaged the horsemen of their party. Seeing a warrior on the other side doing a great deal of execution, Prince Robert galloped at him sword in hand, and engaged him. Their vizors were down, and they banged away at each other, like—like *good-uns*. (Hear, hear.)

At last Prince Robert hit the other such a blow, that he felled him from his horse, and the big man tumbling off cried "Oh, murder!" or "Oh, I'm done for!" or something of the sort.

Fancy the consternation of Prince Robert when he recognised the voice of his own father! He flung himself off his saddle as quick as

his little legs would let him, ran to his father, knelt down before him, besought him to forgive him, and begged him to take his horse and ride home. The king took the horse, but I'm sorry to say he only abused his son, and rode home as sulky as possible.

However he came soon to be in a good humour, acknowledged that his son Prince Shortlegs was an honest fellow, and forgave him, and they fought some battles together, not against each other, but riding bravely side by side.

So having prospered in all his undertakings, and being a great Prince and going to wage war against the French King, who had

* Miss Tickletoby's rancour against Edward's treatment of his wife, and her sneer at the Conqueror's mother, are characteristic of her amiable sex.

offended him, and whose dominions he vowed to set in a flame, the famous King William of England, having grown very fat in his old age, received a hurt while riding, which made him put a stop to his projects of massacring the Frenchmen, for he felt that his hour of death was come.

As usual, after a life of violence, blood, and rapine, he began to repent on his death-bed; uttered some religious sentences which the chroniclers have recorded, and gave a great quantity of the money which he had robbed from the people to the convents and priests.

The moment the breath was out of the great king's body, all the courtiers ran off to their castles expecting a war. All the abbots went to their abbeys, where they shut themselves up. All the shopkeepers closed their stalls, looking out for riot and plunder, and the king's body being left quite alone, the servants pillaged the house where he lay, leaving the corpse almost naked on the bed. And this was the way they served the greatest man in Christendom! [Much sensation, in the midst of which the lecturer retired.]

Foreign Intelligence.

Our letters from Chelsea speak of some rejoicings at Cremorne House, on the occasion of a local marriage. Gymnastic exercises were proposed, and the chivalric game of the sandbag was played with great spirit by a few knightly individuals, who allowed themselves to be levelled to the turf with much British bravery. The Quintain was also resorted to, but the wooden machinery having got the dry-rot, a great deal of useless valour was expended; for, on the first blow, the whole affair fell to atoms. Nevertheless, the company were much delighted with this temporary return to the valiant customs of the days of chivalry.

A SCENE IN KENILWORTH.

The Viceroy of Hammersmith had been confined to his lodgings by a severe hoarseness, which had prevented him from issuing the usual mandates. Several pilgrims have passed through the town in pursuit of health, and many have stopped at the pump to take the waters.

The Gas-light question is likely to be revived next winter at Kensington; and those heart-burnings which have been allowed to sleep during the long days, when it has continued light until a late hour, will most probably break out during the autumn and winter with increased bitterness.

THE GROTTOS.

These interesting structures were extremely numerous last week throughout the Metropolis, and in most of the suburbs. The prevailing style of architecture was Composite, and the dome-like roof was observed to be decidedly the favourite. Smirke's celebrated cupola was much copied, and Wren's Gothic arch was evidently the pattern that had been followed in designing the aperture to admit the rushlight.

As the Grottos are emphatically public buildings, we can have no hesitation in alluding to them; and indeed it is a remarkable circumstance in the history of our own time that the Metropolis should be annually adorned by the simultaneous erection, in every quarter, of shelly edifices, which are all produced without the aid of capital, and by the means of juvenile industry. The public were freely invited to view the buildings; and the stranger had an opportunity of inspecting a very interesting series of exteriors. It it true that the youthful architects were rather urgent in their attempts to levy a tax, though trifling, on the pockets of the passenger; but this is an evil which has been always complained of with reference to public buildings in this country. It is to be hoped that any legislation on this subject will be framed with a view to the Grottos, which are at present disgraced by a system of paltry importunity for petty sums under the plea of retaining the erections in the memory, and the disgusting phrase of "Remember the Grotto" is consequently intruded on the ears of the passenger.

A PAGE FROM "THE GREAT METROPOLIS."

Adjoining the House of Lords is a public-house which enjoys the exclusive patronage of the coachmen and footmen in waiting upon the hereditary wisdom of the empire.

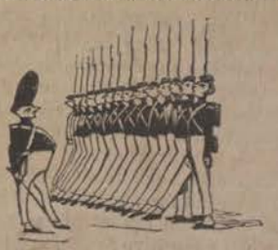
Some years ago it was discovered that one-third of these motley gentlemen rejoiced in the name of Smith, one-sixth in the name of Brown, and one-sixth in the name of Jones, whilst the remaining third had their patronymics from the varied columns of Pigot's Directory.

In order to remedy the confusion consequent upon this unfortunate similarity of names, it was enacted:

"That on and from the 12th day of June, 1839, every Member of this Honourable Public House shall be spoken of and spoken to by the title and designation of the fortunate individual who has the honour of paying him his wages, and supplying him his livery. And be it further enacted, that should any Member of this Honourable Public House infringe the above regulations, he shall be liable to pay for as many glasses of 'hot with' or 'cold without', as there are gentlemen's gentlemen present."

Signed, George Smith, Jones Jones, John Smith, Peter Brown, Isaac Smith, Owen Jones, Hector Smith, Paul Brown, Smith Smith, Abraham Hall. } Members of the Privy Council.

In consequence of this politic arrangement, it very seldom occurs that any person pays twice, as was the case formerly—sometimes. During the hours that are occupied in debate by their noble and honourable masters, a colloquy something like the following may be heard:—



PRIVATE PRACTICE.

1st Footman.—Waiter—a go of gin.

Waiter.—Very well, my lord—(*calls*) A go of gin for the Bishop of London!

2d Footman.—A pint of mild ale and a shee-root.

Waiter.—Yes, Sir James—(*calls*) A pint of mild ale and a shee-root for Sir James Graham.

1st Footman.—I say, Sir James.

2d Footman.—What *is* it, my Lord?

1st Footman.—Lord Melbourne and Sir Robert Peel have made it up again; they smoked a pipe together last night.

3d Footman.—I shall be happy to toss the Duke of Wellington for six pen'orth of rum and water.

4th Footman.—I never take rum, but the Lord Chancellor does.

5th Footman.—I'm your man, Mr. Roebuck; Newmarket, of course.

6th Footman.—I say, Mr. Speaker, you owe me a shilling.

7th Footman.—So I do, Mr. Hume; and I must continue to owe it. Who 's eating onions?

6th Footman.—Lord Londonderry.

8th Footman.—It's not me, it's Lord Palmerston; I'm having part of a cowheel with the Duke of Devonshire.

4th Footman.—Anybody seen Lord John Russell to-night?

6th Footman.—I have—he's gone to lay down. He's taken something that has disagreed with him. I believe it's six glasses of gin and water.

Waiter.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer 's wanted.

9th Footman.—Am I?—somebody lend us a penny.

OH, REMEMBER THE GROT.

Oh, remember the grot, where the gifts of the ocean
Are form'd, by the hand of ingenious youth,
Into shapes that present a fantastical notion
Of something that's very like nothing, in truth.
Oh, pass not in scorn the small alley or turning,
Where a low pile of oyster-shells marks out the spot;
While a candle within seems to say, as 'tis burning,
"Flare up once a-year, and remember the grot."

OPENING OF THE OYSTER SEASON.

This glorious festival came off last week with all the *éclat* of former years; and our own reporter having been despatched to the spot, we are enabled to give the following particulars.

Billingsgate was a scene of bustle and confusion from first to last, and vehicles of every description were waiting on the beach, to do honour to native worth in the usual manner.

Mr. Goldham, the Inspector of Fish, whose duty it is to rub his nose every morning along the whole line of fish-stalls, was very soon upon the ground, having slipped on a piece of orange-peel at the entrance of the market. Mr. Goldham wore the insignia of the Doubtful Mackarel, and was looking remarkably well. He was preceded by a division of police; and having gone through the awful ceremony of condemning a quart of stale shrimps, he gave a long audience to a suspicious-looking flounder, which was, however, permitted to remain in the market.

The grand ceremony of the day at length commenced; and, in looking from that busy shore on to those well-laden vessels, it was impossible that the bosom of the spectator should not feel a thrill of pride, as he said to himself, "Those—those are English craft; and this—ay, this—is British commerce!" Mr. Goldham, who had been looking remarkably well all the morning, now began to look considerably better; for the flush of ambition lighted up his features, as he surveyed the Oyster fleet riding before him in the offing of Billingsgate.

At precisely the proper hour the word was given to land; when the coast was immediately thronged with natives, some carried in sacks on the shoulders of the people, and others brought in basket-loads on to the beach, where Mr. Goldham, having in vain endeavoured to preserve his dignity, was at length regularly run down, and compelled to seek the hospitality of an adjacent wine-vault.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF COURTSHIP.

Chapter VI.—Of what a man does when he is rejected.

The astonishment of Apollo when he was kicked out of Heaven—the surprise of Sancho Panza when disappointed of his dukedom—the wonder of Joseph Hume when out-voted at Leeds, were tame, quiet manifestations of chagrin compared with those which break from a man who is rejected.

The man who is rejected jumps into his cab, and being determined to drive home and hide his despair in the deepest recesses of the Albany, gallops off in a contrary direction, at a rate which causes sober wayfarers to keep close to the wall, and basket-women to tremble for their stalls. Being suddenly brought to a halt by a regiment of brewers' drags in the City, he comes for a moment to his senses, and makes up his mind to visit his banker, from whom he demands letters of credit upon every town or city from Calais to Pesth, having suddenly formed a desire to scamper over the Continent of Europe, and to bury his sorrows in the deserts of Arabia, instead of his chambers in the Albany.

Notwithstanding this stern determination, he gets, somehow or other, to his rooms at an early hour the next morning, and flings himself on the bed. During a restless sleep, his brain is visited with an exquisite amalgam, in which the hopes, disappointments, events, and determinations of the past day are mixed up in tortuous confusion. An angel in Brussels lace and butterfly's wings is first presented to his disordered imagination, in the likeness of Rose Robinson (for we are tearing a leaf out of the history of Frank Kennedy, which, nevertheless, fits the records of most rejected lovers), who appears as an Eastern houri, torn from his arms by the Honourable Mrs. Couple, in the form of an Arabian Bedouin, who drags her from his longing arms upon a brewer's dray, driven by an Hungarian Chief across the frontiers of Prussia, to the eastern extremity of Cheapside. He then fancies himself at his banker's, playing at short whist, and—transforming the clerks into waiters at Evans's;—when asked "how he will take" his check for five hundred pounds, desires it in "sheep's kidneys, stewed in cayenne, and fried in brandy," with a bowl of punch made of Guinness's stout, and Moet's champagne. Whilst the senior cashier is singing "The Humours of a Country Fair," he espies Sir Charles Simper talking to the houris at the bar in Brussels lace and butterfly's wings; whereupon he finds himself in Battersea Fields, directly opposite to a screw barrel, himself discharging another, loaded to the muzzle. At last he wakes with his nightcap pulled tightly over his face, and a choking sensation in his throat—such as is felt by persons a few weeks after they have been found out in a murder.

Returning consciousness brings its desolation, together with an active curiosity about the taste of prussic acid, and he wonders if he were to send for an ounce of magnesia, whether the apothecary's apprentice could be kind enough to make a mistake, and supply in its place sugar-of-lead. At all risks he orders soda-water and strong coffee, with writing materials to follow; desiring his servant, meantime, to clean his duelling-pistols.

Having dressed and settled himself before his writing-desk, he selects a sharp-pointed pen, and determines to give the wayward lady another chance; for of course she has by this time quite repented of her refusal. After breaking the nebs of several steel pens and bitten two or three quills into shreds, he boldly inscribes upon the paper these words—"After the agony I have suffered,"—and then waits another visitation from the epistolary Muses, with upturned eyes and intense resignation. But a moment's consideration assures him that "agony" is not a happy expression so indiscriminately applied as it is to the toothache and the feelings of the heart; he therefore scores it out and substitutes "torture;" by which time he is inspired with another brilliant member of the sentence by adding to "After the torture I have suffered" a piece of pleasing intelligence in the words "I sit down"—then, at the end of another pause, "to express"—what, he is unable at the moment to make up his mind.

This half-sentence having completely exhausted his epistolary treasury, he suddenly remembers an adage which declares that none but the courageous deserve the favour of the fair; and he thinks it his duty to call his rival out. With a degree of alacrity and readiness which would do honour to a Treasury secretary, he pens a note to a friend in the Army to come to him immediately, occupying the interval by hunting up from the corners of his memory some decent excuse for asking his antagonist to be so good as to stand up to be shot at. Having recollected, that at the club on the previous evening, he had put forth a flat contradiction to an assertion of the rejected that the Bishop of Jerusalem wore a silk apron on landing at Alexandria, he sends by his friend the Major an application for instant apology, which, if carefully nursed and skilfully fermented, he trusts will, with care and the blessings of good management, come to a speedy duel.

Having eased his conscience in this matter, he actually accomplishes a letter of expostulation to his adored, and awaits the answer in tremulous expectation. He knows well enough what will be its purport—it will evince a mortification of her rejection. In that case, he will have a good mind to take her at her word, and never see her more! Yet—can he be cruel? Can he let remorse lie like a worm i' the bud, and feed on her damask cheek? Can he relentlessly marry the tailer's widow with a plum, to spite the lovely Rose with a mere twenty-three thousand? Forbid it, feeling! forbid it, generosity! He *will* respond to her forthcoming half-retracting note in a gentle, forgiving spirit. He will not disappoint her—fickle, capricious as she has been. In short, he will on no account whatever break her heart.

With this charitable resolve, the rejected takes up the news-

paper—peradventure the *Morning Post*—and finds, by a paragraph in a conspicuous column, that there is to be a marriage in high life; and—terrible suspicion!—that the initials which the reporter is only entrusted to print correspond with those of his rival and his rejectress.

His suspicions are confirmed by the next post, which brings his own letter enclosed in a stiff note from Mrs. Couple—unopened! To add to his misfortunes, some bungling has occurred about the duel, and it cannot come off. He becomes reckless, and goes over to Boulogne, plays, walks on the pier, criticises the fish-women, and gets tired of France. Having made an arrangement with his creditors, he returns to London to spread havoc amongst the hearts of all unmarried well-dowered damsels or widows he may happen to meet with.

THE INCOME-TAX.

The assessors are delivering documents to be filled up with the amount of income, and Punch has received a paper, but is unable to fill it up for various reasons. The greater part of Punch's assets are collected in a hat, and he generally spends all his money without counting it, so that the assessor must be a clever fellow if he ever finds out what it comes to. Punch never could yet, and he does not think he ever will accomplish so nice an arithmetical achievement.

It has been liberally arranged by the Government that every man shall be allowed twenty-one days to ascertain the amount of his income. Our creditors have been several years trying to get at our income, but all their efforts have been hitherto quite unavailing. Whether the assessor will be able to overcome the difficulty remains to be proved.

The shareholders in Waterloo Bridge have had all the money stopped at the Toll-house as a portion of the three per cent. on their

GENERAL PRACTICE AT THE BAR.

hundred pound shares, which are worth about one pound seventeen in the market. This circumstance leaves them the agreeable option of liquidating the interest on the new, the old, and the middle-aged debt out of their own pockets.

The Hammersmith Bridge toll-man, who takes about enough money in the week to pay his own salary, has been called upon to pay the whole amount into the public treasury, as a portion of the Income-tax due from the shareholders.

SONGS OF THE SEEDY.—No. XX.

The world! I hate it; let me quaff
Oblivion's nectar by the quart;
Ha, ha! mine is the maniac's laugh,
The gong that drowns the voice of thought.
Sneer on, ye cold ice-hearted crew;
Think ye, I quail beneath your gaze?
Sneer on; I wear a cloak, 'tis true,
In one of August's hottest days!

Well, what of that? Why, how ye stare,
And how ye grin! Ay, grin again:
You ask me why the cloak I wear;—
It is not cold—it does not rain.
'Tis true, the sun, with scorching heat,
Inflames creation's thirsty throat.
You stare, a thick cloth cloak to meet!
Ha, ha! I've pawn'd my only coat.

Why, how ye jeer! you call me swell,
And say "at no price he will do."
That 's right, my cloak! wrap round me well;
I have no friend—no friend, but you.
I weep—what I! that laugh'd so loud?
No! dry my tears, kind August sun;
Such feelings are not for the crowd:
My cloak, keep close—we'll cut and run.

FUSTIAN JACKETS!

In merry England, labour is ignominy. Your only man is the man with white hands and filbert nails. Adam himself, though soiled with the sweat of Paradise, loses his dignity in his labour. This is a doctrine preached from all the high places of England; enforced by public door-keepers and small park rangers. True respectability lives and grows fat upon the labour of others; it being the more respectable in proportion to the number of hands that feed it. He who digs, or hews, or spins, is a varlet; he who profits by the work, the true man.

In the House of Commons, only a night or two since, Mr. C. Buller adduced a new illustration of this truth. He said the keepers of St. James's Park were particularly ordered "not to admit persons who wore fustian jackets."

The Earl of Lincoln replied: "Men *in their working-dresses* might very well go along the Birdcage-walk."

FUSTIAN.

Surely, here is a sufficient provision for the pedestrian wants of labour; it may not, if in its working dress, intrude upon the greensward of St. James's, but it may, "like a guilty thing," slink along the Birdcage-walk; or, as the Earl humanely added, "the other outer passages." The fustian jacket is a social abomination—the livery of ignominious labour, and only to be suffered with due discretion to approach the precincts of the royal palace. Is it the Earl of Lincoln's fault if labouring men will persist in wearing the objectionable habit? Is the Earl to be blamed if carpenters, plumbers, house-painters, and others, will obstinately refuse to do their daily work in superfine Saxony?

SUPERFINE SAXON.

However, it is gratifying to know that the labouring man has sometimes his honours. At the recent Agricultural Meeting, held at Bristol, the "health of the labourer" was drunk. There was no one labourer present—not even a sample of the animal at a side-table. Neither do we hear that any dinner has been provided for him by the meeting in his own county. Of this, however, we are assured—his health was drunk!

REVIVAL OF TRADE.

We are happy to hear good accounts of the revival of trade in all quarters. Peg-tops have taken a decided turn, and the spinners are in full employ in all directions. Marbles have been buoyant, as usual; and though battledores have remained on hand, shuttlecocks have kept up with all their accustomed lightness.

In provisions a good deal has been done; and the commencement of the oyster season has given an impetus to the food-market, of which all parties will feel the benefit. From a return of shells picked up at the Marsh Gate, it would appear that thirty dozen were sold over the barrel to casual purchasers in the course of the week; but we regret to say that the adjacent whelk-stall suffered materially in consequence. This result was, however, unavoidable; but from the number of whelks entered inwards to the large jar, after having entered outwards into the saucer, we fear that the depression in that business must be considerable. The tariff which admits vegetables at a low rate has been the means of letting in greens to some extent, for a number of persons have speculated in watercresses, and imported several cargoes which have all turned mouldy in the Custom-house.

A HUMOROUS FOOL.

It will be seen by a paragraph in the papers that the smallest horse in the world has been presented to Her Majesty. We understand that Mr. Hume has offered his services to the Sovereign, which, if accepted, will place not only the smallest horse, but the greatest ass (by his own confession), at the disposal of Royalty.

A CON. BY SIBTHORPE.

Q. Why should the Milky Way be invisible in summer?
Ans. Because the hot weather might turn it sour.

SOME NEW JOKES.

THE facetious gentlemen who, together, form the directing force of the Shakspere Society, have given to the world, in their last reprint, a highly humorous work, entitled "Ben Jonson's Conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden."

Several pleasant jests and conceits are introduced, from which we discover that the chief wit of our forefathers consisted in the total absence of point from any of their jokes, as the following extracts will prove.

"He (Jonson) heth consumed a whole night in lying looking at his great toe, about which he heth seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians, feight in his imagination."

"Queen Elizabeth never saw herself after she became old in a true glass: they painted her, and sometymes would vermilion her nose."

"In a profound contemplation, a student of Oxeford ran over a man in the fields, and walked 12 miles ere he knew what he was doing."

Cum multis aliis.

Now if these are esteemed valuable jests, probably future ages may place the same value on those we subjoin, which, we are of opinion, possess a sharpness and depth rarely met with in collections of the same kind.

PICTORIAL JOKE.

NOX ERAT.—HORACE, ODE XIV.

A SHARP REPLY.

Curran, the celebrated Irish wit, met a friend one day in Sackville-street, Dublin, who observed, "Why, Curran, you look warm." The facetious humourist replied, "And so would you too, *if you had not thrown pearls before swine!*"

EPIGRAM.

Quoth Dick to Tom, "What is the cause
That Harley gets so much applause?"
Quoth Tom, "The reason is quite clear—
He puts no *soda* in his beer."

TIT FOR TAT.

A sharp lad once observed to a recruiting officer, "The difference between us is, that you serve the Queen, and I clean shoes;" whereupon the soldier, not relishing the joke, replied, "Ay, but who wears them?"

A SEVERE HIT.

Horace Walpole had a natural antipathy to mustard and cress. Colley Cibber knowing this, one day said to him, before Mrs. Clive, "I wonder you should dislike *small salad*, seeing that you live so near *Richmond*." Walpole laughed at the joke, but never forgave the sarcasm.

IRISH BULL.

"Halloo, Pat, my jewel," said one bricklayer to another, "how's yourself this iligant morning?" "By de powers," said Pat, "I'm not well at all at all." "Is it ill you mane?" asked the other. "Arrah, no," replied Pat; how can a man be ill *when he's got no mortar?*"

EPIGRAM (AFTER MARTIAL).

Fair Clio's beauty centres in her frown.
Indeed! then say how can she e'er sit down?

Theatrical Intelligence.

By the "Observer's" own Correspondent.)

WE have heard it whispered—but we only believe half what we hear, and that half, by-the-bye, is generally the wrong half—that Covent Garden is to open next month, which, it is stated in some quarters, will be September, but this we do not say with certainty. Charles Kemble (or perhaps we ought rather to say Mr. Kemble, for he is the oldest member of his family now living, unless there were any born before his brother John, who was the first of the race, in date as well as in talent) is making preparations for the approaching campaign. Whether his daughter (or rather we ought to say daughters, for he has two, besides another that makes three; and, indeed, may have four, for what we know,) will appear in tragedy, is not yet settled. Mr. Butler (who is not the tragedian of that name who, it will be remembered, came out as "Hamlet," and played a round of characters at some of the minor theatres, to say nothing of "Caractacus," which Planché did for Drury Lane, and which he had a full right to do, particularly if he was paid a large sum, which we do not think he ever was, or ever will be—for it is not likely if he did not get the money when it was due, that he should receive it seven years afterwards—besides the Statute of Limitations would bar the debt, unless he got anything on account, which in these days of theatrical depression is out of the question) is said to have an objection to his wife's re-appearance.

Operas are to be the chief feature during the next season at Covent Garden, and Mr. Macready will, of course, give his attention to tragedy, unless he should change his mind—which is not at all likely—and devote himself to the study of music, which he would have a perfect right to do if he thought he could obtain 400*l.* or even 300*l.* a-night by doing so. Mr. Macready is certainly our first tragedian in the present state of the stage; and if he can act better than any one else, we think he will do wisely in putting himself into the chief characters. If it were worth his while to try Mr. Keeley in *Coriolanus*, of course he would be justified in doing so; though we do not say that he will; and indeed if we did say so, it might very likely happen that we were wrong,—as we generally are, at least a dozen times in half-a-dozen paragraphs.

CONNUBIAL HOOKS-AND-EYES.

Mr. PUNCH, I married Simcox eight years ago; at which time my gowns were fastened by eight hooks and eyes. Now, Sir, you will readily conceive that no woman can completely hook-and-eye herself. Whilst a spinster, she obtains the aid of her sister, cousin, mother, or Betty the maid. When she becomes a married woman, the hook-and-eye duty naturally devolves upon the husband.

HUSBANDRY.

For the first year of my marriage, Simcox, like an affectionate husband, hooked-and-eyed the whole eight: the second year, he somewhat peevishly restricted his attentions to seven; the third, to six; the fourth, to five; the fifth, to four; and so on decreasing, until this morning—the anniversary of our eighth wedding-day—when you would have supposed him possessed by the dearest and fondest recollections, he dropped another hook-and-eye, intimating to me, that for the term of his natural life he should restrict himself to one—the hook-and-eye at the top!

As I know, Mr. Punch, you have a crowd of female readers, I thought it a duty I owed to my sex to warn them, through the medium of your columns, of the craftiness, and—I must say it—the selfishness of man. They will, I hope, take warning by my condition, and, ere they enter matrimony, stipulate for a due performance of toilette attention on the part of their husbands. Whilst in our pride we women remember that marriage has its bonds, let not the men forget that it also has its *Hooks-and-Eyes*.

Yours, AMELIA SIMCOX.

STEAM-BOAT STATISTICS.

WE find by statistical returns that there are about thirty steam-boats running between London Bridge and Richmond, all of which have at different times run against the tide, while twenty-five have had the benefit of the wind on some occasions. Sixteen have run aground, and twelve have run into fourteen, while the remaining six have dashed against the bridges. Out of thirty Captains, two have served in the Royal Navy as cabin-boys, sixteen have been in the Merchant Service as bargemen, and all have rowed wherries between London and Westminster. Of thirty bottles of ginger-beer taken on board by one steward, eight have been sold, fifteen have burst, and seven remain on hand at present. There have been ten boxes of cigars carried within the last twelve months in all the thirty vessels, out of which two of the boxes have been stolen, the contents of one have been sold, and the remainder still form part of the cargo.

A SINGULAR CASE OF INDIGESTION.

WE regret to state that the Hen Ostrich at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, is indisposed in consequence of swallowing an iron garden-roller which had been incautiously left in her way.

THE KING OF OUDE.

His Oudian Majesty has at last departed this life, and as the name of the King of Oude must be familiar to most of our readers, on account of the sauce which is being continually advertised, we give a few particulars.

The King of Oude devoted the whole of his great abilities to the concoction of a sauce which should eclipse the highest efforts of Harvey, and his Majesty had at last the satisfaction of inventing a mixture, with which his name will be handed down to a very remote posterity.

AN ESSAY ON THE SOLE.

A revolutionary spirit having seized the subjects of the Oudian King, he found himself without a revenue, and his fine mind was soon devoted to the task of supplying the deficiency. The sauce was the happy result, and his successor on the throne of Oude is, of course, the heir to the celebrated condiment. Many tales have been fabricated as to the origin of this relishing discovery; and some have gone so far as to say that the King of Oude, resolving to stand no longer the sauce of his subjects, applied himself to the preparation of a sauce of his own. However this may be, the sauce is not only the most profitable, but the most renowned of all the possessions that the King of Oude has left to his successor.

MR. WARNER'S DISCOVERY.

We have been favoured by Mr. Warner with an interview on the subject of his grand discovery, when the following dialogue took place between ourselves and the modest enthusiast, who only wants half a million of money as a "bird in hand" before he lets the Minister know what he has got "in the bush"—that is to say, in the brains under his hair.

WAISTING HIS SUBSTANCE.

Punch received Mr. Warner in the Office in Wellington-street. The time chosen was daybreak, in order that the "great secret" might not be overheard; and our boy ingeniously placed his cap over the opening of our letter-box, lest a syllable should escape through the aperture.

Punch began by asking what the nature of the invention really was; when Mr. Warner explained as follows:—

"I take," said the inventor, "an explosive substance, and forming it into a solvent, I make a fulcrum, by an irregular process; I then apply the whole to an opposing entity, and if that entity is a fleet or a fortress, I either blow it up, or I do not."

Punch.—"Ah—ah! I see what you mean: you dip the end of a diaculous preparation into a washy diluent, and having applied the phosphate of potatoes to the ammonia of pickled cabbage, you accomplish what you wish. That is it, if I apprehend you rightly."

Mr. Warner confessed that was the nearest explanation he could give of his discovery.

Punch.—"And now—as to its powers. You undertake to blow up a fleet at six miles' distance?"

Mr. Warner.—"I do."

Punch.—"Do you mean to say that you could blow up the Bachelor steam-boat in its moorings at Battersea, if you were standing at the six-mile-stone on the Great North Road?"

Mr. Warner would also pledge himself to that, if £400,000 were first paid into his hand and secured to him.

Punch.—"I see your meaning exactly. You have only to convey a stream of electro-galvanism down a given avenue of an unlimited length, and by placing the aim within your reach you gain your object. For instance, you could empty the Treasury at one blow, spiking the public pocket, and scuttling the pay-office, if every facility were given you. Am I right in the view I take of your meaning?"

Mr. Warner.—"Quite so. The fulcrum I wish to get into my hands is £400,000; and then I must be allowed to go a long way off, when I will give a specimen of what I meant by my discovery."

Punch.—"You are a credit, sir, to your country. The trick, which I fully comprehend, is a capital one; and it is very hard that they will not give you an opportunity of playing it."

The interview ended by Punch promising to make the merits of the thing known in their true force; and advised that Sir F. Burdett should be applied to as the most fit person to advocate the claims of the inventor in Parliament.

REMINISCENCES OF A STETHOSCOPE.

The earliest recollection of my infancy carries me back to the counter of Mr. Weiss, in the Strand. Being well-shaped, good-looking, and portable, I attracted the notice of Dr. Hammer Roses, who became my purchaser. I was soon introduced into society, and gained the confidence of hundreds.

I accompanied the Dr. Hammer Roses soon after I entered his service, to visit a sweet and delicate young girl, who was said to have an affection of the heart. Her case at first appeared obscure, the symptoms not being adequate to the apparent disturbance. Dr. H. R. applied to me, and I discovered a peculiar murmur not mentioned either by Laennec or the lamented Dr. Hope; I propose to call it "*La Murmure Nominale.*" When her bosom heaved a sigh, I distinctly heard "Henry Corbelle," *vale*-ing from one air passage to another. Upon this hint Dr. Hammer Roses spoke—the parents adopted his prescription, and I soon afterwards noticed in the doctor's library hymeneal cards, bearing the names, "Mr. Henry Corbelle,"—"Mrs. Henry Corbelle."

An old miserly stock-jobber called one morning upon the Doctor for advice; he complained of a diminished circulation, and an inability to withdraw his hands from his pockets—almost amounting to paralysis—and was, like his late 5 per cents., considerably reduced; as he appeared to have been previously perc*ted, I was applied to his left side, and never heard a finer specimen of "*Metallic tinkling*" in my life.

His case was incurable—age increased his disease—and he gave up the business of this life while purchasing a thousand pounds worth of stock.

Mem. "Metallic tinkling" can be frequently detected in poor miserable unhappy creatures, starving on 5000*l.* a year.

AN UNFORTUNATE BEE-ING.

It is a disease of the chest, which attracts no sympathy for the sufferer.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

We have been told that Mr. Hume is coming out shortly as *Othello*; and it is expected that his ejaculation of "*Fool, fool, fool,*" will be the most truthlike and natural that has ever been heard within the walls of a theatre.

To Correspondents.

It is with pleasure we inform our innumerable Correspondents that we have concluded a contract with an extensive timber-merchant for the enlargement of "Punch's" letter-box, in which there will shortly be "ample room and verge enough" for our daily receipts of epistles, amounting on the average to—we are afraid to say (for we have not time to count them) how many communications.

Those of our courteous friends, however, who continually complain that we neither send them private answers nor return their effusions, are respectively informed that, as we have not so many secretaries as the Governor-General of India, it is impossible. Let them, therefore, understand that, when they drop their brain-sauce into "Punch's" knowledge-box, only one fortune or one fate awaits them—immortality in "Punch's" columns, or utter oblivion with Johnson and Brice.

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PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

LETTER V.—THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING "NOTHING."

In my last, my dear boy, I promised to advise you to the choice of a profession. I hasten to redeem that promise. Then I say to you, strive to be neither bishop, chancellor, generalissimo, nor court physician; but, my beloved child,—be Nothing.

By not trammelling your mind with the subtleties of divinity or law—by maintaining a perfect freedom from the prejudices of a military or medical life—you will be able to take a more dispassionate view of the world about you; will be the more ready to accommodate yourself to any profitable circumstance that may present itself. Consider how many curates who devote their lives to divinity shiver in a brown-black coat; fight a daily fight with the meanest necessities; and with wife, and it may be half-a-dozen children ill-clothed and ill-fed at home; is paid forty pounds a-year to be a pattern piece of holiness and benevolence to all the country round. His clerk, who to his Sunday duties, unites the profitable trade of soleing and heeling dilapidated shoes, is a nabob to him; the clerk is not cursed with the brand of a gentleman; he may ply with wax-end and awl—may vend soap, brick-dust and candles—run of errands, beat carpets,—do any servile work to make up his income; *his* Sabbath "Amen" being in no way vulgarised by the labour of the week. But the curate—alas, poor man!—he has been to college, and is a gentleman. Thus, by virtue of his gentility, he must be content with beggary, nor soil his orthodox hands with vulgar task-work. He must be satisfied with daily bread in its very literalness, nor dare to hope the luxury of butter. You are not my own flesh and blood, if you would stand this.

Next for the law. I should have no objection to your being called to the bar, as a sort of genteel thing. A wig and gown may often prove a tolerable bait for recently endowed heiresses. They give you the nominal standing of a gentleman, under which character you may make various practical speculations on the innocence of mankind; but for living upon your business, you might as soon hope to make a daily dinner on the flag-stones of Pump-court. Consider, my son, what a thing is a briefless barrister! A cockatrice that cannot lay eggs—a spider, without an inch of web!

I have no vote for any borough or county; and though in my time I have served multitudes of politicians, votes when in and out of office, there is not one of them who has the gratitude to own the obligation. Hence, what will be your fate if you go into the army? I might—with assistance from a few loan societies—be able to purchase you a pair of colours; but as neither myself nor your mother have any interest with anybody at the Horse Guards, what would be your fate, if unhappily alive, at seventy! Why, still the pair of colours; and, if you have served long in India, a face of orange-peel, and a piece of liver no bigger than your thumb. Glory, my boy, is a beautiful thing in the Battle of Waterloo at Astley's; and there, if you have military yearnings, take your shilling's-worth of it.

As for medicine, if you set up in what is called an honourable manner, to kill by diploma,—you will find the game so beaten and hunted, that 'tis ten to one if you bag a patient once a twelvemonth. If, indeed, fortified by your own unauthorised opinion, you can prescribe—if by virtue of the stamp-office,—the government kindly suffering the utterance of any compound at 1*s.* 2*d.* per pot,—you can persuade people into patent remedies against disease and death,—disarming the destroyer by a learned name attached to bread-pills or coloured Thames water,—take my blessing, and straightway—having entered into a sleeping partnership with a confidential undertaker—found a College of Health. There is no such golden walk to Fortune as through the bowels of the credulous; and when sick, all men are credulous. Pain is a great leveller, alike hurling down scepticism, philosophy, and mere prosaic common-sense. The man, who before his friends will sneer at a vaunted specific,—will sneak out by himself to seek the quack vendor of the despised anodyne; in the same way, that fine ladies who profess to laugh at astrology, will disguise themselves in old shawls and bonnets, and venture up dirty lanes and into foul garrets, to consult bed-ridden fortune-tellers as to the whereabout and when-coming of their future husbands. If you have any feelings for medicine, and have face and nerve to cry "Quack" lustily—away with you into the market-place, and begin. But if, with the unprofitable pride of science, you would only physic, bleed, and blister on the strength of a diploma; the boy who carries out your medicine shall be happier than his master, and—when he gets his wages—better paid.

Again, then, I say it, my son, be Nothing! Look at the flourishing examples of Nothing about you! Consider the men in this vast metropolis whose faces shine as it were with the very marrow of the land, and all for doing and being Nothing! Then, what ease—what unconcern—what perfect dignity in the profession! Why, dull-brained, horn-handed labour, sweats and grows thin, and dies consumptive,—whilst Nothing gets a redder tinge upon its cheek, a thicker wattle to its chin, and a larger compass of abdomen. There are hundreds of the goodly profession of Nothing who have walked upon three-piled velvet from their nurse's arms to the grave: men, who in the most triumphant manner vindicate the ingenuity of the human mind; for enjoying and possessing every creature comfort of existence, not even a conjuror, nay, sometimes not even a police magistrate, can discover how they get it.

Consider man as Nothing, and what a glorious spectacle. A man following an allowed, a known profession, is a vulgar object, let his incomings be ever so great: we know his whole mystery—we can tell whence flows his tide of wealth. The Thames is a gorgeous river, but knowing its name, we talk little of its magnificence. 'Tis otherwise with the Niger. The man who with nothing, has all things, is to us a sort of Friar Bacon. We approach him with a feeling deeper than respect. He is the Cornelius Agrippa of our times. We know not but some familiar spirit does not act his bidding. He may, on the contrary, be a king's son by a left-handed marriage. He moves in a cloud of mystery—he is away, apart from the commerce. We know, that if other men were to cease from their ordinary occupations, the whole train of human wants would immediately set in upon them; yet the man professing Nothing lives, independent, *tabooed*, from all the activities of life. Oh, my son! I grant the secret may be difficult to compass; but study for it—search it out, though your brain become dry and rattle in your skull like a withered hazel-nut—still, once discover how to live with Nothing, and you may snap your fingers at all mortal accident. Nothing, when a successful Nothing, is the nabob of the world!

You will, in your progress through life, be called upon to wonder at the discoveries of GALILEO, who swore that the world moved round the sun—and then, or I mistake, that the sun moved round the world; you will hear a great deal of Homer and Shakspere, who shaped out worlds upon paper, and begot men and women with drops of ink; folks will talk to you upon the discovery of the circulation of the blood; and other gossips of the like sort, demanding your admiration, your homage, for what they will call the triumph of human genius. Fiddle-de-dee! What should you care how the world moves, or whether it move at all so you move well in it! As for Homer and Shakspere, the first was a beggar, and for the second—for the great magician, who, as people will cant to you, has left immortal company for the spirit of man in its weary journey through this briary world—has bequeathed pills of immortal loveliness for the human fancy to delight in—founts of eternal truth for the lip of man to drink—and drink—and for aye be renovated with every draught—he, this benefactor to the world, could not secure a comfortable roof from the affections and gratitude of men, for the female descendant of his flesh, who withered from the world, almost an outcast and a pauper! Now, the man who can live a long and jovial life upon Nothing, has often (by some strange wizard craft) the wherewithal to bequeath to his heirs. As for literature and science—tales of fairy-land, and the cir-

culation of the blood,—be it your care to make Nothing your *Aria*; and for your blood, heed not how it passes through your heart, so that as it flow, it be enriched with the brightest and heightened with the best.

Be a successful Nothing, my son—and be blessed!

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

We are indebted to Sir Robert Peel—and whatever be his faults as a statesman, let it be known to his lasting honour as a man of taste, that he is a devout admirer of *Punch*—for the following early and exclusive copy of (what *was* to have been) the Minister's valedictory oration to Parliament—an oration, by a political fiction, received as the Queen's Speech :—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"It gives me considerable satisfaction to close the present session of Parliament. As from the first the country expected no benefit whatever from your deliberative wisdom, so have you in no manner deceived the hopes of the nation.

"There is, I believe, considerable distress in the manufacturing districts; nevertheless, it will be cheering for you to learn that all advices from the moors speak of grouse as being most abundant. This fact will, I trust, console you for the long and wearying anxieties of this most eventful session.

"Whilst, as faithful guardians of the interests of the people, the present aspect of events may fill you with apprehensions for the consequences of the coming winter, it will be no small consolation for you to know that partridges are strong, and very numerous. It pains me to hear that several of my faithful subjects have died for want of food. With regard to partridges, in many places eighteen have been seen in one covey.

"It is not expected that the importation of foreign cattle will materially reduce the price of butcher's meat; but I have received advices from the most influential poulterers at the West-end, that pheasants promise to be very reasonable.

"I cannot close this session without congratulating you, my Lords and Gentlemen, that steamboats start every other day for Scotland, by means of which sportsmen from both Houses 'may be conveyed within twenty miles of the Highlands.' There is, besides, a 'clipper schooner,' for political economists.

"It is also a matter of congratulation, that the ingenuity of our manufacturers has been displayed in the production of a peculiar web, which will be found of the highest national service when worked into shooting-jackets for Members of Parliament. The like ingenuity has been most triumphantly displayed in a material for gaiters, for the protection of which it has pleased us, in council, to issue letters-patent.

"You will now, my Lords and Gentlemen, retire for a while from your legislative labours, taking with you into the country the consolations of the patriotic, and shot of every number.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—I hope much from this temporary cessation of your combined labours. In the solitude of the country, you will still think of your country's good. When treading the stubble, you will ponder on the effects of the Corn Laws; nor will the thought of the labourer's leg of mutton be absent from your mind whilst brushing away the heavy dew from his turnips.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"When we next meet, I trust you will be prepared to give your improved, and most dispassionate, opinion on the remedies required by the condition of the country, and, more especially, your uninfluenced and solemn notions on the efficacy and social utility of—wire-cartridge!"

HORSE GUARDS.

THE ENGLISH STAGE IN RUSSIA.

We understand it to be the intention of the Emperor of Russia to establish an English theatre at St. Petersburgh. With this view, he has caused his agent to offer to Mr. Charles Kean an engagement for the term of his natural life. We earnestly hope he will accept the offer.

COMIC BALLADS FOR THE BOUDOIR.—No. III.

THE LOOKER-OUT.

(WELL WORTHY THE ATTENTION OF ALL SINGLE LADIES, WHO POSSESS A MODERATE INDEPENDENCE, AND ARE ON THE VERGE OF OLD *MAIDENHOOD*.)

I.

Yes, indeed, I intend to be married!
I want to be "settled in life,"
Too long I've a bachelor tarried,
And am now looking out for a wife!
I am still a gay fellow—worth hooking—
My age is but just thirty-two—
So, girls, if for husbands you 're looking,
Pray keep this announcement in view.

II.

On fat Lady Fussy I squander'd
The summer-day hours of my life;
Whilst others from flame to flame wander'd,
I ogled the City knight's wife.
I hoped—for the net was well baited—
When a widow, her tears *I* should dry;
But the chances I much over-rated,
For tough old Sir John wouldn't die.

III.

Well! then I proposed for his daughter,
The pretty, the witty, the belle
Of the City Court-end, but with laughter
She dismiss'd my addresses *pêle mêle*.
But though at my offer she flouted,
And affected my suit to despise,
Of this fact I have never yet doubted,
She'd be glad of me yet—ere she dies.

IV.

N'importe! there are plenty of others
I am sure I can get if I try;
There 's Miss Brown (but she 's so many brothers),
Miss Bell, and sweet little Miss Bligh:
And Miss Higgins, the rich grocer's daughter,
Clara Horton, and, lastly, Miss Rowe—
Whom I rowed up to Richmond by water—
They 'd each of them have me, I know.

V.

I care not too much for the graces
Of figure, or features, or mind,
In the bride whom I wed—so some traces
Of true kindred spirit I find.
I seek not for rank, or for fashion,
But the girl I should cherish *most* dear
For *me*, must have plenty of "passion,"
And—*five or six hundred a year!*

VI.

Should this meet the eye of some fair one
Who the columns of "Punch" may peruse,
She may now have the chance—'tis a rare one—
Of a husband *instanter* to choose:
For, "pon honour," I'm going to marry,
And am very "hard up" for a wife;
I cannot spare time long to tarry,
As I want to get "*settled in life*."

PUPPIES OF KING CHARLES'S BREED.

EXAMINATION PAPERS FOR THE STUDENTS OF FUDDLEY-CUM-PIPES UNIVERSITY.

Who were the persons employed "*to strike the light guitar?*"

Who was, or is, the fortunate possessor of "*the last rose of summer?*"

What has become of "*the dashing white sergeant?*" If dead, who are his next of kin?

Was the individual who "*pluck'd the fairest flower,*" a professed florist, or merely an amateur?

THE LIGHT FOR ALL NATIONS.

We feel ourselves called upon to apologise to the Caisson for a statement contained in our Number of last week, when, taking the *Observer* as an authority, we announced the fact that the much-libelled machine had burst.

We find, however, from a statement dated "Caisson, August the 4th," that the pumps are still at work. The refreshing fact is also announced that the Caisson is soon expected to reach a chalky stratum. This entirely negatives the ill-natured rumour that it had "walked its" chalks altogether.

It is true, says Mr. Bush, who signs himself "C. E." (which means

EXPLAINING HIS VIEWS.

probably cheerful enthusiast), that "two of the outer plates were cracked in the gale of Friday," but the Caisson people appear to think nothing of being cracked, and speak of such an event as a trifle hardly worth speaking of.

He is "happy to add" that "the entire apparatus is as immoveable as when it was upon the beach;" which means that the whole concern is utterly untractable. The idea of being "*happy* to add" such a statement as this, reminds us of the invalid who "*enjoyed* the most wretched state of health." But anything coming from the caisson ought not to excite astonishment. The excavation of the sand goes on rapidly at low tide, but the hole made during the ebb is filled up swimmingly at the flow; and the workmen are playing a game with Neptune, in which he of the trident invariably gets the best of it.

MENTAL SCIENCE.

NEW AND IMPORTANT DISCOVERY!

"Mr. Punch" begs to inform his numerous readers, that he has invented a new system of artificial memory, to be called "Mnemonics for the Many,"—the only thing, almost, except food and clothing, which the said Many are in want of.

The principle on which his system is based is that of associating facts with sensations. Inasmuch as every blockhead has nerves of feeling, its applicability will obviously be universal, "Mr. P." trusts, therefore, that he has not christened it presumptuously.

The following illustrations will sufficiently explain its nature:—

Suppose the fact to be impressed on the mind to be, that the Alexandrian library was burnt B.C. 47. Let the student, in the act of committing it to memory, thrust a large needle, as far as he can, into any convenient part of his person.

"Gunpowder treason," the boys sing on the 5th of November, "shall never be forgot." To make sure of that, let him, as he learns that it was detected on the day above-mentioned, A.D. 1605, cause a poker, heated to redness, to be applied to the same region.

Should the piece of chronology to be remembered be, that the French Bastile was captured by the mob, July 14, 1789; or that, on such and such a day, in such and such a parish, the foundation stone of an English one was laid, by such and such a Churchwarden, assisted by so and so, the Beadle;—apply a blister behind one of the ears.

You are charged to deliver a message to a friend in case of meeting him. Put a few sharp pebbles in your boots before you pull them on.

Your wife desires you to call at the milliner's, and request that her *pélerine* may be sent home directly. Run a small splinter underneath your nail, and let it remain there till you have fulfilled your commission.

You continually forget to wind up your watch of a morning. Soak your tooth-brush, over-night, in decoction of aloes.

You have to pay money into your bank in the city, and other business, which is likely to escape your recollection, to transact in the neighbourhood. Put an open penknife into your pocket, in such a way that you may be sure to run your hand against the point of it in going to take your cash out.

You are to look in at the doctor's on your way, and desire him to come and see your child, which has something the matter with it. Button a few stinging-nettles up in your breeches next the skin. Or rub a little cowhage between your fingers—or deposit a grain of dust in your eye—or stick a wafer on the end of your nose.

Stiff serrated collars, tight waistcoats, and all other uncomfortable items of dress, may be made to furnish memorandums. For this purpose, also, Mr. Punch would recommend a hair shirt as "a valuable article."

But why, it may be asked, not have recourse to sensations of the pleasing class? Because these are few and evanescent. The paths of learning must be strewed with thorns—not flowers.

Mr. Punch takes no great credit to himself for this discovery; but he would just observe that, like that of gravitation, it was the result of accident. The circumstance too that led to it was similar. The fall of an apple to the ground gave rise to Newton's idea; the fall of a cudgel on his head occasioned that of Punch. He thinks, by the by, that the sage who was killed by an oyster dropped on his pate by a crow, would, had the said oyster not made *rather* too strong an impression, have been beforehand with Sir Isaac; at least, that he ought to have been so.

What would have set some people crying, set Mr. Punch thinking. He thought,—what was also, in part, a matter of personal experience,—how great is the efficacy, as a remedy for a short memory, in the case of the youthful student, of the *argumentum ad clunes*, otherwise called the *argumentum à posteriori physicum seu corporeum*. He recollected likewise the advice so often given to learners, to *take pains*. From these and similar facts he deduced his system.

He does not promulgate it rashly, and without having duly tested it. On the contrary, he has taken care to verify it by experiment. He keeps a tiger, who used continually to forget to shut the door behind him. Having over and over again reminded him, verbally, of this omission, to no purpose, he at length accompanied his remonstrance, one day, by an energetic appeal to the quarter above alluded to, in the shape of a certain impulsive application thereunto of the anterior extremity of the right foot. The act of neglect was never afterwards repeated.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

Other experiments in point, too numerous to mention, he also tried; some of them at great personal hazard. For instance, pulling, on one occasion, in illustration of his system, an irascible gentleman's nose, he was suddenly stretched, with his own flattened like the ace of hearts, on the floor.

His invention is not only applicable to the human race, but even to the lower animals; and he is certain that from it the Greatest Ass is capable of deriving benefit.

Mr. Punch hopes that his liberality in thus unreservedly making his discovery known, instead of trying, as *some* people would, to sell it, will be properly appreciated, and that he will be ranked with the other eminent benefactors of the "Many" who adorn the present day.

N.B. The proposed plan is especially recommended to the singing classes at Exeter Hall.

RUMOURED CHANGES.

Bloomsbury Bill has accepted the office of Waterman to the Cab Stand at Charing Cross. The emoluments are between ten and twelve shillings a week, but he gives up a large private practice as a holder of horses at the Clubs in Pall Mall.

It is expected that Dashaway Dick will be unseated as driver of the Red Rover omnibus, and it is said that he will accept the Kensington Twos, by entering the service of Mr. Cloud as a pair-horse coachman.

It is whispered that policeman K 46 is about to resign his position in the force, on account of a difference of opinion between himself and the present Government on a merely financial question. We have heard that he has an offer of more lucrative employment in another quarter.

PHYSIOLOGY OF THE LONDON IDLER.

CHAPTER VIII.—OF THE MOONER.

AFTER a diligent search in Johnson's Dictionary, to which authority we generally rush for information concerning any word, we find no other meaning given to "moon," than its ordinary astronomical signification. We must therefore coin our own epithet, and define the subject of our present chapter, as an individual who *moons* about, without any object, half absent, half contemplative; and differing from the majority of loungers we have already portrayed, in being neither young, nor over-particular in his toilette. He is most probably an old bachelor, with a hundred and fifty pounds a year.

In zoological classification, the Mooner evidently belongs to the *Ruminantia*. He lounges and strays about, taking four times the period usually allotted to walk any distance, fiddle-faddling the space of time away in a lamentably unprofitable manner, and finding intense amusement in objects which the Regent-street Idler, or even the Gent, would pass by in contempt. The laying-down of wooden blocks, to form a new pavement, detains him a sure half-hour. The opening of a water-main, or a course of gas-pipes, is another riveting spectacle; but the attraction of both these is exceeded by the elevation of a fresh block of stone to the top of an embryo building—which is a process of so absorbing a nature, as to make him unmindful of everything else in the world, until it is properly fixed. It is lucky for him that the view of the river has been shut out on the Palace-side of Westminster-bridge, or his head would certainly grow between the balustrades, whilst he watched the laying of each successive piece of masonry, hereafter to form the New Houses of Parliament.

The Mooner, like other Idlers, is exceedingly fond of the shops—more especially those where some mechanical performance is going on in the windows. In this respect a cork-cutter's ranks very high; he wonders what the men do with the bits they take off, and how it is they never slice their fingers. He also admires the gratuitous exhibition in natural philosophy afforded by the working of the coffee-shop steam-engine in Rathbone-place, and thinks what a quantity of coffee the people in the neighbourhood must get through, if the mill is obliged to work all day to grind it for them. He is also much gratified at the table-knives and teapots revolving on a bottle-jack in the windows of the cheap ironmongers; which attractive display is only exceeded in interest by a gold-beater's or a paper-stainer's, where the arcana of those trades are displayed to the passers by.

If the Mooner patronises other shop-windows, they are never the usually frequented ones. He cultivates cheap literature at the second-hand book stalls; or otherwise stops at that uninteresting class of shops which only gain our attention when we are loitering about for a coach to arrive or start. Indeed, the Mooner, in his common appearance, has the air of a person perpetually waiting for the chimerical omnibus of an imaginary railroad which never arrives. We have, however, no right to find fault with his occupations—or, rather, his perfect want of any—for every man has the privilege of amusing himself in the manner most congenial to his own feelings; but we must object to entering into any conversation with the Mooner. He possesses that diverting property, which some people appear to cultivate with such care, of totally losing the point of any anecdote he relates; and strolls and wanders just as much in his conversation as he does in his peregrinations, lingering as long on the way as a Charing-Cross omnibus.

If you meet him, you cannot mention a word but it puts him in mind of a story that has no connexion at all with the subject in question; but there appears to exist an imaginary link in his brain, and you had better see a friend on the other side of the street, "whom you wish to speak to," or suffer, and be silent until he has concluded.

If it should happen that the Mooner has to go from Piccadilly to Lincoln's-inn Fields, the journey lasts an entire afternoon, so many reasons for delay does he find upon the road. Having seen some

coaches start from the Regent Circus, read the directions upon the boxes, whenever it was practicable, and refused to buy a pen-knife with fourteen blades, he casts a side-long glance up Windmill-street, towards the morning figure at the wax-work establishment, and then saunters on to Leicester Square, where he remains for a very indefinite period, lost in wonder at the various objects in that bustling thoroughfare. He watches the man making wire toasting-forks and pipe-stoppers, until he is almost competent to undertake the manufacture himself, and then gazes for some time at the little mechanical man on horseback, who rides so gallantly across three panes of the window next to Miss Linwood's Exhibition once in every two minutes and a quarter. From this he turns to a vendor of the class of seedy-respectables, arrayed from top to toe in rusty black, and carrying an inverted saucepan-lid full of small medals, which he expresses his reasons for parting with by the following address:—

"Now, you have the last opportunity of becoming rich, and deciding the celebrated wager, of which you have read so much in "Bell's Life in London," laid at Sir Robert Peel's grand dinner, between Prince Esterhazy and Mr. Feargus O'Connor, as to whether it was possible to dispose of five hundred full-weight sovereigns at one penny each before six o'clock this evening. It's against the law of the land to sell gold so cheap, therefore I let you have the case for a penny, containing two bodkins and a darning-needle, and give you the sovereign in, together with this new and favourite ballad, a gold wedding-ring, a five-pound note, and a pith tumbler. Now, who's the lucky buyer of the last half-dozen."

After this oration, and when he has listened to an organ playing *Ma Normandie*, he loiters on a little further to a stall where a man is joining cracked pieces of plate, and making pennies look like crown-pieces; and having expressed his approbation at the process, he afterwards enters with vivid interest into the speech of a vendor of small Napoleons shut up in glass bottles, and once again loses himself for twenty minutes in a searching chain of inquiry as to the probable mode of accomplishing this apparently impossible piece of ingenuity. He then moves forward again to the door of the Panorama, and for

the hundredth time reads over the names of the two views, and wonders which is the more attractive, Cabul, or the Battle of Waterloo.

At Cranbourn Alley, new sources of delay arise. He gazes at the straw bonnets until the young women in the dingy cloaks, who stand with such unflinching pertinacity at the doors of the shops, commence thinking that he is about to become a purchaser on a large scale—perhaps for an emigration colony, who knows?—and directly rush up and overwhelm him with such voluble panegyrics on their wares, that he is compelled to seek refuge in flight by crossing Castle-street and plunging into that paradise of fourteen-shilling Wellington boots, small-tooth combs, pastrycooks, outfitting warehouses (each with so large a stock that they have taken two or three years to sell it off, even at a tremendous sacrifice), umbrellas, Berlin wool, and travelling trunks, which connects the last-named thoroughfare with St. Martin's Lane.

And having brought him thus far, we will leave him, lost in wonder at a railway carpet-bag or an expanding portmanteau, until next week; when we shall, in all probability, find him at the same place, and continue our journey with him as before.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF COURTSHIP.

Chapter VII.—Of the Men who are always accepted.

In England men are the active members of society, women the passive ones. Amidst the aristocracy and affluenced, it is considered somewhat of a disgrace for a young man to have nothing to do; and if he have no talents for the bar or for the pulpit—if he cannot muster enough capacity for electioneering, or to fill a situation in the Treasury, he either turns author, or spends his time in dangling after the fair sex, and in making love. So that, for once, Bulwer was right, when he said, "With us, women associate with the idler portion of society—the dandies, the hangers-on." These are the animals who, in the natural history of society, come under the genus "Ladies' men;" but we, who are envious of their successes, and would give our brains for half the favour Beauty bestows upon them, call them "Coxcombs."

"Sit not in the midst of women," is by no means their motto. They are seen at fancy bazaars, *fêtes champêtres*, and *morning* concerts; they loll in carriages, and lounge in opera boxes; they leave the dinner-table with the ladies, being amateurs in embroidery, and talk in "lisping numbers" of Cerito and the poetry of motion. Their so-called devotion to the sex is equal in amount to that of the ancient chivalry, but it is of a different character. They are knights dubbed upon "carpet consideration,"* whose achievements are all performed in the drawing-room or the boudoir. Their sole occupation is—

> "To pick up gloves, and pins, and knitting needles;
> To list to songs and tunes;—to watch for smiles,
> And smile at pretty prattle, and look into
> The eyes of feminine, as though they were
> The stars receding to our early wish."

This is the most prominent class of men who are always accepted—perhaps the women pity them; and we know what pity is akin to. But certain it is, that whenever these butterflies will condescend to flutter around *one* flower—if he will only choose a bright particular star to pay his devotions to—he triumphs, whilst better men despair.

This is the whole secret. Let ever so perfect a ladies' man beware of becoming too popular! Let him beware of distributing his favours too lavishly! Let him once banish, by a too general attention to all, the hope which each cherishes that she is the real object of his devotion, and he is lost!—he must get into another set immediately. But when he adroitly chooses the right time for making his selection, the selected, knowing the chances he possesses with her friends, will surely not refuse him, nor deny herself the triumph of an envied conquest. But when it is once doubted by each of the ladies to whom he is so useful, so attentive, so self-sacrificing, that all his "nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles" are directed specially to herself, they go for nothing—they are valueless. Even *his* chances of success are lost.

Thus it is that men who are popular in society are seldom agreeable to a feminine unit. She is afraid that the devotion and attention which ought to belong exclusively to her will be too liberally bestowed upon her friends. Hence there is one character most frequently met with whose success is certain. The reserved, retiring, generally unnoticed individual,—he it is upon whose disposition, and character, and heart, she loves to speculate—to invest him with the highest attributes of intellect and the deepest throes of feeling. What a thrilling, marked compliment is conveyed if he who has not addressed, scarcely looked at any other girl, speaks to her, even if it be merely to complain of the heat. But, oh! should he appear to be the victim of some secret sorrow, some soul-absorbing grief—should he, though dressed according to the latest fashion, express a disgust at the gew-gaws of the world—should he, who is seen at every assembly he can get into, sigh for solitude, and so present to the fancy of his fair listener the picture of a drawing-room Diogenes—she is enraptured. Few imaginations can withstand such a combination of elegance and misanthropy, or philosophy so tastefully attired. Such men are never rejected.

Lastly—courteous student of the arts of courtship, would you convert your chances of success into certainty—would you outstrip all competitors—be rich!

"Heretic!" exclaims my excellent Priscilla, bristling with anger, "have we no discrimination—no disinterestedness? Are we devoid of sensibility? Have we no hearts?"

"By no means, champion of your sex. You have all these. You forget: I am not inditing about love. You wander from the subject, which, please always remember, is the *making* of love;—the manufacture of that counterfeit feeling which is so often mistaken for the true one."

* The "carpet knight" was the satirical designation of the civil knight, to distinguish him from those who gained the honour by deeds of arms.

SONGS OF THE FLOWERS.

No. I.—THE SONG OF THE DAISY.

I'm a delicate daisy, and all the day long,
When the bee from his hive to the garden takes wing,
I watch him intently, and list to the song
That a bee, when 'tis jocund, will cheerfully sing.
Oh! what is 't to me that the daffydowndilly
Is fairer, and taller, and sweeter than I?
To envy the great would be idle and silly,
A daisy I 've lived, and a daisy I 'll die.

In the morning, when Phœbus is tinging with gold
The tops of the trees, and of chimneys the pots,
To drink in the dew all my buds I unfold,
For of dew the young daisies are regular sots.
What though of the garden I am not the pride?
For gaudier flowers though coldly pass'd by,
In my humble condition I 'd rather abide—
Yes! a daisy I 've lived, and a daisy I 'll die.

They sell me for little; the fact I must own—
A penny is all they demand for a root—
And often I perish before I 'm full blown,
When stifled with London's unbearable soot.
No matter! I 'd rather the window adorn
Of a snug little parlour that 's next to the sky,
Than in the *bouquet* of a cold one be worn,
Who 'd leave the too-delicate daisy to die.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We understand that Mr. Shillibeer has placed one of his funeral conveyances at the disposal of a well-known dramatist, whose rooms, from the accumulation of deceased melodrames, had become inconveniently crowded. The unfortunate defunct are to be interred either at *Harrow*, in accordance with their frightful character, or at *Nunhead*, as being more appropriate to the peculiar position of their author.

Mr. Pennyline started one morning last week to Bayswater, on a tour of observation, to watch the progress of the new buildings, and remark on the occurrence of any accident among the men engaged on them. He had the good fortune to witness the precipitation of a bricklayer's labourer from the top of a ladder, when he immediately made the melancholy circumstance the subject of a very vigorous and impressive paragraph.

Mr. Sillyboy, the popular author of the charming ballad "Brush back that Briny Tear," has another song on the same subject nearly ready. It commences with "Wipe off that pearly drop," and is said to be in many respects equal to its predecessor. It is, we believe, intended for publication, but it is doubtful whether the gifted author will carry out his intention so far as to publish it.

The new novel of the *Crusaders of Clapham* is said to be in the press; but we believe the fact to be, that the only press it is in is the author's large cupboard, where it is likely to continue.

The neat little romance of *Knightsbridge as it is—Brompton as it was—and Fulham as it ought to be*, is still in the hands of a celebrated bibliopole, who has promised an early perusal, with a view to an arrangement for its speedy publication, if the incidents are not considered rather too powerful for the present quiet taste which regulates book-reading. One chapter, in which *Fulham* is compared to Elysium, and the ghost of Time is represented as walking arm in arm with the shadow of Eternity in the enclosure of *Brompton-square*, is said to be one of the most powerful pieces of fiction that was ever written.

MISS TICKLETOBY'S LECTURES ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

LECTURE V.—WILLIAM RUFUS.

Just before the breath was out of the Conqueror's body, William Rufus, his second son (who had much longer legs than his honest elder brother Robert), ran over to England, took possession of some castles and his father's money, and, so fortified, had himself proclaimed King of England without any difficulty. Honest Robert remained Duke of Normandy; and as for the third son, Prince Henry, though not so handsomely provided for as his elder brothers, it appears he managed to make both ends meet by robbing on his own account.

William's conduct on getting hold of the crown was so violent, that some of the nobles whom he plundered were struck with remorse at having acknowledged him king instead of honest Courthose, his elder brother. So they set up a sort of rebellion, which Rufus quelled pretty easily, appealing to the people to support him, and promising them all sorts of good treatment in return. The people believed him, fought for him, and when they had done what he wanted, namely, quelled the rebellion, and aided him in seizing hold of several of Robert's Norman castles and towns—would you believe it?—William treated them not one bit better than before! (*Cries of Shame*).

At these exclamations Miss Tickletoby looked round very sternly. Young people, young people (exclaimed she), I'm astonished at you. Don't you know that such cries on your part are highly improper and seditious? Don't you know that by crying out "Shame" in that way, you insult not only every monarch, but every ministry that ever existed? Shame indeed! Shame on *you*, for daring to insult our late excellent Whig Ministry, our present admirable Conservative Cabinet, Sir Robert, Lord John, and all, every minister that ever governed us. They *all* promise to better us, they *all* never do so. Learn respect for your betters, young people, and do not break out into such premature rebellion. (The children being silent, Miss T. put on a less severe countenance and continued)—

I will tell you a pleasant joke of that wag, his late Majesty King William Rufus. He put the kingdom into a great fury against the Normans, saying I have no doubt that they were our natural enemies, and called a huge army together, with which, he said, he would go and annihilate them. The army was obliged to assemble, for by the laws of the country each nobleman, knight, thane, and landholder, was bound according to the value of his land to furnish so many soldiers, knowing that the king would come down on their estates else; and so being all come together, and ready to cross the water, the king made them a speech.

"Friends, Countrymen, and Fellow Soldiers (said he); companions of my toil, my feelings, and my fame; the eyes of Europe are upon you. You are about to embark on a most dangerous enterprise; you will have to undergo the horrors of a sea-voyage, of which I need not describe to you the discomforts (the army began to look very blue). You will be landed in a hostile country, which has been laid waste by me already in my first invasions, as also by the accursed policy of the despot who governs it. (*Cries of Down with Robert Shorthose! No tyranny! no Normans!*) In this afflicted naked country the greater part of you will inevitably starve; a considerable number will be cut to pieces by the ferocious Norman soldiery, and even if it please Heaven to crown my first cause with success, what will my triumph benefit *you*, my friends? *You* will be none the better for it; but will come back many of you without your arms and legs, and not a penny richer than when you went. (*Immense sensation.*)

"Now, I appeal to you as men, as Englishmen, as fathers of families, will it not be better to make a peaceful and honourable compromise than to enter upon any such campaign? Yes! I knew you would say yes, as becomes men of sense, men of honour—Englishmen, in a word. (*Hear, hear.*) I ask you, then—your sovereign and father asks you—will it not be better to pay me ten shillings a-piece all round, and go home to your happy families—to your lovely wives, who will thus run no risk of losing the partners of their beds—to smiling children, who may still for many, many years have their fathers to bless, maintain, and educate them? Officers, carry the hats round, and take the sense of the army."

Putting his handkerchief to his eyes, the beneficent monarch here sat down: and what was the consequence of his affecting appeal? The hats were sent round—the whole army saw the propriety of subscribing—fifteen thousand pounds were paid down on the spot—a bloody war was avoided—and thus, as the king said, all parties were benefited.

For all this, however, he was not long before he had them out again, and took a great number of his towns and castles from his brother Robert. At last he got possession of his whole dukedom; for at this time all Europe was seized with a strange fit of frenzy, and hatred against the Turks; one Peter, a hermit, went abroad preaching hatred against these unbelievers, and the necessity of taking Palestine from them, and murdering every mother's son of them. No less than a million of men set off on this errand. Three hundred thousand of them marched ahead, without food or forethought, expecting that Heaven would provide them with nourishment on their march, and give them the victory over the Saracens. But this pious body was cut to pieces; and as for the doings of the other seven hundred thousand, what heroes commanded them, what dangers they overcame, what enchanters they destroyed, how they took the holy city, and what came of their conquest—all this may be read in the veracious history of one Tasso, but has nothing to do with the history of William Rufus.

That shrewd monarch would not allow his islanders to meddle with the business; but his brother, honest Robert, quite sick of fighting, drinking, and governing in his own country, longed to go to Palestine, and having no money (as usual), William gave him a sum for which the other handed over his inheritance to him; and so Robert was got rid of, and William became King of England and Duke of Normandy.

But he did not keep his kingdoms long. There is a tract of land called the New Forest in Hampshire which has been called so ever since the Conqueror's time. Once it was a thriving district covered with farms and villages and churches, with many people living in it. But conquering King William had a fancy to have a hunting-ground there. Churches and villages he burned down; orchards and cornfields he laid waste; men, women, and children, he drove pitilessly away, and gave up the land to boar and deer. So the people starved and died, and he had his hunting-ground. And such a keen sportsman was he, and so tender and humane towards the dumb animals, that he gave orders, if any man killed a boar, a deer, or even a hare, he should be killed, or have his eyes put out. Up to a late period, our country enjoyed many of the blessings of that noble code of laws.

His Majesty King William Rufus loved sport as well as his royal father, and this New Forest above all. There were all sorts of le-

gends concerning it. The people said (but this was, no doubt, from their superstitious hatred of his Majesty's person and race) that, on account of the crimes the Conqueror had committed in the spot, it was destined to be fatal to his family. One of Rufus's brothers, and his nephew, were actually killed while hunting there; and one morning in the year 1100, when his Majesty was going out hunting, a monk came and prophesied death to him, and warned him to stay at home.

But the scent was lying well on the ground; the King ordered the prophet a purse of money, and rode off with his dogs.

He was found dead in the wood, with an arrow in his breast; and nobody knows who shot it: and what's more, my loves, I fear nobody cares. A Frenchman by the name of Tyrrell was supposed to have done the deed; but Tyrrell denied the charge altogether. His Royal Highness Prince Henry was hunting with the king when the accident took place, and as poor Robert Shorthose was away fighting the Turks, Prince Henry slipped into his brother's shoes, and ruled over the land of England.

Talking about shoes, a dreadful religious disturbance occurred in England *apropos de bottes*. It was the fashion to wear these with immense long toes; and the priests, who could pardon all sorts of crimes, wouldn't pardon the long-toed boots. You laugh? It is a fact, upon my word; and what is more, these popes and priests, who could set up kings and pull them down, and send off millions of people to fight in crusades, never were strong enough to overcome the long-toed boots. The FASHION was stronger than the Pope; and long toes continued to flourish in spite of his curses, and never yielded a single inch until—until SQUARE-TOES came in.

THE PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.

THE session is at length over, and we are happy to be enabled to give the following statistical information regarding the events by which the first session of Conservative rule has been distinguished. The house has sat upwards of one hundred days, and has soiled in the same period nearly seven hundred white waistcoats.

Out of more than a thousand speeches, about one half have sent their hearers to sleep; and of two hundred orators, two have been pulled down by their friends, to prevent their continuing to make fools of themselves.

There have been nearly thirty thousand "cheers," and the word "hear" has been repeated so often, that statistical vigilance has been unable to keep pace with it. Of miscellaneous noises, there have been six, the two principal of which are crowing like a cock, and braying like an ass; the latter having been the more natural.

Of the Reports of Committees the number has been large, and the result in waste paper very considerable. Of legislative improvements, two have been partially effected, and twenty-six have been talked about.

There have been, on an average, a thousand white neckcloths, four hundred satin scarfs, sixteen stocks at four-and-six, and one (Mr. Hume's) at two-and-three in mohair. The majority of the Members have worn Wellington boots; but six have been detected in Clarences, and one in Oxonians.

A WRIT OF SUPERSEDEAS.

WHY is Singing for the Million the best substitute for Universal Suffrage?—Because it will give every one a *voice in the country*.

LOST PROOFS FROM CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.

No. I.—A SPARE CHAPTER FROM "THE MISER'S DAUGHTER."

CHAPTER THE .—PEERLESS POND. UNCLE TRUSSELL'S INTERVIEW WITH HIS NEPHEW.

UNCLE TRUSSELL, although he could not but approve of Randulph's behaviour respecting his quarrel with Sir Norfolk Salusbury, nevertheless felt some slight qualms as to the manner in which his mother would receive him on her arrival. But as Randolph's wound was pronounced unimportant, he appointed to meet him at Peerless Pond—a place of general resort at this period—and there talk the matter over.

Peerless Pond, whither Trussell now bent his steps, was a piece of water, nearly on the site of the present bath, three hundred and ninety feet long, ninety-three feet broad, and eleven feet deep, stocked with carp, tench, and a great variety of the finny tribe, wherein subscribers had the privilege to angle. On each side was a high slope or bank, with numbers of verdant trees, terminated at the top by a gravel walk between stately limes; and at the head of the fishpond, westward, stood a handsome old country squire-like building, which looked on the water, and wherein all sorts of luxuries were dispensed to the guests.

As it was not improbable that he might fall in with Lady Brabazon and Clementina, Trussell, at all times particular, had paid a little extra attention to his toilet. He had put on a fine flowing Ramillies periwig, of a light blue tint, together with a yellow velvet coat, a flowered green satin vest worked with gold thread, scarlet silk breeches, and ruffles of exquisite texture. A cravat of point lace, dyed orange, was round his neck. In his hand he carried a clouded cane with a tassel of faded bell-pull. In his shoes were buckles of different-coloured paste; and his hose were of the hue known at that day as dandy-grey-russet. A silver-hilted sword, inlaid with gold, in a sheath of leather bound with brass and studded with steel, hung at his side; and a three-cornered hat, edged with feathers of various hues, completed his attire.

On arriving at Peerless Pond, he entered the house, and was sorry to see Jacob Post in conference with Randulph. They were seated at a table on which was spread a very excellent repast. There was a magnificent pasty of goat's-eyes—then esteemed a great rarity, and some cutlets of mutton from Highgate Downs, served with piquant sauce. A cold heron, which had been roasted whole, was placed near these dishes, and flanked by a large flagon of St. Luke's ale, to which Jacob paid frequent devoirs. Pieces of brown bread were placed before each guest, and salt-cellars at the corners of the table. On the sideboard was a fricasee of Italian greyhound, and a dish of potted owl, as well as a salad of rose-leaves and native oysters.

"I wished you to have come alone, Randulph," remarked Trussell, as he entered the room; "you have acted wrong in bringing any one with you."

"No, he hasn't," said Jacob, gruffly. "Tell me why."

"For reasons best known to myself," replied Trussell.

"It was by chance he met me here, uncle," observed Randulph.

"No, it wasn't," cried the straightforward Jacob.

During this brief conversation, Randulph's mind was perfectly occupied with Hilda Scarve. It was evident that he had several powers working against him. Lady Brabazon was enraged at his slighting her; so was Clementina. Philip Frewin owed him no small grudge, and Sir Norfolk was also hostile. Uncle Abel began to mistrust his actions, and Old Scarve had a decided objection to him; whilst Hilda's faith was perhaps shaken by the recollection of Kitty Conway. Cordwell Firebras merely used him as a tool. Beau Villiers was jealous of his figure; and even Mr. Crackenthorpe Cripps eyed him with disdain. He had evidently got no friends. He consequently waited to see what speech his Uncle would make.

A ROMAUNT.

THE struggle is over, the conflict is done,
Th' peril is past, and the gauntlet is run;
The risk is encounter'd, the trial is o'er,
The step that is taken 'tis vain to deplore;
The Rubicon 's forded, the danger incurr'd,
The shame has been braved, and the truth has been heard—
'Tis done, and I must not repine at the fact,
I've taken the Benefit—yes—of the Act.

AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.

LITTLE doubt is there that this fine science will eventually take the lead of all others, and we are therefore anxious to give our readers an insight into some of its most valuable principles. Every farm will ere long have its doctor as well as its bailiff, and the old game of "soldier, sailor,—tinker, tailor, *ploughboy, apothecary,*" &c., evidently contemplated a connexion between chemists and clodhoppers.

To show what has already been done by agricultural chemistry, we give a few cases which have occurred within our own practice :—

CASE THE FIRST.

We were called in to a grass plat which was suffering severely from the mange. The patient was lying in a back yard in Lambeth ; and our first care was to order a strong decoction of rain from the water-butt. This caused a slight relaxation of the hard crustaceous substance that had formed itself on the surface ; and we recommended gentle friction the next day with an iron roller. The patient still continuing much the same, we resorted to rather a desperate remedy. We caused cuttings to be brought from a healthy body of green meadow, and filled in the parts of the grass plat where the mange had been most active in its ravages. We soon had the satisfaction of perceiving that our experiment had succeeded, and having ordered further friction with a roller for a few days, we left the patient with a certainty that a cure had been effected.

CASE THE SECOND.

We were called in one day to attend a China Rose, which had been losing its leaves very fast, and was the last of a family of six that had all prematurely perished. Perceiving that the unhealthy plant was rapidly wasting to a mere stick, we determined on trying strong measures at once, and ordered a constant watering with salts and senna, which we thought might open the buds, of which there were still two remaining. This treatment having completely failed, we declined further attendance, having first recommended the trial of a warmer climate, by taking the afflicted patient from the window-sill to the chimney-piece.

CASE THE THIRD.

The case to which we are now about to allude is rather curious. It appeared that some potatoes had been set in the usual way in a strip of ground at the back of a house in the City, and had not yet shown themselves, though five months had transpired. This was evidently a surgical and not a chemical case, which induced us to resort to the spade, a thing we seldom do but in the last extremity. At the first thrust of the instrument into the earth, we were met by a hard bony substance, which greatly obstructed us. Having withdrawn the spade, we plunged it into another part, and we soon had the satisfaction of feeling that we were getting to the root of the disease, and in a few moments we succeeded in extracting a small piece of potatoe, which was found to be exactly in the same condition as when it was first planted. We ordered magnesia for the ground, and left the rest to nature, which we have often found materially to aid our efforts. We should be happy to relate further cases, but we have not been called in, and have therefore nothing to make a report about.

RISING YOUNG MEN.

MR. BASIL BLOTT, THE DRAMATIST.

BASIL BLOTT was the son of a respectable attorney in large practice, and being placed in his father's office at an early age, seemed destined to be buried behind the gloomy desk of a clerk, when chance threw him in the way of developing his genius.

It became his fate, in the way of his profession, to serve a copy of a writ on a celebrated tragedian at the Coburg, who, taking the document with a scowl, and a malignant exclamation of—

"Perdition catch *yer* soul, the chance is thine!"

at once stamped in our hero's mind an indelible love for the drama.

A *cognovit*, which naturally arose out of the incident alluded to, led young Blott and the tragedian into frequent intercourse, which was only interrupted by the falling due of the first instalment, from which date our hero never met with the illustrious wielder of the tragic truncheon.

The destinies of Blott were, however, fixed. He had contracted a love for the stage, and the passion became fixed by a casual introduction to the money-taker at the Pavilion—a patron of letters, and himself the author of the lay to a popular melo-drama. The confidence that never fails to be engendered over unlimited beer, soon arose between the money-taker and young Blott, who was soon persuaded by his new friend to try his hand at a drama, with a view to the peculiar powers of Mr. Freer, who was then in the full enjoyment of inexhaustible lungs and unlimited popularity.

Young Blott was not long in concocting a melodrama on the subject of the BURKERS, who were then under sentence of death, and he proposed strengthening the bill (which is a great proof of his dramatic tact even at that early period of his career) by announcing a REAL CASE OF HOCUSSING as one of the incidents. The Management, however, who had before shown sufficient spirit to go to the very verge of such an announcement, hesitated at this, and the programme went forth without the startling feature that young Blott would have introduced to it.

Our hero, whose object was fame, had the satisfaction of seeing his piece withdrawn by order of the magistrates, and he repaired with his friend the money-taker to a neighbouring tavern, where the remainder of the night was passed in alternate sarcasm at the expense of the authorities and the interchange of friendly sentiment.

The conspiracy which is always entered into by all managers to exclude works of genius from the stage, wholly prevented the works of Blott from being given to the public, until his friend the money-taker introduced him to the light comedian of the Bower Saloon, who was fortunately on the eve of taking a ticket-night. An intimacy then sprung up between our hero and the light comedian, while the constant flow of half-and-half was accompanied by gushes of cordiality, which ended in an arrangement for the production of a farce by Blott on his new friend's ticket-night. The only condition was, that our hero should take five pounds' worth of tickets and lend the dress—a fashionable new suit—for the principal character, which, of course, was to be sustained by the light comedian. The eventful evening came, and Blott's new farce went off amid the unanimous clattering of porter-pots. It is highly probable that Blott will be applied to by the managers of the patent theatres, and we have no doubt that the suit of clothes lent to the light comedian will be returned when the piece has had its run ; which, as it was withdrawn after the first night, will occur at some not very definite period.

MORAL PATHOLOGY on REIGNING COMPLAINTS.

(SKELETON NOTES FROM AN UNPUBLISHED WORK.)

THE bribery fever, which has spread during the last two years with such incredible rapidity, does not seem likely to yield to the drastic remedies lately prescribed for it. The parliamentary faculty in a body have declared that it is necessary to check the ravages of this demoralising disorder. Copious bleeding and an open exposure of the unhealthy parts have been recommended, and, in several instances, tried with effect—whilst in the more inveterate cases, nothing has been found beneficial but administering a most stringent course of irritants, such as towelling and flagellation to the member diseased, and subjecting the patient to close confinement.

WATER ON THE BRAIN.

Many people, in consequence of having passed too rapidly from one temperature to another, have been attacked by a kind of inflammation which is called *arrogance*, and which manifests itself by the elevated position of the head and shoulders, by the stiffness of the neck and of the backbone, which can only be bent with extreme pain. The patient also feels habitual convulsions of the upper lip, which give to his countenance an expression of indolence and disdain. This disorder terminates generally by a *bleeding at the nose*.

THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY,

AFTER A PUBLIC DINNER.

EPOCH THE FIRST.

I CAN remember the large room at the Freemasons' Tavern, with the tables still spread out in a long line, and a few waiters engaged in clearing them. I can remember addressing a bust as Mr. Chairman with considerable vehemence; and as a waiter led me by the arm towards the door, I have a vivid recollection of calling upon him for a speech, a song, or a sentiment. My memory then introduces me to a small respectable gentleman with a bald head, who I recollect was called Mr. Cuff, and who used the language of gentle remonstrance, advising me to go home quietly. I remember that I insisted upon first shaking hands with Cuff, then fighting him, and subsequently the word "Shameful!" burst upon my ears. After which I recollect nothing but a struggle with several men in white neckcloths, ending in my being deposited in a state of semi-consciousness on the steps of the Freemasons'.

ILLUSTRATION OF WAVERLEY.

EPOCH THE SECOND.

I can remember standing with my back to the railings of St. Giles's Church, while the moon was shining brightly above, and I was addressing a lamp-post opposite on the iniquities of the income-tax. I have some recollection of being saluted by a distant cry of "Lul-li-e-tee!" and I clearly remember that my hat was removed from my head; while I have an idea that I was standing on the pavement without my pumps, for I felt it strike cold to my feet through my silk stockings.

EPOCH THE THIRD.

I remember waking in my bed, having been aroused by a knock at my chamber door; when I was informed that my coat (with one of the skirts torn off) had been brought to the house by a policeman, who had found nothing in it but my card-case, from which he had ascertained my residence.

TO MY WIFE—IN FUTURO.

TO THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

SIR,—Impressed with the fixed idea that my wife *what* is to be—if, indeed, such a person exist—must of necessity, as my future wife, be a reader of "PUNCH," I hope you will see fit to present her with the enclosed address through the medium of "your valuable publication." This being my surest and most unfailing plan for bringing it under her notice, I am sure that Mr. P., remembering the days when he waited on his Judy (was it Callaghan?) at two o'clock in the morning on the night of the 13th of February, will at once take compassion on the "sighing swain" longing that the effusion of his soul should meet the eyes of her for whom it is intended; and by inserting these verses in his pages, show her that somebody's coming to marry her, and that that person is hers and yours most obediently, CHARLES HOOKEY WALKER.

August 13, 1842.

PUNCH A LA GLACE.

O UNKNOWN lady!—"Who are you?"
What is your name, and what your rank, Miss?
Live you in Peckham or Peru,
Put up near Cairo or the Bank, Miss?
Or are you one of Hampstead's own
Fair, fairy-like, bewitching beauties;
Or come you from another zone
Of tigers, elephants, and Sooties?

Are you the daughter of John Smith,
Or are you heiress of a nabob?
Or have you got no kin or kith—
An orphan—left without e'en *a* bob?
Will no one claim you, make you rich,
Or elevate you to the peerage?
Money or rank, no matter which—
One buys the other in "this here age."

And can you sing?—I hope you do!—
And is your voice a fine soprano?
And do you love your harp?—and you,
Of course, can play on the piano?
And do you ever write in rhyme,
And have you got a favourite muse, love?
And do you—do you—think that I'm
The sort of man you'd not refuse, love?

But circumstances are the things
Most people find that make folks marry;
They tie or clip young Cupid's wings,
Until he cannot choose but tarry.
That beautiful Miss What's-her-name
I met at Florence, who knows whether
Love might not have lit up a "flame,"
If we had been "much thrown together."

But, unknown lady! when we meet,
Whether in Mexico or Siam,
Jerusalem, or Regent-street,
I wonder if you know who *I am!*
I wonder if you'll then perceive
That we were form'd to love together;
That you and I shall joy or grieve
Henceforth as one?—I wonder whether!

P.S. An answer addressed to the "Punch" Office will oblige.

DOMESTIC COOKERY.

Family Lemonade.—Get a jug and run with it to the water-butt, wash out with a small quantity of aqueous fluid, and wipe dry with a clean glass-cloth. Now you may take your lemon, being careful to choose the very best you can meet with. Slice with an ordinary knife into a common plate, and throw the pieces smartly into the jug, taking care that they reach the bottom. Seize your sugar-basin, and sweeten at discretion, adding a little more when you think there is need of it. Take your kettle and pour your boiling water over your lemon, stirring all the while with the handle of a toasting-fork. Be careful not to leave off stirring until you know your sugar is dissolved, when you may sit down and wait for time to cool the refreshing beverage. Serve up in tumblers or mugs; in default of which you may drink out of the pitcher.

A Breakfast Decoction for Juveniles.—When you have finished your own breakfast, take the teapot and fill it up with warm water. Fill an infant's mug one-fourth part with milk, and add another fourth of pure water. Now you may have recourse to your tea-pot, from which you may pour *ad libitum*, and having added a little sugar, you have a splendid breakfast decoction for the juveniles.

Periwinkles.—Purchase your winkle in the shell ready dressed, and turn out from tin pot into plate—which you can have done by your fishmonger. Serve on the end of a pin, and eat with as much appetite as possible.

TO —— "PUNCH," ESQUIRE,

&c. &c. &c.

Whetstone Park, Aug. 12, 1842.

DEAR PUNCH,

I have been looking very anxiously for these last two or three weeks for a continuance of "Jack Brownless," as the hero of that interesting little drama is evidently a fellow after my own heart. My name is

DIDDLETON DOO.

I am a descendant, both by my father and mother's side, from the great Doos of Osnaburgh-street, who, about the year 1826, created such a panic among the chandlery and other establishments in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park.

I was educated upon a plan as original as economical. At eight years of age, I was sent to a seminary for young gentlemen, where I remained four months and three days. At the expiration of that time, an intimate friend of my father called with the following note:

DEAR MRS. CRISSCROSS,

Will you be kind enough to allow Master Doo to be absent from his studies for a fortnight, as his uncle, Captain Readypenny (from whom we have great expectations), has invited him to spend a fortnight with him? Please to let him come in his best clothes, and bring as much of his linen with him as you can. I have the honour to remain (with many thanks for your kindness to my offspring),

Your obedient and grateful Servant,
DOWNEY ATHELSTANE DOO.

I was accordingly despatched, with many "comfortable words," to my amiable parents, who, I found, had changed their lodgings during my absence. I was received by my father with a loud shout of merriment; and the servant—a dirty little girl about twelve and a half—was despatched with a half-pint bottle to the public-house at the corner. Oh, what a happy evening we spent! My father and his friend sang songs and shook hands with each other, whilst my affectionate mother drained glass after glass to my future prosperity, which she contended was certain from the present happy combination of circumstances.

In after life, I learned the cause of these festivities. My father had devised a great scheme to educate me—gratis—and this was the first experiment. I had now been living and learning for upwards of four months at the expense of Mrs. Crisscross. I had returned to the bosom of my family, with my best clothes upon my back, and all my linen (except two shirts and three pair of stockings) in my trunk. Six weeks were wanting to the vacation; and before Mrs. C.'s suspicions of my father's character could be awakened, we should be concealed in such a labyrinth of lodgings as to defy the possibility of discovery. Accordingly, about a week after my return, the following note was despatched by the intimate friend who had been the bearer of the former one:—

MY DEAR MRS. CRISSCROSS,

You will be shocked to hear that our dear little Diddle has the ringworm. As a parent and a man, I cannot think of letting him return until he is so far recovered as to prevent the possibility of contagion. I have the honour to remain (with increased admiration of your character from what my little boy has told me),

Your obedient and obliged Servant,
DOWNEY ATHELSTANE DOO.

Mrs. Crisscross wrote back a letter of condolence; and we never heard whether she made any further inquiries after us. By following up this system, I received a very tolerable education, with most unexceptionable board and lodging; and I never think of my father without gratitude and admiration.

I remember, upon one of the occasions on which my estimable parents were particularly *hard up*, as it is figuratively called, my father was painfully in want of some brandy-and-water, a stimulant which had been prescribed to him by the guard of the Exeter Telegraph. For some hours his necessities seemed to have paralysed his inventive genius; but at last the Doo prevailed. Tearing the blank page out of an odd volume belonging to the landlord, he proceeded to inscribe it with one of the most brilliant ideas that ever characterised any age, and having buttoned the precious document inside his waistcoat, sallied forth into Regent-street. After promenading for a few minutes backwards and forwards, he suddenly distorted his face like a Merry-andrew, and turning round two or three times, fell flat upon his face on the pavement. A crowd instantly gathered round him; and, amidst loud cries of "Let him have air; the man's in a fit!"—"Where are you pushing?"—one humane individual rolled him on his back, and opened his waistcoat. The first thing that met the eye was the document before alluded to. It ran thus:—

"I'M SUBJECT TO FITS;
PRAY DON'T BLEED ME;
BUT
GIVE ME A GLASS OF BRANDY-AND-WATER."

The effect was electrical! Half-a-dozen hands were thrust into as many pockets; and my noble father went to bed that night in a state becoming the First Lord of the Treasury

You may, perhaps, hear from me again. By the by, can you lend me a sovereign?—Yours,

DIDDLETON DOO.

DACTYLS TO MR. MULREADY,

INSCRIBED ON A GOVERNMENT ENVELOPE.

HAIL! O Mulready! Thou etcher of penny *envellopes!*
How can we praise the ethereal air of the garment
That hangs down behind from the shoulders of Mrs. Britannia?
What is the thing that is perched on the top of her helmet?
Is it a wasp, with its head cut off, stuck on its tail, there?
And how sublime is the shadowing forth of her power,
The wonderful size of her arms, and their masculine muscles,
Each arm far more in circumference than is her head-piece,
As if 'twere to show that her strength is more than her judgment!
Mighty Britannia! enthroned on her "tight little island,"
Sending abroad o'er the earth, to its uttermost quarters,
Air-swimming angels—celestial "General Postmen,"
Types of the swiftness enjoined by the "new penny postage."
Some does she send from her right hand, and some from the other:
One to the region where Penn shaketh hands with the Indians—
A symbol that now, when so cheap is the postage of letters,
We'll see ev'ry hand on the face of the earth with a Penn in it.
One flies away into Lapland—and one into Turkey—
And one to take part in a snug little Chinese committee.
Praise we the symbol of ships sailing up against mountains,
Showing that nothing on earth can retard our progressing—
Praise we the thought that could show us the terrible vastness
Of the consumption of ink from the "increased facilities"—
Showing that now it is sent, not in bottles, but hogsheads!
Great is thy genius, Mulready! and thou shalt live ever,
By Fame handed down to Posterity in an *envellope!*

ETYMOLOGICAL CURIOSITY.

SAUSAGE, properly sarsage, from σαρξ (flesh), and αγω (to drive in).

"YOUNG men *taken in and done for*," as the shark said to the ship's crew.

"I'M particularly uneasy on this point," as the fly said when the young gentleman stuck him on the end of a needle.

"You can't come too often," as the hackney-coachman said to the thunder-storm.

"COME, get up, it's time to rise," as Baron Rothschild said to the Spanish Funds.

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

DRAWING FOR THE MILLION.

TO MR. "PUNCH."

Onourd Sur,—This cums hopin youl xcuse the liberty I take in addresin yu, which ime shure you wont think anythink ov, wen i tell yu my objec, which is to make nown a very valubel speeches of hedukashun threw the medium of your valubel collums. I mean drawring hin klasses: i ave bin studdiing hunder Mistr Gander, and wot I rite for his to send yu a speciment of my drawring after receivin six lessons. Yu are at liberty to make any huse ov this that yu please, and am yure obedent servant to command,

1 OF THE MILLION.

P.S.—i wouldnt mind a guiney a week to make a few more drawrings ov the same karacter as wot i ave sent; or i dont mind havin a go at pollitix hif yu wood make it wurth mi wile.

RISING YOUNG MEN.

MR. TIMOTHY TARNISH, THE ACTOR.

TIMOTHY TARNISH was born somewhere about the year 1810, speaking chronologically; and speaking geographically, he came into the world somewhere about the Seven Dials. His father and mother were dealers in the general line, and a bundle of old plays having been accidentally added to their stock, young Tarnish took to what is called "a dramatic turn;" and this unfortunate *pirouette* was confirmed by the purchase of a second-hand scimitar, with which our hero, as an imaginary Macduff, was wont to cut at an old chair, which his fancy had marked as the Thane of Cawdor.

Young Tarnish being once singed by the flame of dramatic ardour, was not to be easily cooled; and he was particularly ignited by a volume of *Congreves*, which lighted up the fire of ambition, and made him resolve that he would either rise at once or "fall like Lucifer." Having helped himself copiously from the paternal till, he bought the character of *Othello* for one pound five at a private theatre, and having rubbed in a sufficient quantity of soot and butter, he was in due time "made up" for the "filthy bargain." A pair of black worsted

INDIAN RUBBER.

stockings on his arms and legs, with red velveteen small-clothes bought from the footman of a noble Lord, nearly completed the costume of young Tarnish, who having been informed that there was considerable nervousness in first "smelling the lamps," took a vigorous sniff at the flat, and rubbed his nose upon the oil-can at the morning of rehearsal, in order to get accustomed beforehand to the intimidating odour.

The *Othello* of young Tarnish was pronounced to be a very remarkable performance, and the manager of the Thespian Saloon—a shrewd critic, and himself the arranger of some feats of strength for the Mackintosh Untrustables—was so pleased with our hero's performance, that he offered him on the spot the usual engagement. Young Tarnish was to receive nothing for the first six months; was to find his own dresses, pay the usual subscription to the indemnifying fund, spend half-a-crown a night at the bar, and pay fifteen pounds into the treasury to secure a benefit. The till of his father enabled our hero to accept this eligible offer, and he made his first bow to a Stangate public as the second cut-throat in *Macbeth*; a performance that so pleased the manager, that the latter shook hands with him cordially several times in the course of the night, and complimented him at the wing on the effective ugliness of his countenance. Young Tarnish continued to play a varied round of business for several weeks, and having at length attracted the notice of a provincial manager, he joined a sharing scheme at a Welsh seaport, where he opened as *Charles Surface*, in muddy highlows, a pair of Tweedish pantaloons, and a gambroon cloak, which were the only articles in his private wardrobe. He subsequently acted *Roderick Dhu*, in leather-gaiters and a plaid table-cover, and, once in the course of the season, went on for *Virginius* in a sheet, which had been kindly lent him by his landlady. He was fortunate enough to obtain the patronage of the town-crier, who personally informed the public of our hero's benefit, by which he cleared —his own pocket of the little cash that had still remained in it.

Young Tarnish has every hope of eventually obtaining an appearance at Drury Lane or Covent Garden, and though the ascent is arduous, he will no doubt one day be at the top of a patent house, if he can muster a shilling to visit the gallery of either. His acting is somewhat cold—in winter-time—for his utter deprivation of anything like comfortable clothing is sure to make it so. Perhaps one of his best assumptions is the cock in *Hamlet*, which he has played several nights in a manner that has led to his having been called for occasionally by the audience.

QUESTIONS ADRESSÉES AU GRAND CONCOURS AUX ÉLÈVES D'ANGLAIS DU COLLÈGE ST. BADAUD, DANS LE DÉPARTEMENT DE LA HAUTE COCKAIGNE.

EXPLIQUEZ la différence entre un *sweepstake* et un *beefsteak*, et dites si on mange le premier *au naturel* ou à la sauce piquante!

Traduisez en vers français le distique suivant:—

"He vot prigs vot isn't his'n,
Ven he's cotch'd must go to pris'n."

Quel est le prix d'une femme en Angleterre; et dans quelle ville est-ce que ce marché est tenu; et combien de fois par semaine!—Dites si elles sont vendues au "prix fixe," ou avec un petit rabais pour de l'argent comptant!—Si les jolies sont plus chères que les laides, et si les brunettes sont plus recherchées que les blondes!—Si on les vend par le livre, ou "en gros"!

Dites le rang que le Duc de Humphrey occupe dans la Pairie anglaise.—Dites le grand age qu'il doit avoir; appuyez beaucoup sur la générosité de son caractère; et donnez la liste des parcs, et des lieux publiques, où il donne ses grands dîners.

EDUCATION!!!

ANTOMATHIC HALL. An interesting lecture was delivered a few evenings since at the above place, by Dr. Olinthus Dabbs, on Education, developing views which, if not new, are decidedly broad, involving as they do an extension of, and improvement on, the system of wholesale instruction now so deservedly popular.

The Doctor said that he did not claim the merit of originality for his system, and hoped no one would think he did; however, that the carrying out and amplifying of a principle was the next thing to discovering it, and often produced results which would have astonished the original inventor. A neighbouring people were apt at invention; we improved on their discoveries; and he would leave it to his audience to say in which of the two countries the arts and sciences were in the highest state of perfection. Hereat there was much applause.

"But," continued the Doctor, "I am not covetous of fame. What my deserts may be is neither here nor there. I seek only to be useful. Knowledge, like truth, lies in a well; and I consider myself, and am content to be considered, a PUMP whereby the precious lymph may haply be raised and distributed. If in that capacity I succeed in irrigating your minds, I shall be quite satisfied." Dr. Dabbs then said something to the effect that he hoped he should not be found *dry*; at which again considerable mirth was excited.

The Doctor then propounded his plan, which was to combine the instruction of classes in singing with the communication to them of general or specific information, by embodying the same in the songs to be practised. All that would be necessary would be to adapt new words to old airs. He would not detain his hearers longer, but would at once proceed to exemplify his method. He had procured the attendance of a competent chorus; and he would now take a few miscellaneous subjects, and show how easily and pleasantly knowledge might be acquired in a short time respecting them. He could not do better, he thought, than begin with Geography; and he would choose a theme that came home, in a manner, to every bosom—the boundaries of our native land. He then gave a signal, and the chorus burst forth thus:—

Tune—"*Rule Britannia.*"

Britannia's bounded on the North
By Caledonia, famous Land of Cakes;
This fact remember, remember from henceforth,
The British Channel her south boundary makes.
Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves;
Britons never, never, never, never will be slaves.

Eastward his proud water pours
The German Ocean wide and deep;
Westward the Irish Channel roars,
And the Atlantic's billows sweep.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Dr. Dabbs did not pretend to be much of a poet; however, though he said it who should not, he could not help thinking that the verses just sung did not fall very far short of some passages of Wordsworth's. He would next treat the company to a little history; the gentlemen and ladies of the chorus would be so good as to favour them again. They sang accordingly as follows:—

Tune—"*Yankee Doodle.*"

In England first the Britons dwelt,
The Saxons next did follow;
But conquering Will did Harold welt,
And beat the Saxons hollow.
Too ral loo, &c.

King William Rufus, call'd the Red,
Was shot by Walter Tyrrel,
Who when he saw the monarch dead,
Cut off like any squirrel.
Too ral loo, &c.

It was advisable, Dr. Dobbs said, to spread a light and agreeable colouring over the tragic events of history; because no one learns anything so well as what he learns cheerfully. Suppose they now took arithmetic. Perhaps the chorus would have the kindness to state the Rule of Three:—

Tune—"*I remember, I remember.*"

Third and second terms together,
Youthful student, multiply.—
Well-a-day! I know not whether
I can do so till I try.
Then, thereof, the product duly,
By the first term, oh! divide,
And the quotient will right truly
Tell what darkness else would hide!

Here the Doctor observed, that surely harmonious *numbers* afforded the best means of teaching arithmetic, indicating by his countenance that he meant the remark for wit. As such it was received—laughter ensuing; whereby he was encouraged further to observe, that it was a pity that Terpsichore also could not be enlisted on the side of this branch of intellectual education; for that dancing would necessarily conduce to the acquisition of *figures*. On this the cachinnations of the hearers were redoubled, and they likewise stamped and clapped. "Now," said the Doctor, "let us have a little fun with chemistry. Teach us, gentlemen and ladies, if you please, how to procure Sir Humphrey Davy's celebrated nitrous oxide; give us a little laughing gas:—

Tune—*Laughing Chorus, Freyschutz.*

Nitrous oxide would you make, man,
Retort and receiver take, man,
In the which distil, ha! ha!
Nitrate of ammo-ni-a.
Ho! ho! ha! ha! &c.

Would you be than March hare madder,
Breathe this gas from out a bladder,
And you'll shout and laugh with glee,
Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! he! he!
Ho! ho! &c.

The Doctor then caused various other equally amusing and instructive exemplifications of his system to be given by the chorus, whose performances elicited great approbation, and must undoubtedly have had the desired effect of impressing on the minds of all present the facts which the songs embodied.

BIDDING A-JEW (ADIEU?)

Private Theatricals.

IN compliance with the prevailing fashion, Master Thomas Goodchild entertained his young friends in Aldermanbury on Thursday last. The back parlour was appropriated to the theatre, which was one of West's sixpenny ones; and the piece of "The Miller and his Men" was represented. The characters owed their stability to a pack of cards on which they were pasted. We were much pleased with the Ace of Spades, who threw such firmness into *Grindoff*. The flour-sack and second miller were also well supported by an old Horticultural ticket; but we are sorry we cannot award the same praise to the Orphan's Asylum card, who in the part of *Lothair* curled up the minute he approached the lamps, until his head got between his knees.

Some confusion was created, in the course of the evening, by Master Peck, a mischievous urchin, who having devoured the crumb of a Vandyke sandwich, threw the crust on the stage and knocked down the mill, for which he was blown up instead. Mrs. Goodchild was very effective in the afterpiece of "Maternal Anger," particularly in the situation where the oil from the front lamps was spilled on the new carpet. An elegant repast of mixed biscuits and currant-wine and water concluded the evening's festivities; after which Mrs. G. thanked her young friends for their company and sent them home. She has it in contemplation not to ask any of them again to a similar treat.

Punch loquitur.—Can any one tell the difference between the *Athenæum* and the *Literary Gazette*?—*Sir Peter Laurie répond:* Yes, I can: the one is pensive, and the other expensive.

THE LUMBER TROOPERS.

This honourable body has, it appears, vacated the Dr. Johnson's Tavern, but without the honours of war, for the arms and ammunition of the troop were detained for a score which had been valiantly run up with soldier-like recklessness, and left unpaid with military (certainly not with civil) gallantry.

It appears from the statement, that the sort of ammunition to which this little band of veterans is attached consists of matter for blowing out, rather than blowing up; and the items of their outlay present a pleasing alternation between summer festivals, dinner-tickets, repairing mortars, and going it like bricks in the consumption of eatables.

It is fortunate for the peace of the City that the arms of the Lumber Troop are restored before there has been any demand for their use in *defence* of the metropolis. The mortar, which, with true military ardour, the Lumberers had given two shillings to repair, may now be turned with an intimidating aspect on the largest mob; and as the cannon from the Knightsbridge brewhouse has been treated for by the troop, we can safely predict that there will be no lack of Ordnance.

It is to be regretted that so fine a body of men should have been divested of their implements of warfare for a single hour; but when a dispute about a tavern score has been the cause, the effect seems still more deplorable. It is now some time since the evacuation of Bolt-court by the troop, who, taking the word "bolt" in its familiar acceptation, were apparently resolved on crossing the Fleet-street line, and whilst surprising the landlord by leaving him in the rear, bringing up the van to remove their ammunition, without paying the price of their former (pot) valour. This splendid military manœuvre has, however, failed, and the honourable payment of 16*l.* 10*s.* has placed the troop once more in pos-

session of the brass mortar, the portrait of their Colonel, the rusty swords of former veterans, and four ounces of gunpowder.

SONGS OF THE FLOWERS.

No. II.—THE SONG OF THE BUTTERCUP.

I'm a saucy Buttercup—yes, 'tis true,
And a lazy life I gleefully lead,
Where the active heifers each other pursue
In playful gambols across the mead.
The clover may have a sweeter scent,
Of its scarlet tint the Poppy may boast,
But I with myself am quite content,
Then "Hail to the Buttercup!" be the toast.

The London Pride has a longer stem,
The Scarlet Runner grows more tall,
But what does the Buttercup care for them?—
No! the saucy Buttercup laughs at them all.
The Sunflower wears a gaudier coat,
There's more refinement about the Pink;
But seize the wine-cup each thirsty throat,
And to the Buttercup drink, boys, drink!

MISS TICKLETOBY'S LECTURES ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

LECTURE VI.—HENRY I.—MAUDE.—STEPHEN.—HENRY II.

We have still a little more to hear of honest Robert Shorthose. With his usual luck, the poor fellow came posting back from Jerusalem, a month after his brother Henry had taken possession of the English crown; and though at first he made a great noise, and got an army together, with which, as he was a valiant captain, he might have done his brother some hurt, yet the latter purchased him off with some money, of which Shorthose was always in want, and the two came to a compromise, it being agreed that Robert should keep Normandy, and Henry England, and that the survivor should have both.

So Shorthose went home with the money his brother gave him, and lived and made merry as long as it lasted; and the historians say that he was such a spendthrift of a fellow, and kept such a Castle Rackrent of a house, that he was compelled to lie in bed several days for want of a pair of breeches. (Much laughter at the imperturbed way in which Miss Tickletoby pronounced the fatal word "breeches.")

But Henry, for all the agreement, would not let his brother keep possession of that fine Dukedom of Normandy. He picked continual quarrels with him, and ended by taking possession of the Duchy, and of Shortlegs, in spite of his bravery, whom he shut up in a castle, where he lived for near five-and-twenty years after. His fate inspires one with some regret, for he was a frank, open fellow, and had once, in a siege, saved from starvation this very brother who robbed him; but he was a fool, and did not know how to keep what he had, and Henry was wise; so it was better for all parties that poor Shortlegs should go to the wall. Peace be with him! We shall hear no more of him; but it is something in the midst of all these lying, swindling, tyrants and knaves, to find a man who, dissolute and brutal as he was, was yet an honest fellow.

King Henry, the first of his name, was, from his scholarship (which I take it, was no great things; and am sure that many a young lady in this seminary knows more than ever he did) surnamed Beauclerc—a sharp, shifty fellow, steering clear, amidst all the glooms and troubles of his times, and somehow always arriving at his end. He was admired by all Europe for his wisdom. He had two fair kingdoms, which had once been riotous and disorderly, but which he made quiet and profitable; and that there might be no doubts about the succession to the throne, he caused his son, Prince William, to be crowned co-king with him, and thus put the matter beyond a doubt.

There was, however, one obstacle, and this was the death of Prince William. He was drowned, and his father never smiled after. And after all his fighting and shuffling, and swindling, and cleverness, and care, he had to die and leave his throne to be fought for between his daughter, and his nephew, one Stephen; of the particulars of whose reign it need only be said, that they fought for the crown, like the devil and the baker, and sometimes one had it and sometimes the other. At last Stephen died, and Maude's son, Henry II., came to reign over us in the year 1154.

He was a great prince, wise, brave, and tender-hearted; and he would have done much for his country too, which was attached to him, if the clergy and the ladies had left him a moment's peace.

For a delicate female—(a blush covered Miss T.'s countenance with roses as she spoke)—the subject which I am now called upon to treat, is—ahem!—somewhat dangerous. The fact is, the king had married in very early life a lady possessing a vast deal of money, but an indifferent reputation, and who having been wicked when young, became very jealous being old, as I am given to understand is not unfrequently the case with my interesting sex.

Queen Eleanor bore four sons to her husband, who was dotingly fond of them all, and did not, I have reason to suppose, bestow upon them *that correction*—(a great sensation in the school)—which is necessary for all young people, to prevent their become self-willed and licentious in manhood. Such, I am sorry to say, were all the young princes. The elder, whom, to prevent mistakes, his father had crowned during his lifetime, no sooner was crowned, than he modestly proposed to his father to give up his kingdom to him, and when he refused, rebelled, and fled to the King of France for protection. All his brothers rebelled too;—there was no end to the trouble and perplexity which the unhappy king had to suffer.

I have said that the Queen was jealous, and, oh! I am ashamed to confess, when speaking of his late Sacred Majesty, a King of England, that the Queen, in this instance, had good cause. A worthless, wicked, naughty, abandoned profligate, vile, improper, good-for-

nothing creature, whom historians, forsooth, have handed down to us under the name of Fair Rosamund—(Fair Rosamund, indeed! a pretty pass things are come to, when hussies like this are to be be-praised and bepitied!)—I say, a most wicked, horrid, and abandoned person, by name Miss Rosamund Clifford, had weaned the King's affections from his lady, Queen Eleanor.

Suppose she *was* old and contumacious *: do not people marry "for better, for worse?" Suppose she *had* a bad temper, and a worse character, when the King married her majesty: did not he know what sort of a wife he was taking?—A pretty pass would the world come to, if men were allowed to give up their wives because they were ill-tempered, or go hankering after other people's ladies because their own were a little plain, or so! (Immense applause from the ladies present. And it was here remarked—though we do not believe a word of the story—that Mrs. Binks looked particularly hard at Mr. Binks, saying, "B., do you hear that?" and Binks, on his part, looked particularly foolish.)

How this intimacy with this disreputable Miss Clifford commenced, or how long it endured, is of little matter to us: but, my friends, it is quite clear to you, that such a connexion could not long escape the vigilance of a watchful and affectionate wife. 'Tis true, Henry took this person to Woodstock, where he shut her up in a castle or labyrinth: but he went to see her often—and, I appeal to any lady here, could her husband, could any man, make continual visits to Woodstock, which is five-and-forty miles from London, without exciting suspicion? (No, no!)

It can't be to buy gloves—thought her injured majesty, Queen Eleanor—that he is always travelling to that odious Woodstock:—and she sent her emissaries out; and what was the consequence? she found it was not glove-making that the King was anxious about—but glove-making *without the g!* She instantly set off to Woodstock, as fast as the coach would carry her; she procured admission into the place where this saucy hussy was, and drawing from her pocket a dagger and a bowl of poison, she bade her to take one or the other.

She preferred, it is said, the prussic acid, and died, I have no doubt, in extreme agonies, from the effects of the draught. (Cries of Shame!) Shame!—who cries shame? I say, in the name of injured woman, that, considering the rude character of the times, when private revenge was practised commonly, Queen Eleanor SERVED THE WOMAN RIGHT! (Hear, hear! from the ladies; No, no! from the men; immense uproar from the scholars in general.)

After this, for his whole life long, Henry never had a moment's quiet. He was always fighting one son or other, or all of them together, with the King of France at their back. He was almost always victorious; but he was of a forgiving temper, and the young men began and rebelled as soon as he had set them free. In the midst of one of these attacks by one of the Princes, an attack was made upon the young man of a sort which neither young nor old can parry. He was seized with a fever, and died. He besought his father's forgiveness when dying, but his death does not appear to have altered his brothers' ways, and at last, of a sheer broken heart at their perverseness, it seems that Henry himself died: nor would he forgive his sons their shameful conduct to him.

And whom had he to thank for all this disobedience? Himself and FAIR ROSAMUND. Yes, I repeat it, if he had not been smitten with her, the Queen would not have been jealous; if she had not been jealous, she would not have quarrelled with him; if she had not quarrelled with him, she would not have induced her sons to resist him, and he might have led an easy and comfortable life, and have bettered thus the kingdoms he governed.

Take care, then, my dear young friends, if *you* are called upon to govern kingdoms, or simply, as is more probable, to go into genteel businesses and keep thriving shops, take care never to *offend your wives*. (Hear, hear.) Think of poor King Henry, and all the sorrows he brought upon himself;—and in order not to offend your wives, the best thing you can do is to be very gentle to them, and do without exception every single thing they bid you.

At the end of this lecture, several ladies present came up, and shook Miss Tickletoby by the hand, saying they never heard better doctrine. But the gentlemen, it must be confessed, made very light of the excellent lady's opinions, and one of them said that, after her confession, even if she were young and handsome, nobody would ask *her* to marry.

Nobody wants you, Sir, said Miss Tickletoby; and she was more than usually rigid in her treatment of that gentleman's little boy the next day.

* We grieve to remark, that Miss Tickletoby, with a violence of language that is not uncommon amongst the pure and aged of her sex, loses no opportunity of twitting Queen Eleanor, and abusing Fair Rosamond. Surely that unhappy woman's fate ought to disarm some of the wrath of the virgin Tickletoby.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF COURTSHIP.

CHAPTER VIII.—OF THE MAN WHO IS ACCEPTED.

WHEN you see a man whose countenance is unceasingly irradiated with an endless succession of smiles, as if his mind contained as many excellent jokes as a number of "Punch," an internal explosion of which is continually taking place—an individual who, hitherto perhaps, slow of speech, staid in habit, talks very fast, shakes you violently by the hand, and invites you to a quiet Champagne dinner with a "dozen fellows or so,"—one who is eternally running about between his club, his lodgings, Howell and James's, and the house in Grosvenor Square—a man, in short, restless, with a kind of irritable delight, which keeps him in perpetual motion, and enchants him with a *couleur-de-rose*, view of everything around—who declares it is "charming weather" whilst it pours in torrents—who denies the distress of the country, and assures you it is a mere phantasy, proceeding from Mr. Duncombe's brain, in spite of the equally empty stomach of the Lancashire rioters;—when you see a man betraying these symptoms of temporary insanity—assure yourself that he has just been accepted.

This kind of fit lasts about a week. By the end of that period the affair descends to a matter of business, for the affianced is brought to a sense of his situation by the lawyers—his imagination becomes clothed in skins of parchment: those effectual sedatives—settlements—recall his erratic thoughts, and he begins to talk to his friends about "future prospects;" and actually giveth the required notice at his club for withdrawal therefrom. A visit to the vicar-general—a breakfast from Gunter's—a whirl to his family "place" in the country—a paragraph in the "Morning Post"—and (as they say in plays, when describing some pathetic catastrophe)—and—all is over!

This is the uniform fate of the accepted who move in decent society. A step lower in the scale of social existence presents a different picture. George Bacon once "regularly engaged" to Mary Hammon, he is a marked man amongst his own friends, and those of his *fiancée:* they become spies upon the progress of the courtship. Mrs. Dust, the rich grocer's wife, never sees the lover without com-

mending his choice, and patronising the lady, by calling her a "nice girl." Should he, in a moment of exuberant volatility, commit himself to an attempt to kiss Miss Griggs, that young lady simpers, throws her eyes quite into the corners of their lids, and threatens him, if he don't keep quiet, that she will tell Miss Hammon. When, at a party, it accidentally happens that some female friend is seated next to the bride elect when her beau enters the room, the former immediately rises, and, with a significant smile, *points* him into the chair.

The attentions which are exacted from the lover in public by the lady herself, and by her friends in her behalf, are onerous and unceasing, that they may be talked about and boasted of; consequently it does not signify how severely he takes his revenge in private, by neglect and bearishness. Every action, every trait of disposition and temper, belonging to each, is universally canvassed by every person who knows them. They are, in fact, the stock-talk of their set, till marriage puts a stop to their comments.

Thus, if in the course of courtship the hearts of two persons of this class become inspired with a pure, unaffected love for each other—that most sensitive, sacred, secret of our passions, is immediately desecrated by the vulgar breath of small-talk. All those thoughts which we nurture in the deepest recesses of the soul with the purest sentiment, are dragged forth to be made subjects of unsympathising ribald chatter. The bare suspicion of this feeling, *which so few really experience*, and so few can consequently appreciate, subjects the accepted who possesses it to a round of well-worn jests, which are not the less coarse because not positively indelicate, the lightest of them a deep and bitter wound inflicted upon its object. Should lovers in this station of life declare to "wear their hearts upon the sleeve for daws to peck at," and decently get married in secret, savage are the censures of their acquaintance on the immorality of "hole-and-corner weddings"—implacable is their resentment on being disappointed of a show, a breakfast, of patronising felicitations and wedding visits.

"Bless me! why you surely would not have everybody married privately?"

"No, dearest Priscilla, not everybody—none but lovers. Hear a French writer on this subject: At the moment when two beings kneel side by side before the cross of eternal life, they should command respect, and the ceremony of their union ought to be accomplished in seclusion with tender effusions of joy, far away from the frivolous and ignoble mockeries of the world. To those, my charmer, whose union is the result of mere courtship, I am very willing to allow public breakfasts, and paragraphs, and post-horses."

Why are persons with short memories like Ministers in office?—Because they are always *for-getting* everything.

THE PENNY-A-LINE PANIC.

An extraordinary sensation has been created by a circular from the office of a leading morning paper, announcing that in future all paragraphs will be paid for at five farthings a line instead of the usual sum of three halfpence.

It is impossible to describe the panic which this intelligence has caused among a very large class of men who have hitherto earned an existence by the labour of their heads, hands, and legs, in inventing, writing down, and carrying for insertion, the numerous paragraphs which are to be found every day in the newspapers. One of the most influential penny-a-liners in the metropolis—the author of some of the most elaborate pieces of fiction that have ever graced the public prints—has been making use of very strong language, and going into a cheap coffee-house to which penny-a-liners resort, he insisted on a turn-out, which was strongly objected to.

By the new arrangement, the fact of an early gooseberry being found in a garden will not realise more than five-sixths of the sum it formerly used to produce; and a gigantic cabbage, which used to give a dinner to a family of twelve, will now only supply a full meal to ten of them.

The question is, on all hands, what is to be done? Our own opinion is, that there will be over-production; but this will be frightful, for there is already such a glut of "horrible accidents" and "alarming catastrophes," that there is scarcely a field left which the most fertile fancy could revel in.

There was a report last night that an attack had been made on the letter-box of the *Morning Post*, but it happily proved groundless. The bell of the *Sun* was, certainly, rung at midnight, with the view of causing a rising; but the diabolical scheme was unsuccessful, as the housekeeper was not to be roused by the vile machinations of a marauder.

The penny-a-liners are a desperate set, and it is likely that as they are curtailed in their price, they will proceed to any *lengths* rather than submit to a diminution of their profits. It is therefore to be expected that accidents will be very numerous, and greatly elaborated; for the suffering manufacturers of paragraphs will not hesitate to prolong the horrors of a calamity—however awful—for the sake of their own selfish measures.

A party of penny-a-liners have been parading Shoe-lane and Fleet-street

all the morning, and a meeting has been called to take into consideration the propriety of an application to the Society for the Protection of Life from Fire, who, by multiplying their sets of apparatus, may confer an immense boon on the reporters of accidents. The orange crops—or harvest of catastrophes from slipping down on pieces of orange peel—may be said to have entirely failed, and there is nothing now to look to but the November fogs, and the continued cutting off of the gas from the roads in the metropolitan suburbs.

NO CAUSE NO EFFECT.

A rumour was very general during the past week that our revered friend, Colonel Sibthorp was labouring under an inflammation *of the brain*. Tom Duncombe has, however, relieved the public mind by boldly asserting that there is not *the least foundation* for the report.

Why do young people go to a confirmation always in new clothes?—So that they may not be *confirmed in their old habits*.

MR. JOHN HORATIO SMITH HAS RETIRED FROM OFFICE!

ON MONDAY last this awful announcement reached us from the hands of a weeping newsvender.

Three days ago Mr. Goulburn (the Chancellor of the Exchequer) politely showed John the door, exclaiming, in a most *infacete* manner, "John Smith, I am sorry to say you must go." Immediately on quitting the Chancellor's official residence, Mr. Smith was observed to look red—to look round—to look up—to look down—to adjust his hat—to point his cravat—to whistle—to saunter—to turn about—to stamp the sole of the shoe, boot, or blucher, incasing his left foot, on the ground—to apply the third finger of his right hand to his sinister eyelid (to intimate he was wide awake)—to incline his head once or twice rather quickly on his breast—and, finally, to rush towards the sentry-box on the opposite side of the way, as with a determination to seclude himself from the world about him, and the boiling effects of the meridian sun. This transient joy was not permitted him, for the sentry was but a weak man, and as two in a sentry-box, on a sultry Dog-day, do not contribute much to each other's comfort, the civilian was coolly informed that he was in the wrong box, and that he must accordingly make an incision into his prosperity (*i. e.*, cut his lucky).

Mr. Smith was seen to make for the river. Our informant here took a tender and final farewell of his retreating figure; and we are afraid that an aquatic suicide was his aim, for he was heard to say that, as the land was too warm for walking on, he should go up the water; but whether Mr. Smith was metaphorically expressing his intention of availing himself of the temporary convenience of one of the iron steam boats as a mode of transit to Lambeth, Vauxhall, or Chelsea—whether the idea of the first or second of our suggestions ruled his mind, "PUNCH" won't be bold enough to assert—without knowing.

All he can do, is to explain the cause, not the end, of the apparent unaccountabilities—to speak plainly, the circumstantial compages of irrationality—in Mr. Smith's behaviour on the eventful morning in question. This—this is a task "PUNCH" is unhappily called to, but which, for the satisfaction of his friends and the public, he embraces with a grim earnestness and

A BLUE-DEVIL DETERMINATION.

Mr. John Horatio Ernest Maltravers Walker Smith first appeared before the public as an assistant-porter to the suite attached to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's department. His duties were various and important, requiring an activity and intelligence which none but those systematically educated by the government can arrive at. To summon in a moment of emergency a cab from the nearest stand—to exercise his talaria in a journey to the Admiralty, Post-Office, or Colonial Office,—to run wildly between the hours of one and three to the—little Treasury dining-rooms,—to stagger at divers periods of the day under the burthen of "half and half" or "draught stout"* for his several official associates (*a cancellario ad imum*)—to wander over abstractedly the columns of the *Times*—towards four or five P.M. to recline languidly in a large arm-chair—to doze, and finally to fall into the proprieties of a Downing-street slumber;—these may be said to represent the *onera* of the proud position Mr. Smith enjoyed.

Time rolled on (as slowly as that garden implement which was sent into the world to do away with the inequalities of gravel) and Mr. Smith felt happy and secure in his seat. Ahi! Ahi! The Whigs†—the dirty-treacherous-cowardly-selfish-mendicant-lying Whigs deserted Mr. Smith and the country, and a new Chancellor took the seals and the salary, who soon proved himself to be past Baring.

How futile are the prospects of man! Mr. Smith's principles (?), like those of other mighty men, underwent a toal change to ensure tenure of office. Mr. Smith's activity and intelligence were rubbed up to an agonising extent under his new master, but all would not do. The Chancellor had his eye upon Smith—Smith was a marked man—and every little peculiarity of his was construed into a direct dereliction. (The fact is, Smith's berth had been mortgaged six months before.)

Malheureux enfant! Smith had ever complained of the irksomeness of office. Now, under the malignance of a prejudiced Chancellor, he warmly observed, the office was becoming subjugate to the sudorific sway of the puripneustic Pluto (*vulgo*, going to the d—l).

What was to be done? Smith against the new administration! Why, nothing but a course of lick-spittle servility, which should frustrate even the acute treachery of a Wellington himself.

Ah, but Rome had its days of declination. Theodore, king of Corsica, went to the King's Bench (his very proper place). The Margate Hoy is turned off the waters of the Thames. Doctor Morison has sold all his pills. Every dog has had (and will have) but his day. So Smith was fated to fall from his high estate.

On the eventful afternoon before the prorogation of Parliament, Mr. Rodney Jones, one of the choice runners for the Admiralty, was observed to enter the house No. 11, set apart for the official dinners which the Chancellor of Her Majesty's Exchequer is bound to give.

Passing into the resting-room of the swift-footed messengers, he raised his hat, and having smoothed his fevered brow with a fever-inspiring cotton handkerchief, he remarked, in a strange, contradictory spirit—"that he was quite blown by the heat."

Hereupon Mr. Smith jocularly observed, that that fact occasioned him no surprise, when he reflected that Mr. Jones was perpetually finding aliment for his perspiring tendencies by his frequent outgoings from the paths of ebriety.

Mr. Jones in a brisk sally retorted with an allusion to Mr. Smith's musical propensities being so often evolved by strong liquors—"that he, Jones, wasn't so bad as he (Smith), who was as drunk as a fiddler every night of his life."

The demon of discord now threw down another unsavoury apple in the suggestion of Mr. Smith, "that Mr. Jones must be under the influence of some deadly beverage to think of such a thing."

Mr. Jones here muttered something to the effect, that when Mr. Smith had taken "that letter (the object of his mission) to Old Goulburn," he (Mr. Jones) would accommodate him (Mr. Smith) with a wipe on the mouth."

Mr. Smith said, "he should rejoice to see him."

Mr. Jones (who it must be confessed was very shaky in his gait and appearance) gave a clear and forcible exposition of his intentions in hurling a small inkstand at Mr. Smith's pericranium, which passing its destination, went through the glass door into the passage, and came curiously in Sir G. Clerk's face.

Mr. Smith answered the compliment (what would Sir E. L. Bulwer's feelings have been had he witnessed this desecration of literature and fashion!) by heaving forward Boyle's Court Guide, which falling on Mr. Jones's hat, forced the same over his eyes and nose—rudely coursed down his once white linen, and finally lodging itself in the folds of his ample folded waistcoat, forced him—a small stout man of five feet one—to pose himself supine on the deal boards of the messengers' room.

How he, Mr. Jones, was carried out—how the other he, Mr. Smith, was carried in—forthwith examined, and depositions were taken down by the junior clerk's assistant's secretary, as to the cause, &c., &c., of the civil (or uncivil) difference—how that on receiving an account of the same, the Chancellor leapt up from his dinner-table, exclaiming "That's all right, Smith shall remove his crayons" (*i. e.* walk his chalks)—how that he mixed an extra glass of Hollands in the gladness of his heart—how that several minute circumstances in the lives of Mr. Smith and Mr. Goulburn, took place before the deed recorded in the opening of this notice—all this, and much more, we leave to the Queen Dowager's factotum, Lord Howe. Punch winds up by exclaiming,

"Σμὶθ, ἰ ἄμ σοβρὶ το ἡρ θατ ὑρε σάκκεδ."

* Names, we believe, given to potatory incentives for revigilating official lassitude.

† See "The Times" for these epithets.

Foreign Intelligence.

OUR Barcelona papers bring us nuts to the 25th, and our correspondent at Ripstone has promised to let us have pippins up to the latest hour at which an express can be despatched from the quarter alluded to.

Our intelligence from China consists of some hieroglyphics on the cover of a tea-chest, from which we can make out nothing of importance; but as there is the name of an English dealer written over the unintelligible characters, we have presumed that commerce is still carried on *in some cases*.

Our letters from an uncle in America inform us of the establishment of our relations in that country, which, as they went out without any hope of influencing the people by pecuniary outlay, is extremely satisfactory.

Our Kamstchatka courier has not arrived—nor do we expect him.

Our latest advices from the North Pole omit to speak of the British flag, which we always understood to have been nailed to the top of it.

SIBTHORP ON AFRICAN GEOGRAPHY.

JUST previous to the vote on the West-African-Expedition-Grant, Sibthorp, determined to get well "up" in African topography in time for the debate, pencilled on a leaf of his pocket-book the following query, which he passed over to the Commodore:—"Whether the Bight of Benin was more dangerous than the bite of the centipede?"—The answer was lost in thundering cachinnation.

THE DOO CORRESPONDENCE.

Whetstone Park, Aug. 20, 1842.

DEAR PUNCH,

Many thanks for the sovereign—it was light weight, but I lost nothing by it, as I filled up the milled edge with bee's-wax.

Let me see—what shall I send you this week? Oh! I'll tell you how my father Downey Doo was done.

My youngest sister (who had been thoughtlessly christened Susan, but who was generally called by the family Nourmahal), one day had the good fortune to find three tickets for a ball at Guildhall, and our excellent parent, who never lost a chance of advancing or feeding his children, overcame the one scruple which my mother professed to entertain, and resolved upon using the tickets at all hazards.

Nourmahal, who had formed an intimacy with a dyer's daughter, soon contrived, by the assistance of her friend, to construct a very imposing ball-dress, whilst my father and myself were excellently appointed, as my generous parent (who gave out that he was about to stand as a

MEMBER FOR THE BOROUGH,)

had recently undertaken to patronise a confiding young man who had just commenced business as a tailor in the New Road.

At eight o'clock precisely a glass-coach drove up to the door, and my father completely silenced the liveryman who came with it for the money, by requesting to be driven instantly to the Russian Ambassador's. On arriving at Prince Knoutatowskoff's, my father was let out of the carriage, and thundered away at the door as though he had been the Emperor himself. The Legation were nearly paralysed, and a minute or more elapsed before the astonished porter recovered himself sufficiently to open the door. When the portals were thrown back, my father walked in as boldly as a lion; he then started as though extremely surprised, and declared his conviction that he was not at Number 32, and was instantly assured that he was at Number 59. My father protested his regret, but would not leave the house until he had seen an *attaché*, whom he requested to explain to his Excellency the error into which he had fallen, and, at the same time, to convey to the representative of All the Russias my father's apologies and "the assurances of his continued respect." His object was gained—he returned to the carriage, and the liveryman touched his hat as my father shouted "Guildhall."—The liveryman was done.

The ball was as per heretofore. My father, who was ever alive to do himself good, had remarked a young man, whom he knew to be the son of a well-to-do hosier, paying very great attention to Nourmahal, and I was accordingly despatched to make his acquaintance, and puff the family. I succeeded beyond my expectations, and in less than a month afterwards he had formally declared himself a suitor for my sister's hand and heart—need I add that he was accepted?

In order that no impediment should stand in the way of my sister's marriage, my excellent paternal parent had liberally promised to give Nourmahal three thousand pounds on her wedding-day. As that happy period approached, my father began to perceive the inconvenience he should suffer if he attempted to carry out his generous intentions. Accordingly he waited upon the father of the bridegroom elect, and confided to him the secret—not of his inability to pay the promised dowry, but of his determination to make it six thousand instead of three. The paternal hosier was overpowered with my father's munificence, and declared that a bill due three months after marriage was decidedly preferable to the ready money. My father took him at his word, accepted the bill, and left the church, on the day of my sister's union, the happiest Doo that ever ate the bread of ingenuity.

One month after this occurrence, a letter with a black seal was put into my father's hands—my uncle, Dabbleton Doo, had died suddenly, and left my father six thousand pounds, the exact amount of the marriage bill! My worthy progenitor saw at a glance the misery of his situation—he was in a position to pay, and the thought was torture. Long—long did he struggle to avoid an act so abhorrent to his nature, but the paternal hosier was too much for him, and every shilling of my uncle's legacy went to my sister's husband and the lawyers. Nourmahal has cut us, and actually refused to set us up in the coal-trade.

How can I send you back the sov.? If you lend me another, I can give a man a shilling to bring it to you.

Yours, DIDDLETON DOO.

SONGS OF THE SEEDY.—No. XXI.

BELIEVE not the tale that appearances tell,
Nor trust in the glitter of jewels or gold;
But trust me, dear Sue, there is many a swell
Would be knock'd down for nothing by auction if sold.
Though the purse may be fill'd with bank notes by the score,
Oh think not the paper the emblem of cash;
On the poor Bank of Fashion 'tis easy to draw,—
Remember, sweet love, that the notes may be flash.

I've watch'd the vile tempter, I've seen him walk in
To the shop where mosaic and tinsel abound;
Then I've seen him emerge with a thundering pin,
Made of nothing but brass with a sham jewel crown'd.
Oh then I've observed him look round with an air
As if he would say "Don't you think it will do?"
The villain has ventured to smile on the fair—
Oh let not such villains look kindly on you!

Nay, come little Susy, don't look so sedate;
I know very well, cruel maid, what you mean:
You would say that though dress you would not over-rate,
A lover ought still to be fit to be seen.
Then adieu, haughty Susan—ay, sneer at my hat—
'Tis a gossamer—well—ah! you smile at my shoes.
They are strong eight-and-sixpennies—well, what of that?
Sneer again, at my stout six-and-eightpenny *blouse*.

Farewell!—it is over! I henceforth am mute.
For ever, thou proud one, for ever we part;
I did not believe that in urging my suit,
You thought of my clothes and neglected my heart.
But oh, when the gilt from the brass is all rubb'd
From the trinkets of him thou preferrest to me,
You will think of the one thou hast cruelly snubb'd,
And the sight of a blouse shall be madness to thee.

PENNY-A-LINE POETRY.

THE flame of poetry—fed, perhaps, by the present hot weather—burns more fiercely than ever in the penny-a-line department of the *Herald*.

PIECE-WORK.

The following delicate simile on the contemplated Royal visit to the Land of Cakes has been kindly put into verse, at our request, by the talented authoress of "Lays to a Lady-bird:"—"When Her Majesty visits the land whose emblem is the thistle, she will find that, although it has thorns to protect it from the hands of those who would touch it with impunity, it has down on its breast for the gentle hand of love and affection*"

When Her Majesty visits the Country of Thistles,
She will find that its foes must beware of its bristles;
But the hand of affection may touch it sans gloves,
For the down on its breast is for those whom it loves.

Will the Penny-a-line Poet, in his next Notice to Correspondents, obligingly inform us whether the thistle was selected as an emblem of Scotland because a certain class of animals are partial to it, and whether he is himself a Scotsman?—also, whether the thistles which are to be so polite to Her Majesty are single- or double-breasted?

* Vide The "Woolwich" Correspondence in *The Morning Herald* of Saturday, August 20.

PHYSIOLOGY OF THE LONDON IDLER.

CHAPTER IX.—OF THE MOONER (*continued*).

TO keep company with the progress of the Mooner from Piccadilly to Lincoln's Inn, we must not now walk beside him across St. Martin's Lane.

When the sugar-plum shop was existing in New Street, it proved, next to the book-stall, his grand resting-place. He was riveted by the lollipops, oyster-shells, rashers of saccharine bacon, eggs, calves' heads, legs of mutton, Albert rock, and brandy-balls, which were so temptingly displayed therein. But now the shop has gone—whither we know not, but incline to the idea that it was gradually sucked away by the legion of sweet-toothed little boys who whilome clustered round its windows—so the Mooner passes on without stopping, except for a minute at the Lilliputian warehouse, where the tiny socks and shoes call forth all his admiration; and he cannot exactly understand how the little gloves, that appear to be flying all about the window like so many kid butterflies, are attached to the panes of glass. His only other source of delay may be to listen to the catalogue of a perambulating melodist, who appears anxious to dispose of many yards of new and favourite songs for a penny. We would give a report of the merchant's oration, but the subject is worn out.

When the Mooner has once entered the middle thoroughfare of Covent Garden Market, half-an-hour elapses before he makes his appearance at the other end of the avenue. He raises or depresses his nose to smell every plant and bouquet that he may chance to pass, and inquires the price of every pottle of early potatoes on his road. This he does with an earnestness of manner that almost inclines the seller to think he is about giving a fashionable dinner-party, where, of course, the greatest point to make it go off well is, to persuade each of your guests to eat nine immature French beans, and two small potatoes about the size of birds' eggs, with an apparent indifference as to the extent of consumption that may induce your friends to believe you are in the habit of dining from such dainties every day, as long as they are out of season—or, at least, sufficiently removed from their proper time of perfection to render them extraordinary delicacies.

The rest of the journey is performed by the Mooner in an uncertain space of time, varying in accordance with the number of play-bills he may encounter, the accidental upset of a patent safety-cab, or the sudden outbreak of a street-row. If the latter of these causes should be drawn to a sudden close by the interference of the police, he may possibly digress to the left, as far as the Bow-street Office; but should it pass off quietly, his only other grand delay will be at the stage-door of Drury-lane, where he passes away a pleasant half-hour in endeavouring to recognise the histrionic talent that passes in and out that mysterious portal in the unambitious toilet of a morning rehearsal.

We have occasionally encountered many of these Mooners in the quiet taverns of Fleet-street, where they are apt to dine, because the gravity and absence of anything like bustle in those steady eating-houses harmonises well with their disposition. They are comfortable places too—those old Fleet-street taverns—and they carry the thoughts back to the days when Dr. Johnson blew his cloud—we are not exactly following his lexicographical definition of words—by the side of the old-fashioned fire-place, and occasionally floored some unhappy wight with the sledge-hammer of his conversation—specimens of which are so agreeably brought in amongst the anecdotes of the Colossus of our language which sparkle in Boswell's autobiography.

There is a similar character pertaining to all these haunts,—an antique room with a sanded floor, and adorned with a smoke-discoloured paper, which, if removed at any time with a view towards beautifying the apartment, has invariably injured the business of the house, and driven away the customers. Some have faded curtains between the feeding-stalls; and on the mantelpiece, before the old looking-glass, may possibly be placed two tumblers full of wooden pipelights—*allumettes* is the more refined term—and a pewter inkstand, containing a black dry coagulum which was once ink, and a nibless pen. There is a clock that ticks with a solemn and subdued beat, and a weatherglass of grave aspect, celebrated for its inverse predictions of coming change. Even the flies that linger about these localities have an antique air; they are evidently not of the same race that bustle about Verey's windows, amongst the cakes and bonbons; but these march about the table amidst the crumbs with an important gravity, induced by their having used the house a long time, and thus established themselves upon terms of the most intimate familiarity with the frequenters.

A rash landlord once made an attempt at innovation by hanging a play-bill upon one of the hat-pegs; but it was met with intense indignation on the part of his regular customers, and was forthwith taken down—the void thus occasioned being filled up again by a framed advertisement of some pale ale of peculiar merit. Elsewhere a portrait of some favourite waiter of other days may be seen "delivered in trust to the landlord;" and there is a vision of numerous punchbowls through the window of the bar, which looks into the room, and sometimes discloses a young beaming face, belonging to the guardian nymph of the lemons and lumps of sugar, in pleasing contrast with the antique fittings-up of the room.

Embryo Templars, sharp puking attorneys, quiet men of business pertaining to Fleet-street who live out of town, and verdant clerks, here refresh themselves; together with young men of orderly and precise bearing, who are slow at taking a joke, and incline to stewed cheese by way of dessert. The Mooner may soon be recognised at these resorts, by the length of time he takes up in perusing the *Standard*.

Two or three other customers are waiting for it, but he heeds them not; he goes regularly through the paper, from the first advertisement to the imprint, with a prolixity that induces expectants to think he either cannot spell very fluently, or that his comprehension is not over rapid, much to the annoyance of the others, some of whom have refreshed themselves with the advertisements of the outside half of the *Times* for the last twenty minutes.

There are various parts of London frequented by the Mooners, where, like roach pitches in the Thames, you are almost certain to find a specimen of the tribe. On fine days they delight to bask in the sun upon the floating piers of the fourpenny steam-boats; and at all times the erection of a new club-house, or foundation of a new lamp-post, is a sure piece of ground-bait to entice them. They collect in great numbers round the Houses of Parliament on favourable afternoons, gazing listlessly at the cabs and led horses of the honourable members; and above all, they love to lean over the parapet of London Bridge, loitering away the hours in watching the bustle of *the Pool*, the slow progress of the lighters, and the departure of the Gravesend, Woolwich, and Boulogne steamers. The Mooner does not often venture on board these latter craft, because, once there, whatever may be the inducement to stop, *he must go on*—a species of comparative progression which does not at all suit his habits; and for this very reason, he prefers the most obsolete stage-coach to the whisking railway.

Au reste, the Mooner is a harmless being; not susceptible of any extreme pleasure; but, on the other hand, equally insensible with

regard to discomfort. He dawdles through life as he does in the excursion we have just described; and when he dies, goes to the grave in the same loitering manner, almost regretting that he cannot attend his own funeral, to watch it pass, and afterwards go with it into the cemetery and read all the tombstones.

THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

MANCHESTER FABRICS.

LAMBETH.

At eight o'clock yesterday morning all the hands employed in plastering the new houses near Bedlam left their work; but they returned in half-an-hour, without the interference of the authorities.

The same alarming occurrence took place in the middle of the day, and afterwards at four o'clock, when they were met in the yard by a man with beer, which justifies the suspicion that there is some one in the background who supplies them with provisions.

An immense number of persons paraded the New Cut on Saturday night, and stared in at the provision shops, occasionally handling a joint of meat, and even asking the price of it. Some went so far as to carry it away——after having paid for it.

Considerable excitement prevailed among the greengrocers, who could hardly keep pace with the demands made upon them for vegetables; but it is a remarkable fact that though the mob seemed determined to secure provisions, no objection was raised to giving a fair price for them.

THE GREEN PARK.

At about dusk there was a general turn-out from the enclosure in this park; and though many of the hands would have remained for the purpose of effecting a piece of work, they at last went out quietly, and a mill was stopped which would have been got into full play if the turn-outs had not succeeded in their object.

RATHBONE PLACE.

The mill for grinding coffee in this district has only been going half the week; but this is the choice of the proprietor, for no force has been employed to stop it. Crowds, or rather groups, of two or three —chiefly boys—have, however, been observed loitering about the mill whenever it has been at work—though this is supposed to have been intended as a diversion, rather than a serious demonstration.

CHARING CROSS.

The cab turn-outs—and very wretched-looking turn-outs some of them were—assembled in large numbers on the coach-stand at Charing Cross; but they gradually dispersed by one at a time—though it was observed that as one left the rank another generally joined it in a short time afterwards.

THE MARSH GATE.

Our own correspondent, who has been residing here in consequence of the public distress—as well as his own—writes to us very gloomily from this quarter. He complains bitterly of having been himself the victim of a turn-out, by means of his own landlord, who seems to have joined the malcontents; and our correspondent is of opinion that the landlords will continue to enforce their rents at all hazards.

It was reported that there had been a turn-out and a rising among the laundresses in this district for wages. We have ascertained the foundation for this rumour, which originates in the fact that several laundresses did rise and actually turned out—of bed at a very early hour for the wages which they are generally allowed when going out to work by the day in private families. The police were walking up and down during the whole of the day, and it was said they had been tampered with. This appears to be incorrect, for, from returns which have been ordered, it would seem that of two hundred glasses of gin consumed by the force in one afternoon, one hundred and fifty were drunk off duty, forty-six were paid for by themselves, three were given by the landlords, and the remaining one was part of a half-quartern left by a drunken man on the bar of the public-house in which he had called for it.

VAUXHALL.

The turn-outs were very noisy here on Thursday last, and several explosions were heard in the neighbourhood of the gardens. Dresses of various descriptions were worn for the purpose of disguise; but most of those assembled, who were principally clerks, apprentices, and shop-boys, returned to their work on the following morning.

CHELSEA.

Our letters from this place inform us that it continues quiet in the extreme; and indeed it has been asserted that a pin was distinctly heard to drop in a house in the High-street, by a gentleman seated alone over his dessert, from whose neckcloth a brilliant mounted in gold had accidentally fallen.

WANDSWORTH.

Our correspondent in this quarter is in high spirits. The Tariff, letting in foreign asses, has already begun to have its effect on the donkey-riding business; and there are now nearly ten constantly saddled, where four were hitherto more than sufficient to meet the demand of the public.

A rising was not expected; but the beadle had been sounded, and it was alleged that he might be relied upon in the event of a crisis, provided the crisis should not be too much for him.

THE WIND-UP.

It will be seen that all the accounts above recorded are so far satisfactory. If there is any general cause for alarm in any direction to which our information extends, it is in the case of the Suspension Bridge at Hungerford, where, if a rising takes place, a turn-out is sure to follow; for if the Thames rises and fills the coffer-dam, the workmen must turn out as a matter of pure necessity. We hope for the best; but in this quarter we can only look for the worst—which has up to the present time invariably happened.

THE BATTLE OF PRESTON PANS.

Answers to Correspondents,

A la "Sunday Times."

Q. R. S. is informed that we do not know on which side the author of "Jack Sheppard" parts his hair. If our correspondent will take the trouble to refer to his *auto*-biography in a late number of the *Mirror*, he will most probably find the required information.

A. B., who bets A. S. S. that a hundred thousand tens do not amount to a million, most decidedly wins. If the terms of the wager had stood "ten hundred thousand," A. S. S. would have been the winner.

Philo-Walkingame.—When two and two are correctly added up, they amount to four.

S. N. O. and B. are playing at whist. O. lends the tray of hearts; N. follows with the queen, and S. with the quarte, B. taking the trick with the deuce of diamonds. At the end of the game, O. and B. are declared to have the odd trick; but it is then discovered that diamonds were not trumps, though nobody can remember what was. Now, as there were about nine revokes out of thirteen rounds, what does either party score?

Answer.—If N. had not put his queen upon O.'s tray, that, in all probability, would not have drawn out S.'s quatre, and B. would not have played the deuce; so that, upon the whole, every person was to blame for forgetting what was trumps; and taking all these facts into consideration, we cannot undertake the responsibility of answering the question.

F. R. G. S. ought to know that Ben More is no relation whatever to the "bard of Erin," but an equally celebrated mountain near Perth; neither did we ever hear it called the "Upper Benjamin," that term belonging to "Ben Nevis," which is eleven hundred feet higher than Ben More, and is always provided with a thick coat of snow.

THESPIS.—Can you inform a select company, meeting at the "Blue Posts," who writes the theatrical critiques in the *Observer*?

Answer.—Herr Döbler, the conjuror.

CRISPIN.—Inquire of Hoby, or M'Donnel. We regret to say, we have not yet been able to ascertain to a barleycorn the length of Sir Robert Peel's foot; though we feel not the smallest hesitation in asserting that the pannus-corium boots are capital things for bunions.

Were you ever at Rhode's Island?—Not exactly, but I sup at his Cyder-cellars occasionally

COMIC BALLADS FOR THE BOUDOIR.—No. IV.

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

DEDICATED (WITHOUT PERMISSION) TO ALL SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADIES.

Scene.—A Boudoir. Miss Alicia Hamilton reclining on a sofa, in a languishing attitude; her—French Waiting-woman in attendance. Time, Sunset.

La Fleurie! go fetch me the gloves
He bought at the last fancy fair,
And the small turquoise brooch, where the doves
Are link'd with a lock of his hair;
The flacon of Eau de Cologne
(Which Breidenbach calls Eau de Vie),
Alas! all its fragrance has flown,
Since the giver is faithless to me;

The card-case, the ring, the *bouquet*
I retain'd, of its beauty when shorn,
Which he gave me the last gala day
When we danced on the lawn at Cremorne;
The album, wherein he inscribed
Sweet verses that charm'd like a spell,
And in metaphor often contrived
The depth of his passion to tell;

The volume of "Punch" that he bought—
The last witching ballad he sung—
The words so enchanting I thought
When breathed by his musical tongue;
The blue parasol which he chose,
With its border like lace work to see—
No longer its folds I unclose,
For the world has no sunshine for me.

The bird in the gay gilded cage—
The squirrel in bright treadmill pent—
No more shall my fondness engage,
Such pets with sad mem'ries are blent.
To mama's sage advice I'll attend,—
In a hamper these gewgaws I'll pack,
And by Parcel Delivery send
(Carriage paid) all Love's offerings back.

He shall find that "no nonsense" I'll stand,
Such conduct is not to be borne,
And the next time we meet in the Strand
He shall see I can pass him with scorn.
The garb of affection I'll doff,
Since conduct so false he pursues,
And to Norwood's fair gardens I'll off
With sweet Cornet Cuff of the Blues.

LITERARY ON-DIT.

A new series of facetiæ, upon the plan of the "Percy Anecdotes," is, it is whispered, in a state of great forwardness. The volumes will comprise the following subjects:—

"Anecdotes of Vanity," with a portrait of the author of "Crichton."

"Anecdotes of Boreing," with a biography of Joseph Hume.

"Anecdotes of Impudence," with a striking likeness of Feargus O'Connor.

"Anecdotes of Antiquity," collected from the jokes of "the Turf" correspondent to the "Morning Herald."

"Anecdotes of Humbug," comprised in a review of Lord Palmerston's speech on his own Foreign policy.

"Anecdotes of Drunkenness," compiled from the records of the British Temperance Society.

Did you ever make the fashionable tour of Switzerland?—Not exactly; but I frequently dine off *à la mode* at the "Twelve Cantons," in Clare Market.

THE MAN IN WINDSOR CASTLE.

If every Englishman's house is his castle, it is quite clear that the Queen's castle is not as sacred as every Englishman's house is said to be. Windsor Castle seems to be regarded by some people just as Jack Straw's on Hampstead Heath, or any other castle where man and beast are invited to partake of the entertainment provided for them.

It is sometimes made a subject of complaint that the residences of Royalty in England are not so accessible as they should be to the people; but after the Boy Jones's and Lord Godolphin d'Arcy's recent visits, it would appear that the public have only to "walk up, for they are now in time," just as they would at Wombwell's or Richardson's. We find from the papers that the intruder at Windsor Castle is in excellent spirits; and we are told by the reporters that he "flourished his bundle" on leaping from the cab with an air of triumph." How he succeeded in throwing a triumphant expression into a dirty pocket handkerchief and a pair of stockings—which is all that his bundle consisted of—we find it rather difficult to imagine; but the rampant fancy of a penny-a-liner is never subdued by apparent impossibilities.

The individual is said to be very reasonable on every point except his claim to a peerage, upon which he comes out so particularly strong, that he is pronounced fit for Bedlam. We sometimes hear a good deal of the privilege of the *entrée*, which we thought was allowed only to Royalty, Foreign Ambassadors, and Ministers of State; but to these, it appears that pot-boys must henceforth be added. The

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intruder, when asked how he got into Windsor Castle, replied, that he "followed a pot-boy;" from which it is evident that pot-boys are permitted to walk, unquestioned, up to the very door of the Royal Nursery. We are aware that nursing requires sustenance of no common kind, but surely the demand for heavy wet cannot be so urgent and frequent, as to require that the "pot-boy" should walk unmolested in and out of the most private apartments of the Royal residence. Since the days when common porters were engaged in carrying King Henry's beer, we have heard of nothing equal to the audacity of modern pot-boys.

Since the commencement of our mirthful labours, we have never willingly obtruded a line or a thought that could make our readers sadder by the perusal, and it is not from an "idle humour" that we now seek to enlist their sympathies for one whose playful fancy has often shed its brilliancy upon our pages. The following appeared in the *Standard* of last Saturday:—

"*Death of William Maginn, Esq., LL.D.*—With deep regret we have to record the death of Doctor Maginn, this day, at his residence, Walton-upon-Thames. Doctor Maginn was in his 49th year, and for the last year and upwards suffered from confirmed consumption. He has left a widow and three children, we fear without any provision but the claim of the lamented deceased upon the gratitude of the country, and more especially of the wealthy and high-minded Conservative party. That claim is, however, a strong one; for more than twenty years Doctor Maginn laboured for the Conservative cause without relaxation, and to the support of that cause he brought more learning, more genius, and more zeal, than any other man connected with the public press during the same period."

We believe this brief summary to be a just one, and we have that reliance upon the generosity of our countrymen, that we feel the legacy which Maginn has bequeathed to his children will be honourably and liberally acknowledged by those to whose cause his gifted mind was unceasingly devoted.

We know that we shall be pardoned for this departure from our beaten track; we have stepped aside to hang our humble *immortelle* above the grave of genius, not from the hope of adding to the fame of the departed, but from the desire to evince our sympathy with the living and the dead.

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

LETTER VI.—PUNCH INTRODUCES HIS SON TO "HERMETICAL" PHILOSOPHY.

WHAT! my dear boy, my last letter has thrown you into a fit of melancholy? You look hopelessly, recklessly, on the prospects of human life, and would fain flee into a hermitage, there to ponder on the mysteries of social humbug—of life and death; the toils and the trifles of mankind!

This resolution on your part reminded me that I was the fortunate possessor of a few fragmentary thoughts on the vast subjects you would contemplate—of thoughts born in solitude of a restless brain that has long since mingled with the earth. Take them—ponder on them—and for the present, be content to know them as—

"FRAGMENTS ON HUMBUG, SOLITUDE, LIFE, DEATH, AND SELF-KNOWLEDGE, BY THE HERMIT OF CONEY-HATCH."

I have thought it wise and pleasant in my solitude, having no ready-money market for my time, to devote my hours on hand to the intellectual wants of my fellow-man. The reader, affected by the beauty of my subject, may haply feel a generous curiosity, may yearn to know the condition of the sage who seeks to discourse upon the most vital, the most profound, the most mysterious principle of human society,—for such is humbug. It is the cement of the social fabric. It is the golden cord tying together, and making strong, the sticks and twigs of the world. It is the dulcet bell, whose ravishing sound calls the great family of man to eat, drink, and be merry! Hapless are they, whose leathern ears list not the music; for if they feed at all, at best they feed on draff, and are to the revellers even as swine are to bipeds.

Let not the reader seek to know more of me than, with a most white conscience, I am permitted to tell him. The great events of my life are not my own. I speak without any oracular quibble; I mean this, and no other. The great accidents of my mortal travail have been sold; yea, bartered by me for so many Mint medals, and a stamp receipt given for the payment. Thus it was. In a moment of pecuniary impatience, I offered a choice of the events of my life to a gentleman in want of materials for a popular novel. With a frankness that has been of singular loss to me throughout my existence, I opened the goods unreservedly before him. As market-wives say, I let him have the pick and chuse of the lot; kept nothing back for a second huckstering. Well, the buyer left me without a decent event in my basket. Every picturesque accident, from exaggerated homicide to the forgery of a will in a moment of vinous intoxication, was bought, and I confess as much, honestly paid for by the novelist 'fore-mentioned; and, if there be truth in human bargains, as indeed there must be when solemnized by a stamp, for otherwise, casuists have their opinions,—the incidental property of my life belongs to the purchaser. I have this consolation; my mundane struggles have affected, delighted, and instructed the world, though labelled with the name of another. Though I have remained, and must remain unknown, my deeds, dressed to the best advantage, have enraptured thousands. Like the ostrich plume waving above the whiter brow of a lovely peeress, my life has found its way among the richest, and by consequence, the noblest of the earth,—whilst I, the liver, the poor plucked bird, have wandered over barren sand and fed on iron. But this is a story older than quills.

I have nothing, then, of my life at the service of the reader, but that part of it, the poor remnant following the bargain narrated above. This being my own property, I shall invest it in the present volume. My birth and parentage I have sold, and, I honestly believe, at their full value. There, however, remain to me a few fragments which, like sweepings of a spicery, though not good enough to season a holiday dish, may give an enduring sweetness to a cold body of philosophy. The cloves and cinnamon which the clean-handed housewife would reject for her pudding or custard, may serve for the dead belly of an embalmed Plato. In these days, philosophy itself must be spiced and sweetened, and have its eyes taken out, lest it become noisome in the nostrils of society. That too shall sometimes be the most acceptable body of philosophy, which retains the least hint of bowels.

I know not what business women have with goose-quills, beyond that of plucking them from the bird of mischief that the animal may become the better companion for apple sauce. The later prejudices of the world have, however, concluded otherwise; hence, my maiden aunt, Abishag Jones, excelled all the family in her writing; perhaps it was, that she was the only one of her tribe who wrote bank cheques. My poor father was never so happy as when he could get a pen between the fingers of Aunt Abishag. We grew up, it may be said, with an instinctive reverence, an innate admiration of the handwriting of Aunt Jones. Now, I believe it is an acknowledged principle of human action, that what we greatly admire, we often seek to imitate. At all events, it happened so to me. With untiring energy, I laboured to emulate the flowing delicacy of Aunt Abishag's pen; and at length succeeded to such a nicety, that a gentleman, a perfect stranger, handed over to me fifty pounds as a reward for my zealous ingenuity.

Women are fantastic animals! I make no flourish of this discovery; indeed, I almost fear that others, it may be in the dark, have stumbled on the hidden truth. My Aunt Abishag was, however, a living and most energetic illustration of the fact; for it was to be reasonably supposed that she would have felt a flutter of pride at the successful genius of her nephew; that she would have considered his delicate imitation of her caligraphic powers as an elaborate homage to her best endowment. It was otherwise. Vindicating the prerogative of her sex, she became so capriciously obstreperous, that respecting even her most violent whimsies, I renounced the world and all its selfishness, and became that which I now am.

"What is that?" asks the reader.

With a brevity, which I hope will distinguish the small-talk of my future life, I will endeavour to answer the query.

My Aunt Abishag confined not her inquiries of the whereabout of her ingenious nephew to her personal exertions. Hence, availing herself of the bounteous powers of the press, she caused my portrait to be typographically delineated, and as a most touching proof of her regard for me, offered the princely sum of twenty pounds to whosoever should snatch me from the wily temptations of liberty, and hold me in safe keeping.

I will not attempt to describe the emotions which stirred within my breast, and rose to my throat, as I perused this last affecting evidence of my aunt's regard. Happily, I was diverted from a too intense contemplation of woman's tenderness, by a notice, that in the same gazette, somewhat irreverently shouldered the manifesto of Aunt Abishag. From that notice I take these words:—

"A Hermit wanted. To philosophers, misanthropes, or gentlemen in difficulties, a singularly eligible opportunity presents itself. A nobleman of enlarged political views is desirous of engaging an individual for the term of three years in the capacity of hermit. The party engaging will be required to conform to the most rigid discipline of eremite life. No Irishman need apply; and as the nobleman is desirous of assuring to himself every probable guarantee for the due performance of the contract, married men only will be treated with."

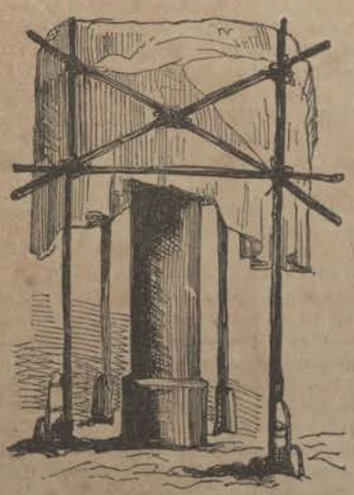
I looked from my Aunt Abishag to the nobleman of enlarged political views—I wavered but for a moment between my affection, my duty to my aunt, and a new-born, romantic desire to let my beard

and nails grow. In brief, for it is in the result only that the reader is interested, here I am, at this moment, in my hermitage—a snug, weather-proof box, eighteen feet by ten—with an oak table, one stool, one platter, one maple cup, a bed of dried rushes, one blanket, one gown, one hat, one staff. Here I am on the night of this —— day of ——, in the year of Christian hopes, —— with the bell of Coney Hatch Church jerking twelve. Here have I been these twelve months; and if a neighbouring fountain reflect truly, then am I as reverend and venerable an anchorite, especially about the chin, as any nobleman could desire to spend his cash upon. I have more than once thought—and strange to say, there has been a fearful pleasure in the errant notion—that if in this drear solitude I should be made the subject of a popular murder, my locks and beard worked in brooches, earrings and bracelets, would realize sufficient from the romantic and the curious to endow sundry anxious persons with becoming fortitude for my untimely loss. I have, however, as speedily banished this vanity as unworthy of my new self—as unworthy of a cell, that, according to a very stringent agreement drawn up by the attorney of Coney Hatch, is to be a shrine for unselfish contemplation; a retreat, wherein the highest powers of intellectual man, are, by daily exercise, by nightly discipline, to climb the golden chain of necessity, and strike delicious music from every link.

THE MODERN SPHINX.

Some patriotic individual has been puzzling the town for these last three months by erecting at Charing Cross the annexed mysterious combination of masonry and tarpaulin. Whether it has sprung up in rivalry to the Nelson Monument, or has been placed in its present position as a stationary umbrella—whether like that Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, it be too sublimely frightful for mortal eyes, or, like Lot's wife, inconveniently soluble in rain-water, we know not. Can it have had its origin in the charitable bosom of some deceased crossing-sweeper, who may have bequeathed the savings of a long life for the erection of this architectural curiosity, in order that the succeeding generations of his craft might have an abiding-place against the "pelting of the pitiless storm?"

Will some of our peripatetic friends be kind enough to ferret out the intention of this eighth wonder of the world?



A NEW ESCAPEMENT.

The Secretary of the Fire Escape Society has written an indignant letter to the *Morning Herald*, complaining that in the report of the late fire in Tottenham-court Road, that paper had omitted to mention the number of three-legged stools, deal-boxes, and feather-beds, whose existences were spared by means of the machines. Rather unfortunately, however, for his good intentions, we read in the same paper, that the only severe accident during the fire, occurred to two men, after climbing up an "escape" to the second floor, when the ladder broke in the middle, and let them down to the ground. If this is the usual manner in which folks are preserved from being burned, the alternative is rather hazardous.

COMIC BALLADS FOR THE BOUDOIR.—No. V.

THE FANCY CHARITY FAIR.

Now, come and assist me, dear Susan,
For short is the time we've to spare,
To arrange, from chaotic confusion,
Our stall for Count Hum's fancy fair.
The day is all beauty and brightness,
Tout le monde will flock thither to buy;
And the Count, with his usual politeness,
Wants *our* counter the rest to outvie.

Here are watch-guards of hair, neatly plaited,
Chains, pincushions, bouquets, and gloves;
Canes, workboxes, albums (high-rated
As resorts for the Graces and Loves).
Fairy mirrors, for beauty to gaze in,
And study each glance, and each sigh;
Magic wax, like Love's torch, instant blazing,
That can flame to the coldest supply.

Lord Trinket is coming to purchase
For Lady Fid-faddle a fan;
Miss Wrinkle (I hope she won't lurch us)
Bade me save her a nice China-man.
Madame Bluster, if one may believe her,
Will pay for this ivory dove;
And 'twas hinted to me, Ensign Lever
For "Friendship would take away Love."

Colonel Dashall, who saw it when painting,
Intended to purchase this screen;
And little Miss Jones will be fainting
If she don't have the large mandarine.
The kennel of cardboard, so sweetly
Like a cottage with roses entwined,
Fitted up for a poodle completely,
Miss Loveless will purchase, you'll find.

All tastes must be pleased, and all suited,
From the "Gent" in his sky-satin vest,
To the gallant Hussar, spurr'd and booted,
For my tact in selecting 's confess'd.
And when, with his purchase presented,
If the purchaser presses your hand;
Such *tendresse* must not be resented,
So your blushes and anger command.

You'll pardon these hints of instruction,
And kindly attend to them all;
Remember—we make no deduction—
Nor abate—did they buy the whole stall.
By the way, I'd forgotten to mention
(As yet to *fair*-trading you're strange)
On this point, I *must* press your attention—
'Tis not thought *comme-il-faut* to give *change!*

LOST PROOFS FROM CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.

TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

No. II.—A SLIP FROM A TRANSATLANTIC ROMANCE.

(Pertaining to the flight of a party of dishonest Red Men from Catlin's Museum of North American Indians.)

The path over Primrose Hill, which had gradually become less distinct in the approaching darkness, now appeared to stop altogether in a tangled maze of fern and brushwood, which stretched in the direction of Wormwood Scrubs. Now and then the light of the moon fell for a few seconds on the tangled coast before them; but was quickly withdrawn again, as a few dark clouds, chased by the wind in fitful succession, passed over her face.

As they proceeded, in silence, the Indian keeping his dark eye fixed on the ground, the report of a gun was heard in the distance, prolonged in ringing echoes round the Hill, and a bird, which Corduroy Breeches pronounced to be a crow, flew screaming away, until it was lost in the distance.

"That's the crack of a rifle," exclaimed the Scamp. "It's the natur' of them infernal Mingoes to be at their old games in the warrens. The Delaware takes more time to aim, and uses less powder. What say you, Catchhookpike?"

"The Mingo is not loved by the Great Spirit," replied the old man.

"His moccassins are without shells and his wampum is not strong. He drinks the firewater of Hodges, and the thunder of the pale-faces, Pigou and Wilks, kills him.

"They have passed by here, however," exclaimed Corduroy Breeches. "There is the impression of a tipped highlow on that molehill. The trail is too marked to be of more than six hours' standing."

The Indian bent his keen eye in the direction indicated by the Scamp, and muttering his usual subdued "Hugh!" picked up a small cylinder of crockery.

"The Huron chooses the naked weed," he exclaimed: "and is not this a short pipe? He is a great medicine, and his scalps are as the sea-sand."

"Here is part of the tobacco-screw," cried the Scamp. "What does it say, Chief?"

Catchhookpike took the bit of paper, and inspected it in the moonlight with a searching glance.

"The seller of the leaf speaks in parables," he replied, "and the Mohican knows not their meaning. What is the difference between fish alive and live fish? Has my brother a name?"

"The Mingoes," replied the Scamp, "call me Corduroy Breeches; the Delawares term me *Le Rusé Navet;* but on the line I am called the Artful Navvy, or navigator."

"The navigator takes to the deep waters and the floating houses of the pale faces; and this is an iron road. Where is my brother's canoe? Has he sold it to the Hurons, or is it up the spout of the White-skins?"

"He has reason," thought the Scamp. "It is neither, Chief," he continued, speaking in the Delaware idiom. "Is not the medicine-store of Catlin in the Egyptian Hall? and hath he not the canoe?"

"My brother has still his rifle," remarked the Indian.

"Ay, I have," replied the Scamp, affectionately regarding the piece. "Killcat has proved himself a good friend.—But silence; we are approaching the deep recesses of St. John's Wood."

"I'm open to all, and influenced by none"—as Windsor Castle said to Lord Godolphin D'Arcy, when he went in with the pot-boy.

Theatrical Intelligence.

(Really from our own Reporter.)

We are authorised to state that Miss Kelly's Theatre (No. 27½ Dean-street, Soho) will be opened at the usual season. The most extraordinary alterations and arrangements will be made during the recess; and it will give the enchanted public some remote notion of the grandeur of the improvements contemplated, when we inform them that, on the first night of the new season, the check-taker will appear with—his hair cut.

Advices have been received from Switzerland, from which we learn that, on the departure of the courier, Mr. Charles Kean had reached the summit of Mont Blanc. We rejoice to hear this, as it sufficiently proves to the enemies of that very promising actor, that Mr. Kean can, when he pleases, be really a *high* tragedian!

The author of *Martinuzzi* has forwarded to Mr. Macready a new tragedy. "It has," says the *Observer*, "the very highest promise!" "but," adds *Punch*, "not the remotest chance of performance."

We learn that Mr. Sainsbury, the "saline chymist" of the Strand, is in correspondence with the spirited proprietor of the English Opera, for the whole of the dress circle of that theatre during the present sultry season, as the coolest possible place for ginger-beer and soda.

It is a remarkable fact that a bottle of beer, taken into the gallery of the Victoria Theatre, almost boiling hot, was after the first act of Mr. Osbaldiston's *King Lear*, found deliciously iced. A distinguished wine-merchant of the New Cut has offered Mr. O. very handsome terms to play the whole round of his tragic parts (so long as the present weather lasts) in his cellar.

"THE LANDLORD IN THE ROOM."

When Evans sought the abode of joy, he left behind him a very powerful stage reputation at Covent Garden. Some few years afterwards, on poor James Warde being taken suddenly ill somewhere in Chancery Lane, during the run of Knowles's *Wrecker's Daughter*, there was every chance of the run being stopped. In this dilemma, Knowles rushed to the bar of Evans, who, in the handsomest manner, consented to enact, "for one night only," the character of the very sick tragedian. It was a full house. Evans entered with beating heart. A burst of applause followed, and then ensued a dead silence. Evans had to speak, but ere he could open his mouth, our dear friend Jack Brownless, located in a private box, called forth, in a voice that made the whole pit jump—"Gentlemen, give your orders; the Landlord 's in the room."

SONGS OF THE SEEDY.—No. XXII.

THE TIP-TOP SORT OF THING.

You bid me unbosom; ah, do ye then doubt?—
Believe ye not all that I say?
Ah, Susan, you still must continue to pout,
I cannot unbosom to-day.
My heart, I, indeed, would lay willingly bare,
Nor fear that it aught could impart
To wound or offend thee—Oh, trust me, I wear
No covering over my heart!

You do not believe me, but coldly require
My perfect unbosoming still—
Well, Susan, you say that it is your desire,
And straightway, dear maiden, I will.
There! there! said I not I no covering wore
On my heart!—Ah! you feel you've been rash;
Then bid me, dear Susan, unbosom no more,
When the one shirt I have 's at the wash.

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PHYSIOLOGY OF THE LONDON IDLER.

CHAPTER X.—OF THE VISITOR TO LONDON.

ALTHOUGH the visitor is a provincial by birth, yet he ranks as one of the London Idlers the instant he arrives in town; indeed, the more remote his country residence may be, the more entitled is he to be classed as such.

When alone, his head quarters are merely coach-office inns and Piazza hotels; but if married, he takes furnished lodgings for himself, wife, and (according to circumstances) daughters, in Arundel or Norfolk Street, which a friend has probably engaged for him.

An author has stated that the pleasure of travelling consists not so much in the enjoyment of the present, as the retrospection of the past; and this is possibly the idea upon which the visitor acts, since his whole journey is a series of nuisances from beginning to end. The first discomfort begins at the terminus of the railway, where he cannot remember which locker his luggage was put into, and, consequently, losing the omnibus during the search, is compelled to hire a cab at a quadruple fare. The lost bag, portmanteau, or whatever it may be, is at last found under the seat he had been occupying; after the railway porters, in their strenuous exertions to discover the property, have concealed themselves successively in every locker, with only their legs visible, like so many bees half-way up a train of bell-flowers, or, more correctly, like Mr. W. H. Payne when that eccentric gentleman shuts himself into a door or enchanted helmet, in a Covent Garden pantomime.

At length the visitor arrives at his apartment, after encountering dangers on his journey, to which the perils of the Khyber Pass were but minor annoyances; and then the usual first-night-in-a-new-lodging discomforts crowd upon him.

There is no tea, no bread, no candles, salt, or lump-sugar; everything has to be purchased, and when purchased, to be stowed away in various chiffoniers of that shabby-genteel appraisement-looking build which one only encounters in furnished lodgings, with creaking hinges, faded curtains in front, rusty keys, and ricketty locks that only the landlady can open. And there is a sad cheerless air in lodgings. The very furniture has a sharp and famished appearance, although rubbed up to the last point of friction, and the carpet is brushed until it is threadbare. The hundred insignificant objects that made home HOME—those remote appealers to our feelings, although only books, pictures, or children's toys littered about, are nowhere visible. The very chairs have an expression of outline which seems to say "I am only yours whilst you pay for me;" the fire-irons and fender look cold and formal; and the round mirror, with its frame of gilt knobs and distorted candelabra, has an air of attempted gaiety, that is perfectly distressing to contemplate.

And when the visitor awakes on the first morning of his sojourn in town—which he does at an early hour, after a slumber broken at intervals of every twenty minutes by the never-dying murmur of the London streets—his first business at breakfast is to spread the map of London widely open before him, and commence a deep investigation of the nearest practicable road from one point to another. Short cuts proverbially take up the most time to accomplish; and for this reason the visitor spends half his day in losing himself in a labyrinth of courts and alleys. Having decided upon the first sight that he shall visit, he sallies forth, and commences the undertaking by discovering the residence of a friend, to whom he has given two days' shooting last year, and upon whom he reckons, to run about with him all day long, and show him the Lions of the Metropolis.

All persons living in London know what country friends are—useful people, who send them up pork and eggs, and whom they delight to go and stay with when they are tired of town; but whom they are sometimes shy of introducing to their metropolitan circle. Our old friend, Mr. Ledbury, has some country friends; and every year two of the "gals" come up to stay with his family. Fine healthy strapping young women they are, too, who can walk for ever and never feel tired: and although Mr. Ledbury sometimes feels uncomfortable when he is gallanting them about the Pantheon, and pretends not to see Miss Mitchell and Miss Hamilton, whom he meets, but looks hard at the perpetual pictures there displayed, yet his importance and gratification are very great when he takes places for them at the English Opera House. Then they go and return in a hackney-coach, and he tells them which is Mr. Harley, and Mr. Oxberry, and Miss Faucit, and Miss Murray, as they come on the stage, without ever looking at the play-bill; or explains the story, if it is a burlesque, interlude, or ballet; and adjusts the binocular-glass for them, which he hired at the oyster-shop in Vinegar-yard before they went, but which the young ladies cannot use very well without shutting the left eye with their hand.

Upon the taste of the London friend, should he be disengaged, depends the class of wonders which the visitor is introduced to—of course, provided always, that the friend is not "extremely sorry an unpleasant engagement prevents him from enjoying the pleasure he would otherwise have felt, in showing his acquaintance whatever was most worth seeing in London." One will consider a walk round the parks, a stroll up Regent-street, and a glimpse of the clubs, everything to be looked at. Another will not rest until he has taken the visitor to every shilling exhibition between Bond-street and Temple-bar. And a third has an idea that, like at Naples, a man has only to see the Docks and Post-office, and then die.

The wide difference between the West End and the oriental districts of London, is no chimerical distinction; and we can prove this by the following anecdote:—

Mr. Elphinstone was a gentleman—that is to say, he kept a cab and all sorts of things besides—wore mustachios and white kid gloves, lived in May Fair, and was a member of one or two clubs. But, although he affected an idea in society that London terminated in space somewhere about Charing Cross, he had an aunt who resided in Finsbury Square; and as he expected to come in for a share of the property, he thought one day he would pay her a visit. Accordingly, he presented himself at her house in a travelling cap and large cloak.

"My dear nephew," said the old lady "are you going off anywhere?"

"No, my dear aunt," replied Mr. Elphinstone, "I am but just arrived."

"Where from?" asked the aunt.

"At present from the Albany," was the answer.

"Ah," responded the old lady, doubtfully, imagining, no doubt, that the Albany was some place on the Rhine. "And when did you start?"

"About half-an-hour ago."

"My dear nephew," exclaimed the aunt, "what *are* you talking about?"

"A very simple affair," said Elphinstone. "I live at the West End—you reside in Finsbury Square. Being desirous of paying you a visit, I got out my travelling attire, and having gone down to Messrs. Herries & Co.'s for some of their circular notes, I procured a post-chaise from Newman's, and started from home at one o'clock. I have arrived here safely as you see—and I shall return to London in the same manner."

Since that time Mr. Elphinstone has always used the same means to pay a visit to his aunt, who, it is hoped, will leave him sufficient

to prevent his ever paying the like attention to his uncle. We only quote this anecdote, to show that, with all properly educated people, Finsbury Square has nothing in common with London; and that its inhabitants know as much about the West End, as a frequenter of the gallery at Sadler's Wells, does of the "Omnibus" box at the Opera.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF COURTSHIP.

Chapter IX.—Plain Directions for Courting the Ugly.

There is not throughout the whole range of the difficult science we are discussing a more arduous task than that of courting an ugly woman. The decided beauty attracts and exactingly demands our admiration and addresses as matters of course. The cut-and-dried compliments which were doubtless handed down to posterity by the inmates of Noah's Ark are frequently fished for and led up to by herself, and one pays them as currently as courtiers do homage to the throne—for etiquette sake. The "plain" attach to themselves a suspicion of beauty which affords sufficient foundation for a superstructure of civil things, the truth and sincerity of which they may be made most implicitly to believe. But the ugly——

Yes, to the mere lover the ugly present a blank. He has no cue for his sighs and tears—no excuse for his preference. Upon what text can he discourse in his first love-letter? To what reasonable cause can he refer the lighting up of his flame? To the grace of her figure? —that is almost deformed. To the fire of her eyes?—they are small, grey, and lustreless. To the sweetness of her smile?—it wrinkles her face into the puckers of scorched parchment. Where there is nothing to admire, how is he to prove the integrity of his admiration?

Yet there *is* a cause for his preference; but, alas! that spring must ever remain a sealed fountain. Far from daring to hint, he must ingeniously conceal, the true origin of his tenderness. Blighted are his hopes should she once suspect he sighs for her fortune instead of herself! And, be it remarked, *en passant*, all ugly women *have* fortunes.

Those who have not are never courted: they are either entirely passed over, or, if the windfall of a sigh should happen to alight upon them, they never lose a chance; they accept and get married as soon as possible, before there is time for the operations of courtship even to commence.

Thus "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in the range of *matériel* for sentiment, what is to be done? Hear our plain directions—they are infallible.

You must in every case begin by using all the dowager and *passé* arguments against beauty. "Fleeting dowry!—evanescent, as the summer cloud—worthless as the withered flower—often leading its unhappy possessor into the paths of temptation—abandoning her in the depths of destruction—leaving her at last to mourn over blighted hopes"—and all that. But, on the other hand, "who can sufficiently estimate the lasting blessings of congenial sentiment—of hearts fondly beating in a blissful union?—the never-dying graces of the mind"—and so forth. But the most effectual topic of all—especially in a case where a few thousands a year are at stake—is the delights of content and love in a cottage. "With such a mind as yours, even poverty would be endurable," will always prove a clencher.

You will find that every woman who is remarkable for her ugliness is said to be also remarkable for some especial virtue, accomplishment, or specific perfection. Whenever you hear it remarked that "she certainly is very plain," there will always follow a "but," which introduces an addendum on the amiability of her disposition, the superiority of her talents, or the beauty of her foot.

Behold Frank Kennedy after his signal rejection by Rose Robinson, at the feet of Miss Boulder, and take a lesson from him. His satirical description of her *personale*, recorded in a former chapter, though exaggerated, had some foundation in truth. He afterwards discovered her weak point—otherwise her peculiar accomplishment;—it was poetry. With eager hand he turned over the "Keepsakes" and "Books of Beauty" of the last dozen years, until he lighted upon some of her stanzas. Those he most admired were "Lines to my Cousin on entering the Army;" "Impromptu on the Death of Lady Littleton's Squirrel;" "Stanzas to my Sister on the birth of my niece;" and other domestic pleasantries so exceedingly entertaining to the public. What was to be done—how could he address her in her own language who had never penned a verse in his life? He rushed to my rooms, communicated his distress, and demanded my assistance.

"My dear friend," was my exclamation, "you know not what you ask. Write poetry to a poetess! it would be madness."

"On the contrary, I believe it to be the only road to her fortune—or rather, I should say, to her heart. Do throw off something for me, like a good fellow—something touching and romantic."

"No, no; that might answer very well with a city, or a boarding-school damsel, but would prove an utter failure with Miss Boulder. She, of all others, would know how to estimate your passionate protestations and innumerable notes of admiration; she, being herself of the initiated, understands the depth of those feelings which are expended in fishing up rhymes and agonising for similes. She will take all your passionate rhapsodies at their real value, and curl her hair with them. No, if you *will* be rash and pelt her with verses, they must be quiet, staid, and respectable."

"Well, I am in your hands. At all events do something for me."

I complied, and the following rhythmatic *crescendo* did the business:—

While musing o'er the sweet melodious lay
Traced by thy beauty-teeming pen,
Long ere mine eyes had caught one cheering ray
From thine—I *liked* thee even then.

But when I first beheld thy soul-lit face,
Beaming with smiles, by thought inspired—
Where Love and Genius each have left a trace,
With fervent ardour I *admired*.

Now, dizzy with the magic of thy smiles,
Though 'gainst their influence I strove,
My bursting heart my fever'd brain beguiles,
Hopeless, I fondly, madly—*love*.

When an ugly woman cannot, with any conscience, lay claim to talent or good temper, the redeeming personal advantage is boasted of in an exquisite foot or a delicate hand. My friend Lady Flabble weighs at least sixteen stone, and is ill-looking in proportion.

"But then," say her toadies, "did you ever see such a beautifully-shaped hand?"

A thick volume of anecdotes may be collected from the small talk of her circle about this celebrated member; such as, how that a popular sculptor, so struck with it as he saw it dangling over a box at the Opera, *would* be introduced to the owner, to ask permission to take a cast of it. And that it is now a substitute for the well-known digits of Madame de Maintenon, hitherto the first hand of the plaster shops—the sole model for the studio. The expedients of her ladyship to bring her favourite *manus* into notice are highly amusing. Her favourite attitude is the stock-posture among portrait-painters for contemplation, the thumb being used as a bracket for the chin, and the fore finger pressing the cheek-bone. This position produces a fine effect; for her ladyship's face being of a deep red, sets off the whiteness of her cherished hand to great advantage. Her husband

—a poor baronet—during courtship, wisely centred all his affections upon this very small integer of her extensive entirety. In the end she gave it him, together with a good fortune.

The last class of ugly women require no directions for being courted, because they take the whole affair out of our hands. They make up for the want of personal attraction by a certain forwardness of manner which occasionally gains them so-called lovers, but seldom husbands. These people can only be hinted at; they may not be described.

DES BOUTS RIMES.

Traduits avec une exactitude littérale des originaux qui se trouvent préservés dans les Archives de la "Nurserie" Anglaise.

DÉDIÉS (sans permission, et avec une licence toute Outre-Manchienne) à

SON ALTESSE ROYALE

(Vulgairement connue sous le nom de)

LE PRINCE DE BALEINES.*

A MAN OF LETTERS.

Sur les motifs de "MISTRESS MARY."

Ma'amzelle Marie, qui contrarie,
Comment grandit ton jardin?
Les coquilles—cloches qui brillent,
Marguerites, et jasmins?

Sujet tiré de la vieille légende de "HUMPTY DUMPTY."

Humptie Dumptie pendait au mur,
Humptie Dumptie tomba si dur;
Ni tous les chevaux, ni les hommes du roi,
Mettront Humptie Dumptie comme autrefois.

L'air connu de "LITTLE BO-PEEP."

Petit Bo-Bouton,
A perdu ses moutons,
Et ne se sait pas qui les a pris;
O laisses-les tranquilles,
Ils viendront en ville,
Et chacun sa queue après lui.

Calqué sur "LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS."

Garçons et filles, venez toujours,
La lune est brillante comme le jour;
Venez au bruit d'un joyeux éclat,
Venez du bon cœur, ou ne venez pas.

* Anciennement—c'est à-dire, montant au temps reculé quand ces poëmes primitifs furent publiés—le titre du fils aîné du roi d'Angleterre était écrit—non pas, comme maintenant, "WALES" sans un "h,"—mais "WHALES," avec un "h," bien saillant, et qui alors était enflé d'un sens qui est tout-à-fait perdu maintenant dans le changement que le titre a subi. Dans ce temps la France venait justement d'adopter le titre de "Dauphin" pour le fils aîné de son Roi; et l'Angleterre, voulant faire silence aux prétentions de sa Rivale, choisit pour son titre la "Baleine," qu'elle opposa avec orgueil, comme le symbole de la souveraineté de la mer, au "Dauphin" de la France.

Inspiré par l'histoire bien répandue de "JOHNNY," *qui commence avec la ligne célèbre de* "JOHNNY SHALL HAVE A NEW BONNET."

Jacquot aura un chapeau neuf,
Jacquot ira à la foire,
Jacquot aura un ruban neuf—
Et deux schellings tout pour boire.
Pourquoi ne puis-je pas aimer Jacquot?
Et pourquoi ne peut-il pas m'aimer?
Pourquoi ne puis-je pas aimer Jacquot
Comme tout autre bien-aimé? (*bis.*)

Voici un pied qu'on doit chausser,
Et voici une gambe pour tirer un bas,
Voici pour maman un grand baiser,
Et encore deux pour grand-dada
Pourquoi ne puis-je pas aimer Jacquot?
&c. &c. &c. &c. (*bis.*)

L'Historiette suivante est empruntée fidèlement d'une ancienne chanson qui à été préservée jusqu'à ce jour avec une solicitude vraiement réligieuse par les nourrices et tous les grands poëtes de l'Angleterre. La ligne première de l'original commence avec:—"THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN"—*(qui, il est nécessaire de dire en passant, il ne faut pas confondre avec cette femme intéressante de l'Histoire, qui "LIVED IN A SHOE")—et elle finit par,* "AND WHAT DO YOU THINK?"

Il y avait une vielle femme, qui—est ce possible à croire?
Ne pouvait pas vivre sans manger et boire.
Elle mangeait si bien,—que son pauvre mari
Ne trouvait pas même une croûte laissée pour lui.
Mais elle sortit un jour, pour acheter du pain,
Et, avant son retour, il n'avait plus faim—*
Elle sortit encore pour faire sonner l'église,
Et, quand elle revint, il savourait une prise.

THE DUKE WHO THINKS ALOUD.

A ROYAL Duke is no more distinguished for the graceful urbanity with which he presides at any public dinner, given for any purpose, at any hour, and at any place, than for a constant habit of thinking aloud. You are in the pit of Covent-Garden theatre: well, five minutes before the overture begins, you hear a voice above your head, thus communing with itself.

"Whenever I come to the theatre, I make it a point to dine at five o'clock!"

The Royal Duke having addressed this information to his playbill, takes his seat, and, throughout the play, keeps up a running accompaniment of assent or dissent to the speeches entrusted to the actors.

At the Chapel Royal, however, his highness is equally audible, and equally faithful to his habit of commenting upon all he hears. A few Sundays ago, the Minister and the Duke proceeded as follows:—

Minister.—From all evil and mischief; from sin, from the crafts of the devil—

(*Duke.*—To be sure; very proper—very proper.)

Minister.—From all sedition, conspiracy, and rebellion—

(*Duke.*—Certainly; very right—very right.)

And thus Parson and Duke proceeded together almost to the end. However, the worthy clergyman had to offer a prayer for the sick. Proceeding in this pious task, he thus commenced:—

Minister.—The prayers of this congregation are earnestly desired for—

(*Duke.*—No objection—no objection!)

"THIS case must be looked into," as Pettigrew, F. R. S. A.—said, when he received a fresh mummy.

* Cette licence de rime, "pain" et "faim," qui choquerait, à vrai dire, la sévérité exigeante d'un critique de l'école classique—est rigoureusement suivie cependant de l'original. Nous rencontrons bien des fois des rimes telles que "SLEEP" et "STREET"—"BROOK" et "DUCK"—et encore dans le second couplet du joli petit air de "LITTLE BO-PEEP," dont nous avons essayé de donner une idée de l'extrême beauté en haut, il y a "HOME" qui est supposé de rimer avec "ALONE;"—et même nous pourrions citer dans l'éclogue dignement célèbre de "JACK AND GILL," une rime si peu harmonieuse que "WATER" et "AFTER," avec mille autres, si nous avions besoin de plus d'exemples pour prouver à nos lecteurs, que cette légèreté de cadence, loin d'être l'effet d'une négligence coupable de notre part, a été plutôt recherchée à dessein, afin de leur donner une idée aussi frappante que possible de la parfaite beauté jointe à la simplicité plus que primitive qui se trouvent si prochement entr' unies dans les poëmes originaux.

GRAND NATIONAL PROJECT FOR MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL ADVANCEMENT.

AN IDEA, BY MR. PUNCH.

ET PUNCH, ever anxious for the public good, especially for that of the rising generation (to promote which he feels to be his mission), and having just devised a most promising scheme for that purpose, earnestly request attention to the following proposal, wherein the said scheme will be unfolded.

The particular object which Mr. PUNCH has in view is the elevation of the national mind.

For reasons of his own, but which will presently be laid before the reader, he is of opinion, that, in order to raise Man, it is necessary to exalt Woman. The principle, therefore, which his plan embodies, is "Educate the Fair."

Verily believing that the existing "seminaries" and "establishments" for young ladies are inadequate to the fulfilment of their professed design, Mr. P. proposes that a Female University be forthwith founded at the expense of the nation.

He recommends as the fittest place for the establishment of such an institution the Metropolis, and would suggest that a sufficiently large district, the centre whereof should be Eaton-square, should be bought up for the purpose—the abode of learning to be entitled "The University of Pimlico."

This University shall be constituted as follows:—Its government shall be vested in a Chancelloress, Vice-Chancelloress, and Senate. Whether the members of the latter shall be old or young women may be a question. Analogy, it has been insinuated to Mr. PUNCH, would decide in favour of antiquity; but this point can be settled hereafter.

The Executive is to be vested in two Proctoresses—or, perhaps, half-a-dozen, for two may not be enough. Each Proctoress to be attended by a brace of femineo-taureo-canine bipeds, or bull-dogs in petticoats—the said creatures to be selected from the swiftest runners for a particular vestment at the yearly revel at Bachelor's Acre.

Each of the Colleges (the number of which will depend upon the amount of funds raised) shall be presided over by a Mistress, and shall maintain a society corresponding to the body elsewhere called Fellows. For the members of this society Mr. PUNCH proposes the distinctive appellation of "Wenches;" "Wench" being, to the best of his knowledge, the feminine equivalent to Fellow." The word may sound odd at first; but that will be nothing when the bearers get used to it.

The Wenchships are to be the reward of merit. For though, indeed, "*detur pulchriori*" is to be the principle whereon all the loaves and fishes of this establishment are to be disposed of, yet "Handsome is that handsome does" shall be the criterion of beauty.

Every Wenchship shall afford the holder thereof board and lodging, and a certain yearly income besides, sufficient to keep her comfortably till she gets married. And a portion of the funds of each college shall be invested in a certain number of livings, to serve as dowers to such wenches as may choose to accept of them. Every wench accepting a living, or taking a husband, to vacate her Wenchship of course.

Exhibitions shall likewise be provided for the deserving, and shall consist of considerable sums of money, to be applied to the purchase of ball-dresses of the richest magnificence; the gainers of them, therein duly arrayed, to exhibit their charms, on some appropriate occasion, at Willis's, or some other fashionable rooms.

The fair students *in statu pupillari* shall be called Under-Graduates; and those who have passed their examinations, Spinsters of Arts, taking, in due time, the degree of Mistress.

No young lady shall be allowed to matriculate under the age of fourteen, or who is unable to read a column of "PUNCH" with fluency, and see at least half-a-dozen of the jokes in it; hem a handkerchief, waltz, and play one of Musard's quadrilles to the satisfaction of the examiners. It will be taken for granted that geography, astronomy and the use of the globes have formed part of the previous education, and therefore these sciences will not be included in the course of study pursued at the "University of Pimlico."

French and Italian as spoken in the fashionable circles, music, drawing, fancy-work, and the higher branches of dancing, will form the regular *curriculum*. A minor examination on these subjects, or a "little go," will be instituted before the Spinstership of Arts can be tried for. The examined shall be able to "go on" anywhere in "Télémaque," or in the Conversations in Vénéroni's Grammar; to play a fantasia of Thalberg's; to copy a brigand exactly; to work a pair of slippers in Berlin wool; and to dance the Cachuca and Cracovienne.

NATURE AND ART.

For the degree of Spinster, the candidate shall be examined in various novels by Paul de Kock, Victor Hugo, Balzac, and others; also in the *libretto* of the last new opera. She shall be able to play or sing any of the fashionable pieces or airs of the day, and shall give evidence of an extensive acquaintance with Bellini, Donizetti, Labitzky, and Strauss. She shall draw and embroider, in a satisfactory manner, various fruits, flowers, cottages near a wood, Greeks, and Mussulmen. Lastly, she shall dance, with correctness and elegance, a "pas de deux," with any young gentleman who may be selected for the purpose.

There shall be likewise, with respect to music and dancing, an annual examination for honours. The candidates shall evince a familiarity with the most admirable feats of Taglioni and the Ellslers, and with the most difficult compositions of Herz, Czerny, and Bochsa; though if they like they may be allowed to take up, in preference, Handel, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and Weber.

These examinations shall be called respectively the Musical and the Dancing Tripos. No one shall be admissible to the latter who has not taken honours in the former. The gradations of distinction shall be as follows:—In the Musical Tripos the foremost damsel shall be entitled the Senior Warbler; next shall follow the Simple Warblers; the Bravissimas shall come next; then the Bravas; and finally those who barely get their degree.

The first dancer shall be denominated La Sylphide; after her shall be ranked the Sylphs; next to these the first and second Coryphées; and lastly, as before, the merely passable.

Professorships of Sentiment, Flirtation, Poonah-Painting, and Cookery, shall also be established, and young ladies permitted to "go out" in these sciences; taking the degree of Doctress.

Mr. PUNCH has already mentioned certain books which he proposes to have read. These, it may be urged, contain various objectionable passages, which, therefore, ought to be expunged. But as no such operation is performed on Horace and Juvenal at other places, whereat, too, the majority of the students are brought up to be clergymen, the precaution is, in his opinion, unnecessary.

What shall be the academical costume, Mr. PUNCH would leave to be settled by competent authority; he suggests, by the Mistress of the Robes. Gowns, of course, the students will all wear; but he, for his own part, objects to caps. He would likewise have an express statute erected against all manner of boots.

Now, Mr. PUNCH contends, that by the workings of the proposed institution, refinement, intelligence, and morality would soon become diffused over the kingdom. His reasons for anticipating so much from the cultivation of the female mind are briefly these:—

In all countries where women are degraded, men are debased. The Turks, who maintain that ladies have no souls, keep them shut up out of society in a harem,—and are great blockheads for their pains.

Hottentots, all the world over, as well as in their peculiar piggery, treat women as inferior creatures; whereby they make great brutes of themselves.

Old Bachelors in general have a strong affinity with the ursine tribes.

Men fall in love for lack of wit, by an ordinance of Nature for supplying the deficiency. A lout who turns lover diminishes in density to a remarkable extent; and many a Cymon puts off the Yahoo under the influence of an Iphigenia.

Besides, it is clear that if you civilise the better half of mankind, you go more than half way to improve the whole.

In conclusion, Mr. PUNCH recommends that a petition for the establishment of an institution such as he has above described be presented forthwith to the House of Commons, and that the same be intrusted for presentation to the hands of Mr. Thomas Duncombe. Should the proposed plan obtain the sanction of Government, Mr. P. will be too happy to undertake any office involving the management of pecuniary affairs which may arise out of it. And in the mean time, if any gentleman or lady desirous of founding a college will transmit the wherewithal, in the shape of a handsome cheque or extensive conveyance to his office, it shall be taken every care of.

BALLADS OF THE BRIEFLESS.—No. V.

THE DECLARATION.

THE BARD OF NEWGATE.

He sat alone in the dark recess
Of his chamber's silent gloom,
And the dreary ghost of brieflessness
Stalk'd up and down the room.

His gown was hanging upon a hook,
And its dark, mysterious fold,
By the twilight dim, in his fancy, took
The form of the *one* call'd *old*.

His wig, unworn for many a day,
Was slumbering in its box,
And the busy spider work'd away
In its stiffly-curling locks.

His bands had assumed a yellow hue,
As they lay untouch'd in his drawer;
And the white cravat was tawny, too
Of this hapless man of law.

He threw his feet upon the hobs
Of his dingy black-leaded grate,
And instinctively counted the small steel knobs,
Which he found amounted to eight.

He threw himself back in his one-arm chair—
An odd one he'd bought in the street;
And he plaintively whistled a well-known air,
Beating time on the hobs with his feet.

And was it for this, he mournfully thought,
That I've kept my terms in the hall,
And spent some hundreds in being taught,
Besides what I've paid for my call?

Oh! was it for this that I've read on trust—
Remainders too and uses,
While nothing comes in to pay for the crusts,
Though my baker to trust refuses?

'Twas thus he thought, when a gentle knock
Was heard at his chamber door,
And through his heart there ran a shock,
For it told him of many a score.

But hunger gives courage to the hare,
And makes it cease to run;
And brieflessness bids the barrister dare
To boldly face a dun.

He rush'd to the portal—that man of law,
In a fit of desperation,
And received—oh joy! instructions to draw
At once a declaration.

He open'd them—oh! can language tell
The sight he saw within?
His countenance from its first smile fell
Into a ghastly grin.

The paper indorsed "Instr'ons"—a phrase
Which is for "Instructions" short,
Display'd to that lawyer's earnest gaze,
Not anything of the sort.

But quickly there met his eager eye
Of parchment a little bit;
He found himself served—and a witness by,
With—A COPY OF A WRIT!

THE HIGH SHERIFF.

THE GREAT BAZAAR SMASH.

Of course everybody knows the Bazaars at the watering-places, where the visitor from London occasionally makes one of a small party of four or three—as the case may be—in a desperate effort to obtain what is sportingly called a "sweepstakes" of a two-shilling ticket, to get which you are pleasantly told that you "risk" sixpence,—though the "risk" is a very close resemblance to certainty, inasmuch as if you are fortunate enough to win the sweepstakes once in fifty times, it is certain that every time in the whole fifty, you put down the sixpence, and never get it back gaain. The "risk" is in winning, but the "certainty" is in losing; and though the possession of the "sweepstakes" is at all times apocryphal, the total disappearance of the sixpence is as unvariable as if it were "a law of nature," instead of a regulation of the bazaar-keeper.

It was in the August of 1838, when the writer of this article was walking down the High-street of ———, amid the bows of the proprietors of the bathing-rooms—none of whom he had ever patronised—when his eye was arrested by an individual at a doorway, rattling some dice furiously in an ivory box, and exclaiming with a tone of agonising earnestness, that he "only wanted one." The writer of this article, being naturally of an inquiring mind, stopped opposite the premises, and began to peruse a written placard, in which it was announced that there would be a concert at twelve, to which the admission was in the most liberal spirit, and in order to meet the views of a discerning public, most appropriately fixed at —*nothing*. The following was the bill of fare—or programme, as it was rather ambitiously called—of the *concert* alluded to.

FIRST PART.

Song—"Oh where are those Feelings I lost at the Ball," by Miss SNOOZLE (from Her Majesty's Theatre, the Albert Saloon, and the Nobility's Concerts).

Song (Comic)—"Oh, don't I love my Mother," by Mr. GAGGER, who is engaged for a limited number of nights and mornings.

Finale to Part I.—Solo on the Square Piano—"Jim along Josey," by Mr. THUMP, late pupil of the celebrated Mr. THALBERG.

SECOND PART.

Song—"My Feelings to a Lath still waste me," by Miss SNOOZLE (accompanied by her Grandfather on the Trombone).

Song (Comic)—"If I had a Donkey" (in character), by Mr. GAGGER, who has, on this occasion only, consented to accompany himself on the *Cornet-à-Piston*.

Grand Finale to Part II.—"The Echo Duet," by Mr. SNOOZLE, Sen. on the Trombone, and Mr. THUMP (who has obligingly undertaken to try his hand—or rather his mouth—at it) on the Ophycleide.

The Proprietor of the Bazaar respectfully announces that he has entered into a permanent engagement with the extremely venerable grandfather of the highly-talented and unprecedentedly popular Miss SNOOZLE, who will appear every day and night until further notice, and will on Monday play a Concerto on the Double-Drums, introducing the beautiful Motivo "Not a Drum was heard," composed expressly for Sir John Moore by a late eminent Musician.

THE EVENING STAR.

The writer of this article perused the above bill with considerable interest, and entered into conversation with the individual who still stood shaking the dice-box violently at the door, and reiterating in a voice that trembled with emotion, "*One only wanted!*" It was obvious that the individual was looking with considerable anxiety up the street, as if he expected some one; but whether it was the "*only one wanted*" he was looking for, or whether "*the one wanted*" was himself, the writer of this article could not *then* ascertain, though subsequent events developed the fact that the "*One Wanted*" was the bazaar-keeper, and that numerous individuals were those who wanted him.

WHEN TAKEN TO BE WELL SHAKEN.

But we must not anticipate the Great Bazaar Smash; we will therefore enter the concert-room, on a table of which was laid a paper ready to be filled up with fifty subscribers at two shillings each, and announcing that the highest thrower would be entitled to any article worth five pounds in the library. Had an observer looked round the premises, he would have perceived at once that the condition of the raffle could only be fulfilled by distraining on the square piano, the front seats, the register stove, and the chandelier, which all together might have made up the value of five pounds, that the highest thrower was declared to be entitled to. The exertions of Mr. Thump on the square piano left no time, however, for reflection to any of the visitors; and when Miss Snoozle tripped on to the platform, followed by her grandfather, for the performance of "My feelings to a lath still waste me," there was a pause in the rattling of the dice, and the bazaar-keeper stood silently but not inactively at the door, straining his eyes through a one and ninepenny pocket telescope. The subject of a contemplated raffle of 12 subscribers at sixpence each—and evidently still deeply impressed with the feeling that there was "ONE WANTED," the song went off pleasantly, and the venerable Mr. Snoozle's obligato on the trombone was rendered amusing, if not effective, by the necessity of opening the window to give scope to the occasional elongation of his instrument, which, in some of the notes, was extended to the very verge of the railing of the balcony. Let us pass over the comic song and the finale to Part 2, in which Mr. Thump completely sported with the ponderous ophycleide, and produced such a series of playful sounds as were never before known to proceed from it.

* * * * * *

After a fine autumn evening came a delicious autumn morning, and the writer of this article, in the costume of the place, considerably heightened in its picturesque appearance by a camp-stool, a telescope, and a novel, was again in the High-street of ———. The gay tones of the piano were still issuing from the Library door, and the trombone was still popping in and out, according to the exigencies of the music, of the Library window. But to make short of a long story, the bazaar-keeper was no longer to be seen, but his apprentice brandished the dice-box in his master's place, and desperately entreated the assembled visitors to take "a chance" in the raffle. Another day came, and the musicians were still in attendance, but the apprentice was gone, and the dice-box had passed into the hands of the acting member of a committee of creditors, who had met for the purpose of saving what they called the "wreck" of the property. Still was the cry raised of "I want but one;" and true it was, for the Great Bazaar had come to a smash, and the proprietor had bolted. When the news spread, people poured in with tickets which they had been saving up until the promised new fancy stock came in, out of which a choice could be made; but the stock was so entirely a *fancy* one, that it was never rendered tangible. The concert was, however, repeated to the end of the week, for the provisional committee guaranteed the salaries up to Saturday night; and in the intervals of Mr. Snoozle's trombone-playing, anxious inquiries might be heard as to what there would be for the holders of tickets. Many who had obtained a few shillings'-worth (!) by an outlay—facetiously called a risk—of a few pounds, were told they might "come in and prove under the commission;" but most of them were anxious to see the proprietor, whose words were still ringing in their ears, and who continued to keep up the beautiful allegory of ONE WANTED.

"A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE!"

THE Marquis of HERTFORD, though dead, is still audible. Albeit the man of millions moulders in his shroud, a voice—a sweet melodious utterance—is heard through lead and oak, and velvet covering; a voice which Mr. THESIGER, the retained interpreter for the occasion, avows to be "a voice from the grave," declaratory of the moral excellence of NICHOLAS SUISSE, late PANDARUS and treasurer in the affairs of VENUS to the rotting Marquis! From amidst worms and corruption is heard the "soft still voice of humanity," proclaiming NICHOLAS SUISSE to be "a most excellent man!"

> "Only the actions of the just
> Smell sweet and blossom in the dust,"

says the Poet, in the solemnity of deepest inspiration. We may add—

> "A lordling's voice, though from the grave,
> A pander and a —— shall save!"

It is most gratifying to know, that the Marquis of HERTFORD, appearing in his grave-clothes in the Old Bailey, has, by the ingenuity of a lawyer, been permitted to "speak to the character" of an innocent and much-abused valet. *Mors loquitur*—a voice is heard from the charnel-house—and NICHOLAS SUISSE, falsely accused of robbery to only the amount of 100,000 francs, quits the bar without a stain upon his name! Sweetly will the Marquis repose within his tomb, having by his "voice from the grave" rescued a faithful and deserving servant from the hulks. How, indeed, could his Lordship have enjoyed Paradise, knowing that NICHOLAS SUISSE, who had ministered so devotedly to his earthly pleasures, toiled on Norfolk Island!

The sympathy displayed by Lord ABINGER towards the accused is touching, yet not less delightful than the affecting style in which his Lordship paints the infirmities of the late Marquis; infirmities unceasingly alleviated by NICHOLAS SUISSE. Hear Justice, ermined Justice, discoursing from the judgment-seat:—

"The prisoner, there could be no doubt, had been *an invaluable servant* to his master, and it was his *duty* to provide liberally for him under the circumstances."

Again:—

"*Very important and valuable* services had been performed since November, 1839, and it was only right to infer that for such services his master would reward him." "His character was described, in what the learned *counsel most properly called 'a voice from the grave of his master'* (Lord Hertford's will), as being that of '*a most excellent man.*' There could *be no doubt of the excellence of his character.*"

Lord ABINGER's conviction of the delicate services of SUISSE was doubtless formed upon the evidence of a fellow-servant of the prisoner, named FOOTE:—

"I was in the habit of attending about the person of the Marquis during the last four years. The prisoner was his chief attendant and acted as his steward, in fact, he was the house steward . . . . . The Marquis was very much attached to him, more particularly during the last few years of his life. The Marquis

was in the habit of having females at his residence, and he was also in the habit of travelling on the Continent with them. *The prisoner had the management of all those delicate affairs.* No other person was employed about such affairs. The Marquis was not able to go about without assistance during the last years of his life . . . *Some of* the females above alluded to were in the habit of visiting the Marquis at Dorchester-house up to the time of his death. A female, called Henriette, was in the house at the time of the Marquis's death. There *was a back entrance* to the house through which *the ladies entered at night and left in the morning.*"

Some of these "ladies" were, doubtless, women of high intellectual qualifications, and of great natural wit; and the Marquis was, of course, deeply indebted to the intelligence of a servant who could purvey so judiciously for the moral recreation and improvement of his lord. We have, by the way, heard an anecdote of one of these ladies, which is an unanswerable evidence of her strong religious feelings, and which proves her to be a fitting comforter for a noble in his passing hour. On the morning of the decease of the Marquis, the sun shone gloriously abroad; approaching the window, the lady observed—"A fine morning, my lord, to go to"—

* * * * "A dark
Illimitable ocean without bound."—*Milton.*

Now, the Marquis of HERTFORD was certainly the best judge of what, in his mind; constituted "an excellent man," and NICHOLAS SUISSE, by the "delicate services" (so saith Lord ABINGER), rendered to his master, proving himself a *beau idéal* of human excellence, was the small sum of 100,000 francs too little to bestow on that surpassing rarity!

If the Marquis of HERTFORD can really look down from his starry home, how great must be his gratitude to his executors! His Lordship's reputation was well known, and doubtless highly appreciated in his immediate circle—in the circle embracing the ABINGERS and *haute noblesse*—but it had not become matter of newspaper celebrity, to be discussed in every tap-room and beer-shop throughout the kingdom. His Lordship's executors have now, however, done a singular good to society. They have shown, upon one hand, the fidelity of a servant, the constant intelligence that kept watch and ward at "the back entrance of Dorchester House," where "*ladies* entered at night and left in the morning"—and they have also exhibited—(in this ungrateful world, most rare exhibition!)—the gratitude of the great towards the devotion of the humble!

In legal history, we have met with witnesses who, intent upon vindicating the innocence of the falsely accused, have been brought even from their dying beds to speak a good word for the man at the bar. In the case of SUISSE, how much more touching the scene! For have we not the executors of HERTFORD compelled, by their first step, to bring the dead Marquis into court, that the mortal rottenness may "give a character to the prisoner," that the loathsome dead may declare the greater loathsomeness of the living? The corpse—opening its decaying jaws, cries—"A most excellent man!"

"A voice from the grave!" exclaims Mr. THESIGER.

"The moral music of the dead!" cries Lord ABINGER.

THE NEW BISHOPS.

AT the late consecration of the five bishops (for exportation) to Barbadoes, Gibraltar and Malta, Van Diemen's Land, Antigua, and Guiana, the crowd was correspondingly great with the event. We, however, only notice the ceremony to record a most gratifying circumstance that arose out of it. A lesson was read (as being most pertinent to the occasion) from Acts xx.; from which we make the following extract:—

"I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel: yea, ye yourselves know *that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me.*"

As these words fell upon the ears of the Bishops elect, it was delightful to behold the sudden radiancy of their countenances. Barbadoes smiled upon Gibraltar and Malta—Van Diemen's Land looked graciously at Antigua—whilst Guiana, with a meekness full of the Apostle, seemed inwardly digesting the words of Paul. Such was the influence of the lesson "from Acts xx.," that, on quitting the Abbey, the five bishops immediately addressed a letter to the proper authorities, voluntarily foregoing so much of their salaries as might otherwise have been laid out on carriages and liveries (we have never yet been able to discover the heraldic bearings of John the Baptist), requiring only as much as would suffice for decent living; and further resolving, with their own hands to minister occasionally unto their necessities, and to those of their congregations.

WHY is there such honour amongst thieves?—Because they generally *hang together.*

SCENES FROM THE DOMESTIC DRAMA OF "JACK BROWNLESS."

SCENE V.—*Piccadilly.* JACK BROWNLESS *descends from Cab and comes forward, followed by* CABMAN.

Jack (*giving a shilling*). There, you miscreant.

Cabman. Vot's this?

Jack. A shilling. You don't think it a sovereign, eh, you scoundrel?

Cabman. This won't do.

Jack (*turning up his cuffs*). Very well.

Cabman (*squaring up to Jack*). What have you a mind for, eh?

Jack (*knocking down Cabman*). That, you ruffian! (*Jack turns to crowd, gathered about him.*) And now, gentlemen, as a sporting man, I should say it was two to one on me. (*Cabman gets up, scratches his head: exit Jack, crowd cheering.*)

SCENE VI.—*Gate of the Queen's Bench.* JACK BROWNLESS *descends from Cab: comes forward with* SECOND CABMAN.

Jack. What's your fare?

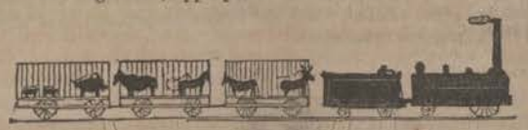
Second Cabman. Three shillin'.

Jack. You infer—! but there (*gives the money*). It's too hot to fight.
Exit JACK into *Bench.* CABMAN *drives off.*

THE PREVALENT DISTURBANCES.

ACCOUNTS from the back parlours of the Islington Millinery districts, speak with great apprehension of the excited state of the flies in that quarter. Our own reporter, Miss Pippy, of Barnsbury Road, informs us that large bands of these restless insects are beginning to assemble on her ceiling, whose movements betoken much activity; and it is rumoured that there has been a turn-out of wasps from the grocer's opposite. She has twice been obliged to resort to the intervention of the pelisse, which she was making, and which has dispersed them for a time; but should they collect again, it will be necessary to call out the knotted handkerchief, under the command of her brother.

A determined attack has just been made on a piece of apple core on the table; and there appears to have been a large "demonstration" upon the frame of the looking-glass. An agitating blue-bottle is evidently the exciting cause of the hubbub, and he has just been stopping a mill between two refractory flies who were quarrelling over a crumb, which he has, in the manner of other agitators, appropriated to himself.



TRAIN'D ANIMALS.

SONGS OF THE FLOWERS.

No. III.—THE SONG OF THE HOLLYHOCK.

A MODEST Hollyhock am I,
And I rear my humble head
With an air and a mien so exceedingly shy,
That with blushing I'm often red.
Let the garish Sunflower stare at the sun,
Till quite confused is the orb of day,
And forced out of very shame to run—
The Hollyhock won't, though the Sunflower may.

I would not be a Sunflower bold,
That out of countenance Phœbus stares,
For all the vulgar yellow gold
That in its blossoms it proudly wears.
No, I'd rather be the modest flower
That I know I am, and I love to be,
Than the gayest plant that decks the bower,
Where fairies trip and mortals take tea.

They shall not make of me a show,
As of other flowers they often do,
At the Gardens of the Surrey Zo—
Or as others call them, the Surrey Zoo.
No, I scorn the Dahlia standing so bold,
To be view'd by the crowd in a vulgar pot;
Such things of the Dahlia *may* be told,
But of the modest Hollyhock *not!!*

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

LETTER VII.—THE HERMIT'S "PHILOSOPHY."—CONTINUED.

How pure this atmosphere! How sweet, with opening lungs and in-drawn chest, to take a long, deep, bacchanal draught of midnight air, cool from the stars and odorous with May! With not a taint of urban smoke—with not the fever-heat of corroding mortal life—to infect the soul with maladies of which men daily die, albeit doctors dream not of the true disease! How grand at this moment to hear, in the profound of night, the heart of the earth beat—beat towards eternity! To feel a new affection, as we recognize a new life—closer sympathies with all that presses upon us! To lose our old habitual eyes, that blink dreamily at common-place—with true vision; to see spirits ascending and descending from every blade and leaf; and with ears tuned to the most secret melody of Nature—that like a happy housewife, sings as she toils—list the working of that vast laboratory compassed in yon giant oak!

We can do more. Drop through the earth, and, with strengthening heart and health-obtaining brain, look face to face at Death, and see a new-found beauty in his barren bones. We can scan him, talk to him, and see a thousand curious beauties—odd, grave blandishments, in the abused wight; the worthy creature, wronged in our half-knowledge, slandered in the malice of our ignorance. What filthy names—when the broad sun was shining upon us, and we were laughing in the glory of a new doublet and jerkin—have we spat upon him! How have we mauled him, when we have thought of his wicked will with cousin Bridget—a red-lipped creature with the breath of a heifer! How did we rate him for a wretch, a beast, a monster dining upon heart-strings—an ogre that blotted out the beauty of the sun—that put a poison into the violet's leaf—that turned all gracious and all lovely things to hideous, ghastly masquerade!—How did we clench our fist, and stamp at him, as, with reeling brain and bursting heart, we stood at thy grave—Oh, ADMETUS!—and wished ourselves a clod of the valley, to mingle with thy bones!

Fortune is called harlot every hour of the day, and that, too, by grave gentlemen who only abuse the wench before company because they have never known her private favours. Bad as she is, however, let sour-faced Seneca and all the other philosophers of the vinegar-cruet stalk with paper-lanterns before her door, they will never bring the romping hoyden into ill repute. No; she will still be visited, prayed to, cajoled, flattered; and when she plays a jilt's trick, will be abused as lustily as ever. Yet, what is this universal abuse—this polyglot reviling—for fortune is damned by all colours and in all tongues—to the foul, ungrateful, scandalous, mean-spirited, shabby, aye, and hypocritical, abuse of Death!

Oh, no! do not believe what is said of Death. All folks abuse him, and therefore, if for nothing else, out of the very chivalry of your nature—shake hands with him. No—not hands; that, for a few years at least, is a little too near. But there—give him the end of your walking-stick, and let him shake that. Well done! Now, look at him. Hath he not been scurvily limned? The dirty portrait-painters of the world, learning that the good fellow had so many enemies, have villanously libelled him. Should you recognise, in the fine benevolence now smiling upon you—and surely no chamberlain, with finger on his golden key, ever looked a visitor a sweeter welcome—should you see, in the frank hospitality before you, the sneaking, haggard, noiseless stabber, painted by a million brushes? Is he not all over—gentleman? Behold his face—his frame! Hath he not the countenance of Adonis, with perhaps a somewhat downward look? The outline of an Apollo? He carries a dart. It is no vulgar implement—no piece of torturing cold iron, to pierce and grope in human bowels, but an arrow from the quiver of Eternal Day. It has been used so much in this thick-dew world, that, to the filmy eyes of men, it has lost its brightness; but it is not so: the immortal ray is *under the rust*. The meanest, the scurviest abuse has been cast upon all-suffering Death. Not one fair gift has been left him. Even the sweetness of his breath has been traduced. Now, madam—nay, put aside your smelling-bottle, and fearlessly approach. There! Death breathes. Is it not an air from Elysium? Amaranth, madam—amaranth!

We are content to take up the abuse of the world as truthful censure—to believe in the hard sayings flung in the teeth of Death as well-earned reproach. We condemn him by hearsay; and join in the halloo of an unthinking, ignorant mob. But invite Death to a tête-à-tête: divesting yourself of vulgar prejudice, sit down in a place like this—for you are in my hermitage, reader—and calmly and dispassionately chat with him, and you will find the fine old fellow to have been villanously maligned—shamefully scandalized. You will, to your own surprise, and no less comfort, discover in Death the noblest benefactor—the staunchest, truest friend. All the naughty things you have heard of him will seem to you as the gossip of cowards—the malice of fools. All the foul paraphernalia—the shroud, the winding-sheet, the wet heavy clay, the worm and corruption at which serious gentlemen shake their heads, and talk for an hour upon, have no more to do with you than with the hare that may nibble the grass above what once was yours; no more touch you than they touch the red-faced urchins making chains of buttercups and daisies on a falsifying tomb-stone. When moralizing word-mongers seize you by the button, and holding up a skull or old earth-smelling tibia to your eye, look straight down their noses, and tell you that in a short time you will be no more than that they thrust in your face,—tell them, with all reverence, they lie. What will your skull, your bones, be to you, more than your corn that was cut out on Thursday—more than that vile double-tooth which, having tortured you for a fortnight, was, a week since, lugged out of your jaw, and left at the dentist's? It is the vile literalness of people's brains that gives an unhandsomeness to the dead bones of men; that makes them in the grave a part and parcel of the sentient thing; that would make their foulness and disgrace a humiliation to the soaring man. You shew me his lordship's cast-off court-suit of tarnished silver: that it is cast-off, proves to me that he has possessed himself of a better. Show me the skull of a dead philosopher, nay, of a defunct pickpocket; commence a dumpish morality on the terrible change of head undergone by sage or thief, and I shall reply to you—It is excellent that it is so; for, depend upon it, the change is for the better; he has obtained a much handsomer article.

The truth is, we have made too much a mystery of the common-places of Death: we have made scarecrows of skeletons, instead of looking upon them with a sort of respect—as we look upon the hat, coat, and breeches of one we once loved—of one who once wore the articles that were a necessary part of his dress for this world, but that in fact never made any portion of that thing, that essence, which we knew as he. You say, that was his thigh-bone: very well—this was his walking-stick. Bone or cane, one was as much of him as the other: he is alike independent of both. I deny that he is changed—that his dignity is in the remotest degree compromised, because his human furniture is nailed in a box, and crammed in a hole. You might as well preach upon the disgrace of walking-sticks, because our friend's bit of dragon's blood, after sundry domestic revolutions, has been cut into a dibber. To make a death's-head horrible—to preach from its pretended loathsomeness a lesson to the pride of humanity—to extract from it terrors to the spirit of man, whilst yet consorted with flesh and blood,—the churchyard moralist should prove that the skull remains the ghastly, comfortless prison of the soul,—that, for a certain time, it is ordained its blank and hideous dungeon. Then, indeed, would a death's-head be horrible; then would it appal a heart of stone and ribs of steel. But, good sexton-preacher, when now you show me a skull, what do I look upon! The empty shell, through which the bird has risen to the day. We libel the sanctity of Death, when we dress it in artificial terrors. We profane it, when, applying a moral galvanism to its lineaments, we make it mope and mow at the weak and credulous.

I have learned this in my hermitage—learned it, sitting cheek by jowl with Death, talking over his doings, and deeply contemplating the loveliness of his attributes.

A SENTIMENTAL SONNET TO A SICK ELEPHANT.

(Intended for the Metropolitan.)

MONARCH of forests! o'er thy hide the wind,
That roves the scented groves of fair Ceylon,
Has swept and circled! Now for ever gone
Those hours! And "cabin'd, crib'd, confined"
Within a narrow cage—a caravan
As narrow as thy native woods were wild,
Thou art cooped up—strong wooden bars inside—
And made to know "the majesty of man!"
And thou art sick! no wonder: Thy great heart
Sighs over recollections of the past—
Mourns that thy sad captivity must last
Till death shall come and snap thy bars apart!
Well may'st thou feel the sickness of despair,
In this emetic-gamboge-coloured air!

PHYSIOLOGY OF THE LONDON IDLER.

CHAPTER XI.—THE VISITOR TO LONDON (*continued*).

WHETHER he discovers his friend or not, nothing can exceed the ardour with which the visitor gives himself up to sight-seeing; for it is chiefly upon folks from the country that the exhibitions depend. In town everybody is too much occupied with his own affairs to run after shows; but the visitor sees the accounts of them in the newspapers, and rushes up to behold them. No sense of weariness stops him. The dioramas, cosmoramas, panoramas, and kaloramas, give him the ubiquitous power of being in every quarter of the globe at once. China, Cabool, Rome, Hamburg, and Waterloo, are all visited within four-and-twenty hours. He revels amongst the dusty wonders of the British Museum; he makes the tours of the rival Zoological Gardens, and walks round all the squares; he goes over the Tower, and finishes each day at one of the theatres; until his head gets so confused with the whirl of objects, that in a short time he is happy to enter the terminus of the railway once more, on his way home, laden with all sorts of curious rubbish.

It is not because the visitor to London has a mere thirst for sight-seeing, that he takes such indefatigable pains; but he thinks of the future—of his return to his country town—of the wonder he shall excite amongst the aborigines of his locality, by detailing the strange things that he has witnessed. We have stated that the retrospection is better than the voyage; we might have added, that people travel not so much for the sake of travelling itself, as to talk afterwards of what they have seen, and to show that they are not behind their neighbours. On the same plan, the smoker does not delight so much in the flavour of his cigar, in spite of all he may say to the contrary, as in the pleasure of puffing the light-blue vapour from his mouth, and watching it rise and curl so capriciously in the air. This must be the reason why, with few exceptions, blind people do not smoke, and dumb people do not travel.

If the visitor ever experiences a mortification, it is when he hears some sight spoken of in the country which he did not see whilst he was in London. And this is a plan which certain wicked wits make use of to cut short any overdone description the visitor may be indulging in. For example: the visitor is amusing a gaping crowd with a long detail of the Thames Tunnel; a jocular auditor, who also knows London, inquires if he does not think the tunnel from the Old Bailey to Bloomsbury-square, under Holborn-hill, far superior to Brunel's undertaking.

This certainly is a question to take a man aback. It would put him out of countenance had he the diplomatic impenetrability of Talleyrand, or the "London Assurance" of Cool, when he says with such unflinching audacity, "No, sir; that's not Master Charles."

"The Holborn-hill tunnel!" exclaims the visitor timidly.

"Yes, to be sure," returns his pleasant friend; "most undoubtedly the grandest work in London."

After a few hesitating seconds, the visitor, determined not to be outdone, will probably affirm that he has seen the tunnel in question, and that it is a most magnificent monument of human perseverance!

And, by the way, it is a good plan, generally speaking, if you have told a lie in company, to stick to it, come what may. Not less useful to your progress in society is it, to make up your mind never to be outdone by a boaster. If such-a-one says, with an air of superiority, that he keeps a yacht, directly affirm that you have a man of war of your own private property. It is equally serviceable to drop as much below the mark as to soar above it; and when you hear a "fine" man at an evening party lamenting aloud that "his fellow has not brought his cab," be very polite, and tell him you expect your private truck every moment, when part of it is entirely at his service.

The visitor, although he has seen the principal objects of interest in the Metropolis, including the House of Lords and Bethlehem—the House of Commons and St. Luke's—the saloons of the theatres, and cemeteries of the suburbs—the banquet at Guildhall, and the beasts feeding at the Zoological Gardens, &c., &c., is still desirous of viewing something else; and finding he has been to the top of every practicable elevation in London, commences his descending excursions, and visits the Magic Cave, the Dock wine-vaults, and the diving-bell at the Polytechnic, concluding, as a grand *coup*, by going up and down, and head over heels, all at once, in the car of the Centrifugal Railway.

Of course, the visitor does not see all these marvels without a proportionate outlay, and a corresponding loss of innumerable pocket-handkerchiefs and uncounted umbrellas. Inhabitants of the rural districts, when in town, are fair game for everybody to victimise, and resemble pigeons that have got out of bounds at the Red House. Everywhere the stranger has the chance, as he thinks, of proving himself a shrewd man of business, by yielding to the confidential address of some great tobacco-merchant in disguise, whom he meets in the streets, and who whispers to him that "he has

a few good Awanners if he wants any." He is doomed to be again taken in. After following the merchant down a back street, up a court, and into some small room, the approach to which lies over a water-butt, along a wooden gutter and through a trap-door, he is frightened out of his wits by sundry threats, and compelled to purchase an indefinite number of small dingy cylinders, formed of cabbage-leaves boiled in tobacco-juice and apocryphally termed cigars.

The visitor may think himself fortunate if he gets a friend to accompany him; but he is ten times more so if this friend is not one of those uncomfortable quizzers we have before alluded to, for the stranger is always an easy victim to their pleasantries. His inexperience and eager desire to learn everything throw him completely at the mercy of his friend.

The quizzer and his companion, for example, are walking down Regent Street.

"You see that tall dark man with a large beard and mustachios, in at Very's eating ices?" says the Londoner.

"Precisely so—with the lavender gloves."

"Well—that's Charles Dickens—'Boz,' you know."

"Bless me!" exclaims the provincial: "I must see him closer." And he directly rushes into Very's, and eats three ices, which give him the stomach-ache, for the pleasure, as he imagines, of sitting near the celebrated author.

He has scarcely left the shop when his friend tells him the dirty 'little unknown' is the Duke of Brunswick, and next points out another small man with red hair, and no whiskers, as Count D'Orsay, immediately afterwards showing him Sir Robert Peel, Jullien, Cerito, and Dr. Pusey, all in one hackney-coach.

It is needless to add how highly delighted the visitor feels, upon returning home, at having been fortunate enough to see so many celebrated characters in the short space of one stroll.

THE PENNY-A-LINE PANIC.

OUR accounts this week are on the whole rather encouraging, and the penny-a-liners are in some places returning to their work, though there are still gangs of miserable beings going about who would gladly turn out all the hands if they had the opportunity of getting their own feet into the offices.

In the neighbourhood of the Lane there is still a good deal of discontent, but an "alarming accident" went in last night, and at the *Herald* office, if things go on at their present rate, there is every reason to expect a "distressing suicide." The spinners of heavy goods have most of them gone in, and there is the usual quantity of yarn being spun every day; while the production of the raw article goes on at the same rate as heretofore. A policeman is parading Catherine-street nearly all day to protect such of the penny-a-liners as are willing to resume their work, but everything in the neighbourhood continues dull and gloomy.

The hands are in full employ on the coarse stuffs, and some attempts have been made to proceed with an article of a finer quality; but the stuff was so thick and woolly, that nothing could be done with it.

LOVE AND MONEY.

BY

A BARRISTER OF LONG STANDING.

"O Love!" or, 'tis synonymous, "O Gold!"
"O landed property!"—who says that love
Of country is not strong as 'twas of old?
Of country-*seats*, and—"*settlements!*"—We shove
Love without cash away; and, up above,
Affection hovers, driven from below—
Save only now and then, when, like a dove,
She comes and broods o'er some lone pair, who know
The world not as it is, but as 'twas long ago!

Love has retired from business, and has sold
His trade, and the "good-will of it," to Mammon,
That he may use it but for getting gold,
Keeping it pack'd in ice—as they do salmon.
Love's bought and sold. Give!—Now-a-days?—give?—gammon!
The bare idea of it is absurd!
Now Doctors' Commons is the oracular Ammon—
Or some mysterious whisperings are heard,
Told by that unseen tale-bearer—"a little bird!"

'Tis said, that folks now "love" in youth alone—
'Tis said, age teaches them a great deal better;
Time's petrifying process turns to stone
The heart—we leave the spirit for the letter—
Calling men shade and substance!—as a fetter
Is marriage look'd upon; good, if it can
Keep fears of gaols and bailiffs from the debtor;
And so he marries money—calls it "Anne"—
To all the world!—which calls him "happy man!"

But is Love flown from earth; or, does he rest
Secure in some bright region far away?
Resting on nature's all uncultured breast,
More beautiful because uncultured, may
It be that love now dwells not where the ray
Of eyes that have been civilised do shine?
An "animal propensity" deem they
That love is not a thing for them to twine
Around their hot-press'd hearts so extra superfine.

Ah! Love is gone to "somewhere"—But comes back
Just now and then—pops in on us to see
If there is aught for him to do—Alack!
There is not much, so soon again does he
Take to his wings, and to his hiding glee.
Perchance he takes a short nap with "the Seven,"
Just for the sake of having company—
Or he perchance is fled away to Heaven
To play pranks with St. Ursula's Eleven!

Theatrical Intelligence.

From the Observer's own Correspondent.

The preparations for the winter campaign at the Flower Saloon are on a very extensive scale, and we have heard it whispered that a flute is to be added to the four violins that now comprise the orchestra. It would seem from this, that the manager will throw his main strength into the musical department; an opinion which is partly corroborated by a rumour that the "second assassin" of the company has received the usual week's notice. The "heavy father" has been already discharged, and a treaty is said to be pending with a "singing villain" of provincial celebrity. Of course, if the manager thinks the second assassin can be spared, and that the singing villain will draw him money, he is quite right in throwing the heavy father overboard.

A piece of domestic interest was read in the green-room of the Gaff in the New Cut on Monday last, when the acknowledged heroine of domestic drama fainted away, and the interesting highwayman went into strong hysterics at the affecting nature of the incidents. There is one scene in which a murder is on the point of being discovered, when the perpetrator, to avoid detection, swallows the dagger in the face of the audience. This is ingeniously managed, by Ramo Samee taking for an instant the place of the "recognised tragedian," who enacts the part of the murderer.

RAMMER SAMMY.

Miss Kelly's Theatre, at 71½ Dean-street, has been crowded all the week—with the rats, who have enjoyed themselves unmolested since the closing of the establishment. It is stated that the fair lessee will be again "At Home" in a week or two, when the two or three individuals who are expected to form the audience will be requested to "knock and ring," the knocker being reserved for the boxes, while the bell will be at the disposal of the pit-visitors. The entrance to the dress circle is through the street door, the pit is approached by the area steps, and the box book-keeper attends daily at the middle pane of the parlour window. Applications for the bills are to be addressed to the housemaid in the back yard; and refreshments are to be had in the front kitchen, which is fitted up as a tasteful saloon, the meat-screen being converted into a temporary canopy.

Fashionable Intelligence.

Mr. Tomkins leaves his official residence next Saturday evening for Gravesend. He will return on Monday morning, in time for the despatch of business.

Among the passengers by the *Era* to Richmond on Sunday last, we observed Mr. Smith and family, Mr. Jones and family, Mr. Brown and no family, together with several other similarly distinguished individuals. As the vessel passed under the Hammersmith Suspension Bridge the chimney was lowered half-mast high, as a tribute of respect and sympathy for the bereaved shareholders.

The outward-bound omnibusses are crowded with passengers, and an immense number of persons were brought down Regent Street by the "Atlas," which, after touching at Charing-Cross, where the crew took in beef and provisions, went on to the Elephant.

Among the Fashionable Departures we have to notice that of Mr. Timkins, who left Whetstone Park for the Baths in the York-road, but it is not expected that his stay would be long, as he took with him no part of his domestic establishment but the jack towel.

Lambeth continues very gay, and the chief amusement of the place has been the new-lettering of the board announcing the fares of the steamboats, a ceremony that has every day attracted a select circle of visitors. The laying of the first stone of the new pavement opposite the Palace, has also added much to the gaieties of this rapidly rising watering-place. The illness of the Archbishop has not interfered with the soirées at the public-house opposite.

RETREAT OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

By a letter (received from our own correspondent) we learn that the Emperor of China has run away from Pekin, alarmed at the approach of the English; and that, further, the Brother of the Moon has taken refuge in a province of Tartary called—*Funk-Ing!*

REAL NATIVES.

PHAETON DRIVING THE CHARIOT OF THE SUN.

I.

THE poets have told
How Phaeton made bold
To say to his daddy Apollo—
If you'll lend me your nags,
I'll soon show, blow my rags!
There's no dragsman but I can beat hollow.

II.

His dad gave consent,
And off the boy went,
But the tits took to bolt, and surprised him;
And there's not the least doubt
We had all been "burnt out"
Had not Jupiter kindly capsized him.

III.

So take care, Master Bob,
It's a ticklish job
To manage the team you have chosen;
And if you contrive
To continue your drive
Why I'll say—you're a man of a dozen!

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF COURTSHIP.

CHAPTER X.—ON THE ART OF MAKING THE ROMANTIC.

THE pleasing possessor of "mind," "soul," "intense sensibility," "exquisite sentiment," "soaring imagination," forms (provided she have a few thousands a year to tempt the undertaking) a fit and facile subject for the arts of courtship.

Romantic women are as susceptible of conquest as ugly ones are difficult to be won. This is to be accounted for from the well-known fact that nobody is so easy to deceive as an habitual deceiver; and as it is the business of sentimental women's lives to persuade the world that they are infinitely superior to the rest of their sex—so they are peculiarly open to the same kind of deception when practised upon themselves by male admirers. Now, although a man cannot become at will a gentleman, a wit, a scholar, or a lord, yet he is able on the shortest notice to get up a set of superfine feelings—to be continually rapt in the delicious mystics of romance—to ape all the tender sensibilities of genius! Let him only wear dark clothes, a rueful countenance, an eye-glass, a tuft, and his hair unconscionably long—let him speak seldom, and when he does, with the most guarded caution, that he utter nothing but extravagant nonsense—let him be subject to fits of abstraction, and never answer a question till he is aroused from his absorbing reflections by its third repetition—let him always express an indignant contempt for his species, and an utter aversion to company—nevertheless, let him on no account miss an opportunity of being dragged into society, that his love of solitude may not be hidden under a bushel: let him implicitly follow all these instructions, and however unpromising his suit, we can assure the romantic lover thus manufactured—whether a boatswain, a city alderman, a puisne judge, or a broad comedian—that he shall not sigh gratis.

Take an example. Letitia Leonora Lurliety, though suspected of having seen thirty-five summers, still wears long ringlets—and they match her own hair to a miracle. She quotes Byron in common conversation, and knows all the amorous poets by heart. For half the year she buries her sorrows in a secluded cottage in Derbyshire, and shares them with all those neighbours who keep footmen and give parties. But during "the season" she weeps in London, and spends a competency in laced cambric handkerchiefs, that her tears may be dried with becoming effect. She is always the victim of some soul-subduing grief—some inconsolable bereavement; a pet parrot, who was *so* tractable, *so* affectionate, has been maliciously poisoned—her lap-dog, true to his King Charles's breed, has been inconstant, straying from her caresses by the enticements of a dog-stealer. Yes, she is born to sorrow—to disappointment—she never had a friend, one she believed to be a true, sincere, a faithful friend, but who proved false—she never had a canary that did not fly away; *she* "never knew a young gazelle, &c.;" in short, bereft of all that makes existence tolerable, she has nothing left but *to mourn*, to sicken and—to die.

Merrily were Payne's first set progressing to the jolly tunes of the Polichinelle quadrilles, whilst Leonora poured these sentiments into the ears of Captain Compton Kitefly, of the Royal Poyaisian Rangers. It is astonishing how readily he responded to her feelings. The chord of sympathy was struck. He too had lived a life of blasted hopes, of terrific disappointments, of bitter woes! and how delightful was it to encounter one (and, upon his honour, she was the *only* one he had ever met with) who could appreciate his sentiments—one so singularly refined, so overpoweringly congenial—inspired with feelings so far above the comprehension of the world's vulgar crowd. He pressed her hand: she heaved a sigh, and agreed that it *was* very delightful.

They parted. Kitefly had previously taken pains to ascertain every particular concerning the lady, even to the probable amount of her income. Acting upon his knowledge of her character, he put the following advertisement into the *Times* newspaper.

"To L. L. L. The gentleman who had the good fortune to meet the lady (whose initials are as above) at a ball in Eaton-square last evening, is *earnestly solicitous* of another interview. Family reasons demand the closest secrecy. A reply kindly vouchsafed and confidentially addressed to Capt. C. K., at the Post-office in Queen Anne Street, will be deemed an inestimable favour."

Having secured a paper and marked the advertisement, the Captain sent it to Miss Lurliety, in an envelope marked "most private." The necessity for secrecy existing in the fact of the lady being entirely her own mistress, with no one to control her inclinations, and living at a boarding-house, where it is not usual for one inmate to open another's letters. To ordinary, common-place people a note sent per post would have answered as well, but not to Letitia. She read the announcement with rapture, and answered it immediately.

Near the southern entrance to Kensington Gardens there is a retired and thickly-wooded grove. There, at the latest hour prescribed for the entrance of visitors, did Kitefly and Letitia appoint to meet. The pathetics in one of the arbours, when they did encounter, were intense and overwhelming. The Captain declared his passion by the light of the moon. He was in despair; for, even if accepted, a cruel, relentless parent had for years endeavoured to force his inclinations towards a cousin whom he detested, with fourteen thousand a year! But now he had found one whose mind ran, as it were, in the same gushing confluence of congenial sentiment—one, the pulses of whose soul beat in unison with the throes of his own. No power on earth should constrain him into a marriage with a beautiful girl he could not love—should force him into the possession of a magnificent estate and enormous rent-roll!

Here he dropped on his knee—slapped his forehead with audible force with one hand, and grasped the lady's with the other. She sobbed——the rest of the interview cannot be recorded; it consisted entirely of tears.

Again they met! It was at a *soirée dansante*. They were on no account to speak, for fear of exciting suspicion; but as the Captain handed Letitia down to supper he pressed her hand lovingly, and left in it a small note. She, moving her eyes from side to side with great rapidity, as if in the last stage of dread that any one should observe her—placed it in her bosom.

It was midnight! The moon had filled her horns with most vivid lustre; the stars beamed their brightest radiance upon the left-hand side of Lower Brook-street—when a post-chaise and pair stopped at the corner. The door of No. 99 opened, and a figure wrapped in the ample folds of a travelling cloak emerged stealthily from the house. That was met by a man who had a moment before alighted from the carriage. With strong but tender grasp he half forced, half carried the lady into the chaise, which drove off at a rapid rate up Bond-street, in the direction of Gretna Green.

The next morning Captain Kitefly made Letitia his bride at Barnet Church; for the post-horses were all let, and they could get no nearer to Gretna. During a honey-moon of two days they mingled their imaginary sorrows—till they were overtaken by real ones. Letitia found on nearer acquaintance that she had married a scamp; and Kitefly discovered that his wife's fortune was hardly sufficient to keep him in whips and gloves.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

THE now tragic ceremony of proclaiming Bartholomew fair was gone through on Saturday last, with more than the usual solemnity. The Lord Mayor went on foot attended by one or two members of the household, and was dressed in plain clothes, consisting of "a suit of this superior cloth complete for £4. 12*s*.," and a choice selection of a single pair from a stock of three hundred eight-and-sixpenny oxonians. The Lord Mayor proclaimed the commencement of the fair; which was indeed a very necessary piece of information, for if his lordship had not said it was a fair, no one would have suspected it. His lordship followed the example of the sign-painter, who having been engaged to make a painting of the king of beasts in a most ferocious state, happened to draw it particularly mild, and to prevent mistakes wrote *The Raging Lion* immediately under it.

The "gaieties," which were of the most lugubrious character, commenced directly, the Lord Mayor withdrew, and an amateur mountebank, who, in the absence of professional talent volunteered his services, created some amusment by what is called "taking a sight" at the retreating authorities.

Richardson's show was not upon the ground, but the drama of *Susan Hopley* was being performed in a square green box with two round holes in it, by the celebrated company of pasteboard, aided by the well-known scenery painted by W. Pitts and assistants at his extensive marble works in Monmouth Street. The audience, however, seemed to consist of lads who had placed themselves uninvited on the free list, for we heard the words, "Now, young chap, let 's have your halfpenny, or else walk on," continually addressed to the casual spectators by the manager. Two or three declared they were waiting for the half-price, when the manager insinuated his personal objection to larks, and uttered some observations upon chaff, which we did not catch, but which probably were prompted by the prevailing agitation on the subject of the Corn-law.

On Monday the fair was, of course, at its height, and the stalls were divided between the bullocks and the gingerbread—the former being decidedly more in demand than the latter. Wombwell's menagerie was not erected, but in its place we perceived the cage from the foot of Waterloo Bridge, with the unrivalled collection of cats, rats, and pigeons, who went through their surprising evolutions by running over each other's backs, and exhibiting other remarkable feats of dexterity. The admission to this entertainment was gratuitous, but the proprietor let down the curtain very ferociously several times during the day, and rapped several boys on the head for not encouraging with a few coppers the cause of humanity, exemplified in the care bestowed on the poor dumb animals. The fair concluded on Tuesday evening, but we found it difficult to ascertain at what hour, for no one could draw the line where or at what o'clock the fair terminated its miserable existence.

LAID BY THE HEELS.

DANCING FOR THE MILLION.

To the Editor of "PUNCH."

OUR valuable columns are always open to men of genius. Allow me, pray, to figure in them for a few moments. I am quite enchanted with the proposal in your last number for the education of the ladies; and I have a plan to suggest which would work admirably in conjunction with it.

I have the honour to style myself M.D., (Master of Dancing,) am enthusiastically fond of my profession, and fervently anxious for the extension of its benefits to all.

I remember reading of a seminary somewhere in the country which was thus advertised: "A new school, tuppuns a week, and them as learns manners tuppuns more!" This certainly was not a very select academy; but many establishments so called might be improved by a judicious imitation of it.

Our national deficiency in politeness is appalling. It appears, from statistics in my possession, that not one individual in ten millions can make a curtsey or a bow! The carriage, too, of the masses is frightful. Nine-tenths of the population do not know what to do with their hands; and the gait of the operative and agricultural labourer is excruciating. How pitiably the dustman hobbles—how dreadfully the coal-heaver stoops!

There is no cure for this shocking state of things but the kit. Would we mend men's manners, we must regulate their steps. We must have the dancing-master abroad, or rather at home; and I am sure we want him sadly. The following is an extract from an examination which I was at the pains of making but the other day into the breeding of the youth who brings bread to my residence of a morning, and whom, on account of a disagreeable habit which he had of whistling at the door after calling out "Ba—*ker!*" I found it necessary to lecture.

"Pray, young gentleman, can you dance?"

"Carn't I just!"

"Will you let me see you?"

"What for?"

"To oblige me."

"I sharn't, then."

"The fact is, sir, that you cannot."

"Carn't I though?—look here, old Uppercrust!" (With this he exhibited the antics of that most ungraceful of *pas seuls* which the chimney-sweeps execute in the gutters—Jim Crow.)

Examination resumed:—

"Do you call that dancing?"

"Don't you?"

"*Chassez, croisez.*"

"What d' yer mean by that?"

"*Balancez.*"

"Balance what? I can balance a ladder on my chin, if that's what you want."

"Down the middle, and up again."

"Oh, bother! I ain't taken no hantimony wine."

"Come, come, sir, don't pretend to be a greater dunce than you are. The first position?"

"P'sition!—this here's Bungaree's; that's all I know." And he threw himself into the attitude of a person going to fight with fists.

I have questioned a great variety of butchers' boys, lads who convey beer from public-houses, and other juveniles of the same rank in life, and have almost invariably met with as much rudeness and ignorance as I encountered in the above instance.

Now, sir, I would have dancing academies established all over the kingdom. There would be some little expense, perhaps, thereby incurred; but we now pay only sevenpence in the pound by way of Income Tax, and who, for an object so desirable, would grudge "twopence more?" First, by way of experiment, a model school might be instituted at Exeter-Hall. Of this (not that I have any view towards self-interest) I should be happy to undertake the management in person. Instruction should be imparted thus. The students should occupy the body of the great room; myself being stationed on the platform used by the reverend gents to address meetings from on the subject of Maynooth College. As a *collaborateur*, I should require the assistance of the musical professor for the time being, to play the violin, or, as that instrument may not be sufficiently audible, the organ. I should also want a lady to waltz, go through minuets and quadrilles with, and enable me otherwise to illustrate one's duty towards one's partner. I would likewise be provided with a dozen or so subordinate instructors of both sexes for "sets;" whose persons, I think, to render the whole affair the more pleasing and attractive, I would have tastefully decorated, as if for a ballet. During their performance I might describe their different steps and evolutions; thus illustrating our various technical terms. While waltzing, or executing a *pas de deux*, I should like an assistant to explain things for me; but I could dance a *pas seul* and lecture at the same time, with perfect ease.

CUTTING CAPERS.

Each exhibition which took place on the platform should be regularly repeated by the learners below. Thus would the public soon be initiated by wholesale into what the master of a classical academy, at which I am also a professor, calls "the mysteries of Terpsichore."

That gentleman (I mean the master, not Terpsichore) says that "to have learned the liberal sciences faithfully, softens men's manners, and does not suffer them to be brutal." He quotes this out of Syntax—or Homer, I believe, and he alludes to the classics; but though he is a very clever man, I am told, in that respect, I do not think that his scholars find that his knowledge has had much of the effect he describes on himself. But whatever may be the case as to other learning, refinement is certainly acquired by learning to dance. Many a young lady, who learns nothing else, is exquisitely graceful and soft: and see what nice, delightful, complaisant people the French are! Oh! if we only knew half of what they do, we should have our scavengers, costermongers, and watermen taking off their hats to each other in the streets. How different an appearance, too, would our public promenades present! How much more gay and lively would Regent's Park, for instance, be on a Sunday! Wile the seriously-disposed might still listen to the Teetotaller and New Jerusalemite, other groups, of a livelier turn, might go, beneath the shade, through their innocent quadrilles; the otherwise needless policeman acting as M.C.

Train up a child in the *pas* he should practise. Direct his feet in the right way. But how culpably have we neglected these maxims. At not one of our parochial schools is any provision made for this most essential object of tuition; and even at establishments for young gentlemen it is one of the "extras"!—as if it were not as necessary as washing; as though polish were not as indispensable as cleanliness. Nor is there a dancing professorship at any of our Universities. Can we wonder, then, at the general awkwardness of scholars? Is it astonishing that three-fourths of our clergy are unable to walk, and therefore unfit to *enter* the Church? Latin and Greek may be all very well, but they will not enable us to go into a room. Mathematics may be useful enough, but they will not teach us how to offer an arm to a lady. Poetry may be beautiful, sublime, and pathetic; but the finest poetry is the poetry of motion; else why is it that the superior classes prefer Deshayes to Shakspere? It always astonished me to hear that Dr. Johnson (who wrote the dictionary) was so rude a man, till I came to read his life, wherein I found that he knew no more of dancing than an elephant.

By-the-bye, I once met, I think it was at the end of the said dictionary, with something about a certain Orpheus, one of the Greeks, or Romans, or ancient heathen deities, who taught bears and other animals—nay, even sticks—to dance. The fact, I suppose, was, that this gent was an eminent *artiste* in my line, who, by his professional exertions, civilised his brutes of countrymen.

"Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." Ameliorate manners, and morality will require no atten-

tion. Polish the millions, and you will humanise them too. Do you think, sir, that if the operatives had been duly taught to dance, they would have been so rude as to go pulling mills down, and throwing stones about, even if they had been ever so hungry? Impossible! Dancing, I am confident, will tranquillise the disturbances of the country, by giving the "movement party" a right direction; and, by improving the bearing of the common people, will mitigate the general distress. This elegant resource, indeed, may "soothe affliction's darkest hour." Did not the feelings of the Parisians, at the funeral of their beloved Emperor, find vent in a general quadrille —a *pas de million*?

Let my proposal be adopted, and the Chartists will soon be dancing upon Clerkenwell Green.

Hoping ere long to see our native land occupying, in every respect, the first position among nations,

I remain, sir, with respectful compliments,
Your most obedient, humble servant,
LA PASTORALE.

P.S.—I take the liberty of enclosing a card, in case any inquiries should be made. Privacy and expedition may be relied on.

THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY QUITE "ABROAD."

A WEEK had scarcely elapsed from the first appearance of *Punch*—from the hour of his condescension to letter-press—when a man with something of the exterior of a gentleman presented himself at the office of the great humanizer, in Wellington-street. We regret to state all the facts; but a recent publication compels us to speak out. The individual, assisted by the plausibility of a five-pound note, overcame the stern principle of "our boy," who lent to the man with the bribe our very best suit of Sunday motley, our hat, our *baton*—in fact, our everything that makes up the mere outside of *Punch*. The stranger who thus tampered with the fidelity of our puerile servant—who, by the subtle inducement of bank paper, turned the honesty of a ten-year old infant inside out—was—

"C. W. VANE, MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY, G.C.B., &c."

We had been ignorant of the circumstance, but for the politeness of one of the custom-house clerks at Calais, who sent us a letter, for the subjoined translation of which we are indebted to a very celebrated dramatist:—

"Monsieur,—With this you will receive what I believe to be your hat, doublet, and jerkin. They were seized in the travelling trunk of an individual who, from the extreme silliness of his words upon every occasion, convinced us that he was not *Punch*, but had by some means possessed himself of the livery of wisdom the more safely to play the fool in it. Being strongly pushed upon the point, the individual confessed himself to be only a peer of England, and after due interest being made for him by the British consul here, was permitted to proceed to Paris.

"I have thought it my duty to return you your habiliments, and to inform you of the ambitious, yet unprincipled intention, on the part of a 'K.C.B., &c.' to make *Punch* as contemptible out of England, as he is justly adored and celebrated in it.

"Receive the assurance of my consideration.

"FRANCOIS GABELLE."

This letter was kindly intended; and although we considered it our duty to discharge "our boy*," we nevertheless felt no indignation against the Marquis of LONDONDERRY. He had before tried his own character abroad, knew its worth, and very wisely threw himself upon *Punch*. He was certainly despoiled of our clothes, but with a fine tenacity of purpose, he endeavoured to talk and write quite in our spirit. If *Punch* be not popular at Constantinople, it is not the fault of the Marquis of Londonderry, but of destiny. The Marquis did all he could with his *roo-too-toolt* before the Sultan.

We, however, haste to the pleasing duty of laying before the enraptured reader extracts from—

"*A Steam Voyage to Constantinople, by the Rhine and the Danube; and to Portugal, Spain, &c. By C. W. Vane, Marquis of Londonderry, G. C. B. &c. To which is annexed the Author's Correspondence with Prince Metternich, Lords Ponsonby, Palmerston, &c.* 2 vols. Colburn, London."

Our readers are aware that we seldom use the reviewing quill. Nothing less than a book by Londonderry, or by *Punch* himself, could induce us to break a determination laid down by ourselves on our first appearance in type. However, Londonderry writes: "Orson is endowed with reason," and we cannot but duly chronicle the wonder.

The intention of the noble Marquis is to show the peculiar treatment which fell to his lot abroad. In no place, according to his own shewing, did he thrust his nose, that his nose was not pulled. We subjoin an extract. Imagine the noble Marquis at the railway of Brussels and Liege:—

"I, of course, being a nobleman, and brother to the lamented Castlereagh, *arrived late* at the station; it was only due to my dignity to do so. I called out lustily for six places, at the same time poking my elbow in the ribs of a *tall spectacled merchant*, who poked again; such poking being followed up by a clerical personage, who *poked* his long shovel-hat into my face. After a sturdy fight, and with no other injury than a bleeding nose and a blackened eye,—for I say nothing of the abuse dealt out on both sides,—I succeeded in seating my party in safety."

If anything could shed an additional lustre on a Waterloo hero, (and Londonderry cuts his mutton at Apsley House on the great national anniversary), it must have been the combat at the Railway Pass. Londonderry therein showeth himself hot Cocles.

The Marquis puts up at an Hotel de Russie. Mark what follows:—

"One of our party recorded our entertainment in the *Livre des Voyageurs* as *detestable*, AFFIXING OUR NAMES THERETO."

The consequence of this may be easily foreseen. No sooner do the Marquis of LONDONDERRY and party quit the Hotel de Russie, than an earthquake swallows up the whole establishment. Nothing escapes the general calamity, save and except a waiter's napkin, and the identical *Livre des Voyageurs* which called down destruction on the devoted tavern.

The Marquis is now at Lisbon:—

"The Duc de Palmella would not meet me, because when he was in London, on an important state occasion, I jocularly placed my thumb and finger to my nose; which harmless and sportive gesture, the Duke, with a feeling that did no honour to his heart or head, entirely misinterpreted. Thus I was in Lisbon a whole fortnight—I, the brother of the never-to-be-lamented Castlereagh—and nobody—no, not even the little boys in the streets—took the slightest notice of me."

The Marquis is now on his road to Munich, and wishes an audience of the King of Bavaria.

"I felt cock-sure," says the Marquis, "that his Majesty would do the right thing, inasmuch as when he was Crown Prince in 1814 and 1815, he and I were—to speak metaphorically—thick as thieves. However, put not your trust in princes; always be it understood, excepting from the rule Russian princes, with Prince Metternich in particular. Well, can it be believed! the King refused to receive me, unless I appeared in full uniform and high moustache. My uniform had been sent on in a trunk to Munich, and I could not wait a month for a decent growth of moustache: I, therefore, came to the unalterable determination of writing a tremendous letter in reply; and was not at all surprised to hear that the King of Bavaria was confined to his bed for at least three weeks afterwards."

The Marquis is now at Constantinople: more, he obtains an audience of the Sultan!

"I thought, of course," says the noble author, "that I should be received in an apartment flaming with topazes and carbuncles: judge my surprise when I was shown into a small wainscoted chamber, covered with a Kidderminster carpet. The sovereign of this great empire was—*sitting cross-legged!* On beholding me, he manifested not the *least surprise!* I approached the Sultan, and drawing back my left leg, and extending my right arm, (the reader will of course remember my usual deportment in the House of Lords,) gave in French my birth, parentage, and education. I reminded the Sultan that at a very early age I showed extreme precocity of intellect, having, when only ten years old, counted how many white and black beans would make five; and had, moreover, at the same early period of life, discovered the father of Zebedee's children. I then spoke of the blood I had lost in the cause of legitimacy—of my famous 'too bad' letter to the Earl of Liverpool—and of the other achievements which have given me an European reputation. I had talked for about half-an-hour, when, to my surprise, I discovered the Sultan to be in a profound sleep! I was then desired by Reschid Pacha to leave the room, and to make as little noise as possible."

The Marquis obtains an audience for Lady Londonderry, whereupon he thus moralizes!—

"It will *be a curious fact* IN AFTER TIMES (say the year 5000) if her ladyship's introduction at the Oriental court should be dated as *the forerunner* OF ONE STEP *of civilization*. Already, it is thought, knives and forks will force themselves into the Harem!"

* It is but justice to the Marquis to state that he has, with his customary liberality, received the child into one of his coal-pits, for the sanctity of which from the intrusion of Lord Ashley's bill he made so humane a stand in the House of Lords.

The Marquis has news from England :—

"It was after a short stay at Naples that I received from England the sad news that the Almighty had thought fit, in his wisdom, and for purposes alone known to an inscrutable Providence, to allow my residence at Wynyard Park, in the county of Durham, to be utterly and entirely destroyed by fire."

This, it must be allowed, was a heavy visitation; nevertheless, the Marquis bore it like a Christian and a man, for he proceeds in the following beautiful tone of consolation :—

"I was, it is true, bent to the earth by this intelligence. It was, indeed, *too bad* that my residence at Wynyard Park should be destroyed by fire; I however had this comfort wherewith to console myself: if *I* had been in London, it might have been—*the Thames!*"

Here the Marquis concludes: but there are parts of this truly national work which, it is not at all unlikely, we may in our next return to.

MISS TICKLETOBY'S LECTURES ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

Richard the First.

The danger of extolling too much the qualities of a warrior—In kings they are more especially to be reprehended—Frightful picture of war—Its consequences to men—to women—Horrible danger that Miss Tickletoby might have undergone—The crusades—Jealousy of Philip Augustus—Gallantry of Richard—Saladin, his character, and the reverence entertained for him by the British monarch—Ascalon—Jerusalem—Richard's return from Palestine—His captivity—Romantic circumstances attending his ransom—His death—A passing reflection.

This is a prince, my dear young creatures, whom I am afraid some of you, Master Spry, especially, will be inclined to admire vastly, for he was as quarrelsome and brave a man as ever lived. He was fighting all his life long—fighting his brothers, fighting his father, fighting with anybody who would fight, and, I have no doubt, domineering over anybody who wouldn't. When his poor old father, wearied out by the quarrels of his sons, the intrigues of the priests, and the ceaseless cares and anxieties of reigning, died in sadness and sorrow, he left Prince Richard, surnamed Lion-Heart, his kingdom, and his curse along with it, he having acted so undutifully towards him, and embittered the last years of his life.

Richard was exceedingly sorry for the pain he had caused his father, and, instead of revenging himself upon his father's ministers (who had treated him as severely as they could during King Henry's reign, and who now, I dare say, quaked in their shoes lest King Richard should deal hardly by them), he of the lion-heart kept them in their places—and good places, let us be sure, they were; and said that they had done their duty by his father, and would, no doubt, be as faithful to him. For, truth to say, Richard had a heart which harboured no malice; all he wanted was plenty of fighting, which he conducted in perfect good humour.

Master Spry.—Hurra! that's your sort.

Silence, Master Spry, you silly boy, you. It may be very well for Mr. Cribb, or the Most Noble the Marquess of Wat—ford, to rejoice in punching people's heads and breaking their noses, and to shake hands before and after; but kings have other duties to attend to, as we now-a-days know very well. Now suppose you were to break a score of lamps in the street, or to twist off as many knockers, or to knock down and injure a policeman or two, who would be called on, as you have never a sixpence in your pocket, to pay the damage!

Master Spry.—Pa 'd pay, of course.

Yes, rather than see you on the treadmill, he would; and so, my dears, it's the case with these great kings—they fight, but we have to pay. The poor subjects suffer: the men, who have no quarrel with any prince in Christendom—as how should they, never having seen one?—must pay taxes in the first place, and then must go and fight, and be shot at and die, leaving us poor women, their wives and daughters, to deplore their loss, and to nurse their wounds when they come home. Some forty years since (when I was young, my loves, and reported to be extremely good-looking), King Buonaparte and the French were on the point of invading this country. Fancy what a situation we should have been in had they come—the horrid monsters! My mind shudders at the very idea even now. Fancy my dear father, the ensign of volunteers, brought home wounded—dying. Fancy a dozen of horrible soldiers billeted in the house. Fancy some tall ferocious French general, with great black whiskers—Buonaparte himself, very likely, or Marshal Ney, at the very least—falling in love with a beauteous young creature, and insisting upon her marrying him! My loves, I would have flung myself off London-bridge first. (Immense cheering, part of which, however, seemed to be ironical.)

Such—such is war! and, for my part, I profess the greatest abhorrence of all such dreadful kind of glory; and hope for the days when cocked hats and bayonets will only be kept as curiosities in museums, and scarlet cloth will be kept to make cloaks for old women.

But to return to King Richard—though he professes to be very sorry for his turbulent conduct during his father's reign, his sorrow did not lead him to mend his ways at all; as, alas! is usual with all quarrelsome people. The very first thing he did was to prepare for a great fight; and in order to get money for this, he not only taxed his people very severely, but sold for a trifle the kingdom of Scotland, which his father had won. I don't know what the sum was which might be considered as trifling for the purchase of that country,* and indeed historians differ about it: but I leave you to imagine how hardly he must have been pressed for coin, when he could bring such an article as that to pawn.

What was called the Christian world then was about this time bent upon taking Jerusalem out of the hands of the Turks, who possessed it, and banded together in immense numbers for this purpose. Many of the princes so leagued were as false, wicked, and tyrannous men as ever lived; but Richard Cœur-de-Lion had no artifice at all in his nature, and entered into the undertaking, which he thought a godly one, with all his heart and soul. To batter out Turks' brains with his great axe seemed to him the height of Christianity, and no man certainly performed this questionable duty better than he. He and the King of France were the leaders of the crusade; but the latter, being jealous, or prudent, or disgusted with the enterprise, went speedily back to his kingdom, and left all the glory and all the fighting to King Richard. There never was, they say, such a strong and valiant soldier seen. In battle after battle the Turks gave way before him, and especially at the siege of Ascalon, he and his army slew no less than forty thousand Saracens, and defeated consequently Sultan Saladin, their leader.

In the intervals of fighting it seems that a great number of politenesses passed between these two princes; for when Richard was ill, Saladin sent him a box of pills from his own particular druggist; and as for Richard, it is said at one time that he wanted to knight the gallant Saracen, as though for all the world he were an Alderman or a Royal Academician. And though the Lion-hearted King felt it his Christian duty to pursue the Turk, and knock his brains out if he could catch him, yet he would not deny that he was a noble and generous prince, and admired him more than any sovereign in his own camp. Wasn't it magnanimous? Oh, very.

At last, after a great number of victories, Richard came in sight of the city of Jerusalem, which was strongly fortified by the Turkish

* Miss Tickletoby's extreme prejudice against Scotland and the Scotch may be accounted for by the fact, that an opposition academy to hers is kept by Mr. M'Whirter, who, report says, once paid his addresses to Miss T. Having succeeded in drawing off a considerable number of her pupils to his school, Mr. M'W. at once discontinued his suit.

Sultan ; and there the Lion-hearted King had the misfortune to find that there was not a single chance for him ever to win it. His army, by the number of glorious victories, was wasted away greatly. The other kings, dukes, and potentates, his allies, grumbled sadly ; and the end was, that he was obliged to march back to the sea again—and you may fancy Sultan Saladin's looks as he went off.

So he quitted the country in disguise, and in disgust too—(as for his army, never mind what became of *that :* if we lose our time pitying the common soldiers, we may cry till we are as old as Methuselah, and not get on)—Richard, I say, quitted the country in disguise and disgust, and, in company with a faithful friend or two, made for home.

But as he was travelling through Austria, he was recognised by some people in that country, and seized upon by the Duke of Austria, who hated him, and clapped him without any ceremony into prison. And, I dare say, while there he heartily regretted that, instead of coming home over land, he hadn't at once taken the steamer to Malta, and so got home that way.

Fancy, then, my beloved hearers, this great but unhappy monarch in prison ;—

fancy him, in a prison-dress very likely, made to take his turn on the mill with other offenders, and to live on a pint of gruel and a penny loaf a-day ; he who had been accustomed to the best of victuals, and was, if we may credit the late celebrated Sir Walter Scott, particularly partial to wine ! There he was—a king—a great warrior—but lately a leader of hundreds of thousands of men, a captive in an odious penitentiary ! Where was his army ? again one can't help thinking. Oh, never mind *them :* they were done for long since, and out of their pain. So you see it is King Richard who is the object of compassion, for he *wasn't* killed.

I am led to believe that the prison regimen in Austria was not so severe as it is now-a-days with us, when if a prisoner were heard singing, or playing the fiddle, he would be prettily tickled by the gaoler's cane ; for it appears that King Richard had the command of a piano, and was in the habit of playing upon the guitar. It is probable that the Duke of Austria thought there could be no harm in his amusing himself in the lonely place in which, unknown to all the world, King Richard was shut.

As for his subjects, I don't know whether they missed him very much. But I have remarked that we pretty speedily get accustomed to the absence of our kings and royal families ; and though, for instance, there is our beloved Duke of Cumberland gone away to be King of Hanover, yet we manage to bear our separation from that august prince with tolerable resignation.

Well, it was lucky for the King that he was allowed his piano ; for it chanced that a poor wandering minstrel (or organ-grinder, *we* should call him), who had no doubt been in the habit of playing tunes before the King's palace in St. James's-street—for, you know, the new police wasn't yet invented, to drive him off,—I say the organ-grinder Blundell happened to be passing by this very castle in Austria where Richard was, and seeing a big house, thought he might as well venture a tune ; so he began that sweet one "Cherry ripe, che-erry ripe, ri-ip I cry-y ;" and the Austrian soldiers, who were smoking their pipes, and are very fond of music, exclaimed, "Potztausend was ist das für ein herrliches Lied !"

When Richard heard that well-known melody, which in happier days he had so often heard Madame Vestris sing*, he replied at once on the piano, with "Home, sweet Home."

* This settles the great question mooted every week in the Sunday Times as to the age of that lady.

"Hullo !" says Blondell, or Blundell, "there must be an Englishman here, and straightway struck up "Rule Britannia"—"When Britain feh-eh-eh-erst at He-evn's command," &c., to which the king answered by "God save the King."

Can it be—is it possible—no—yes—is it really our august monarch? thought the minstrel—and his fine eyes filled with tears as he ground the sweet air "Who are you ?"

To which the King answered by a fantasia composed of the two tunes "The King, God bless him," and "Dicky Gossip, Dicky Gossip is the man"—for though his name *wasn't* Gossip, yet you see he had no other way of explaining himself.

Convinced by these melodies, Mr. Blundell replied rapidly by "Charlie is my Darling," "All's Well," "We only part to meet again," and, in short, with every other tune which might, as he thought, console the royal prisoner. Then (only stopping to make a rapid collection at the gate) he posted back to London as fast as his legs would carry him, and told the parliament there that he had discovered the place where our adored monarch was confined.

Immense collections were instantly made throughout the country—some subscribed of their own accord, others were made to subscribe; and the Emperor of Germany, who was made acquainted with the fact, now, though the Duke of Austria had never said a word about it previously, caused the latter prince to give up his prisoner ; and I believe His Imperial Majesty took a good part of the ransom to himself.

Thus at last, after years of weary captivity, our gracious King Richard was restored to us. Fancy how glad he must have been to see Hyde Park once more, and how joyful and happy his people were! —I dare say he vowed never to quit Buckingham Palace again, and to remain at home and make his people happy.

But do you suppose men so easily change their natures !—Fiddlestick !—in about a month King Richard was fighting in France as hard as ever, and at last was killed before a small castle which he was besieging. He did not pass six months in England in the whole course of his four years' reign : he did more harm to the country than many a worse king could do ; and yet he was loved by his people for his gallantry ; and somehow, although I know it is wrong, I can't help having a sneaking regard for him too.

My loves, it is time that you should 'go to play. (Immense enthusiasm, in the midst of which Miss T. retires.)

THE GRAND AQUATIC PROGRESS.

(*From our own Reporter.*)

THE determination of her Majesty to visit her Scotch dominions having been made generally known, the sun turned out of its bed in the east and the tide rose at an unusually early hour, for the purpose of facilitating the views and promoting the objects of royalty. At about two in the morning the ringing of the bedroom bell announced to the household that the royal hot water for the princely shave was immediately wanted, and a jug filled from the kitchen boiler was soon standing at the door of Prince Albert's dressing-room. The Master of the Household, who had tied a piece of string to his own great toe, and caused the other end of it to be fastened to the thumb of the Lord in Waiting, was forcibly dragged from his bed before daybreak, and was compelled to hop on one leg to the keyhole, through which the twine had been passed, and was being mercilessly tugged by Silver Stick, who was determined that the Master of the Household should not go off into a second sleep, and thus be unprepared for attendance at the proper hour on his royal mistress.

The Equerry in Waiting having been sprinkled with cold water at

his own especial request, which he had made overnight to his valet, under an apprehension of oversleeping himself, was extremely indignant at the treatment he experienced at the hands of his servant, who nevertheless, knowing the importance of getting his master up, continued to administer the contents of the ewer with undiminished energy. These difficulties having at length been surmounted, the royal attendants were got together in the hall, where they were all grumbling at those immediately under them, with that degree of ill-temper which might be expected among a parcel of sleepy folks, who had been turned out of bed by means of what the boys call "cold pig," and other ingenious devices which one is ready to propose overnight, but which, when the morning arrives, are found excessively disagreeable.

The royal *cortége* had scarcely left the court-yard of the Castle, when the discovery was made, that though the Lords in Waiting had started, some of the spoons were still left behind; and as these were intended for the Queen's use on board, every one was lost in wonder what on earth the court would do in the passage.

One of the numerous sticks—either gold, silver, or lead—that are always at hand in a palace, was at once despatched with the plate, for the use of the sovereign and her suite; but, determined to lose no time, the official started by the railroad direct for the North, leaving Her Majesty and Consort to help themselves to salt with the tip of their knives, eat fish with steel forks, and experience other necessitudes to which passengers in a ship, like the frequenters of small eating-houses, are occasionally liable.

Having paid for a ticket on board the Daffy-down-dilly—our craft, which was nothing to be compared to the craft of the captain, who took us in more extensively than the vessel itself—was pronounced to be unseaworthy; but the words "no money returned," and the announcement that the Daffy-down-dilly only sailed "Weather permitting," (though we had understood she was to start on this occasion Whether or No), precluded us from doing more than pronouncing the captain a regular Do; an epithet which only caused the unprincipled tar to turn his tongue significantly into his left cheek, and wink at the mate, a weather-beaten blackguard in a fan-tailed hat, and a waterproof wrap-rascal.

Finding it impossible to take water at the pier, we took gin-and-water at a neighbouring tavern; and resolved on joining the royal squadron, we threw ourselves into a Mile-end omnibus.

PLAICE BOOK'D INSIDE.

The civility of Captain Snooks, of the Widower steam-boat, enabled us to sit on the larboard paddle-box of the vessel he has the honour to command; and, having lashed our note-book to a part of the rigging, we secured ourselves from danger by splicing our leeward leg into the maintop step of the companion ladder; and, having placed our gossamer under hatches, while we furled our Macintosh and closely reefed our pocket-handkerchief under our chin, we proceeded to take notes of the voyage.

The following is an exact copy of the log we kept during the whole time of our voyage by the Widower:—

Eight A.M.

Wind blowing fresh from the south-west. Our vessel not yet off, having got entangled with the rope of another, and making nearly two knots a minute.

Quarter-past Eight.

Wind rising; and a tremendous clap of the *Thunder* against our bowsprit, by which our cabin-window was stove in, and the steward's fire in the stove put out by the upsetting of the tea-kettle. The royal squadron not in sight.

Half-past Eight.

The order given to let go. Blowing hard from the steward's bellows, and a squall springing up from a child in the cabin. The breeze excessively stiff, owing to a strong smell of gin from a neighbouring distillery. The royal squadron not yet in sight.

Nine.

The vessel off Greenwich, and captain nearly off the paddle-box; the Bachelor having met us with his bow, and presented his head just under our captain's feet, at the same time entangling his tackle, and running his rigs to an alarming extent over the end of our binnacle.

The royal squadron just a-head, but we were all too frightened to look at it.

Half-past Nine.

A quarter of a mile off Woolwich, and ten miles off the royal squadron, which had left us far behind without our having caught a glimpse of it. Provisions rather short, owing to the steward having brought out by mistake a hamper full of empty ginger-beer bottles.

We must terminate at this point the log kept on board the Widower, a vessel from which we were politely taken off at the pier by the person in attendance to take the checks, who is always ready to give a helping hand to such of his fellow-creatures as may appear to be in need of it.

We at length succeeded in obtaining a comfortable berth on board a steamer which overtook the royal squadron, and we had an opportunity of watching all the proceedings on board the Queen's yacht, of which we furnish the following interesting particulars:—The fleet was now at the Nore, and the wind was Nor by Nor-West, when the Sovereign gave a lurch, and one of the sticks in waiting, but whether gold or silver we could not at the distance perceive, was turned smack over on his beam-ends, at which the Queen and Prince Albert were observed to laugh heartily. The swell caused by the *Monkey* steamer, and indeed there is always something rather swellish about the *Monkey*, caused one of the ladies to rush to the side of the vessel, and we soon afterwards observed, by the light of a Roman candle, that the crew were taking their grog in mid-ships, a process which was being intently watched by Prince Albert and her Majesty.

Here we lost sight of the royal squadron, and having given three cheers for the Prince of Wales, we fired off a Waterloo cracker and sheered off towards Blackwall, where we touched with considerable violence.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

From the Office of Punch's Telegraph.

Half past Seven.

The royal squadron has just left Woolwich, the *Monkey* going first and the train of courtiers following.

TAKEN IN TOW.

Eight.

The squadron has just come in sight of the beautiful plantation of bull-rushes off the Essex coast, and Prince Albert is looking at a hen on shore which he seems to think must be one of Mother Carey's chickens.

Half-past Eight.

The royal squadron has just fallen in with a Gravesend steamer, the Captain of which has been desired by Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence to keep further off; but the Captain has replied, through a speaking trumpet, that "a cat may look at a King;"—an answer which seemed to afford no small amusement to her Majesty.

Nine.

The yacht is off the Nore, and the Queen is on the sofa. Prince Albert is walking the deck as if he really did not much mind it, though the rolling of the vessel caused a decided change in his Royal Highness's countenance.

Ten.

The royal squadron is having the full benefit of a heavy swell, and the stewards of the little fleet are hurrying about in all directions with things which, as far as we are able to distinguish them, look exceedingly like ordinary wash-hand basins.

Eleven.

Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence was distinctly seen, by the light of a small hand-lamp, standing a few feet from her Majesty. Prince Albert has pulled his cap over his forehead.

Twelve.

Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence is still standing a few feet from the Queen, who is lying on a sofa. Prince Albert has tied a handkerchief over his cloth cap, and appears to be whistling.

Half-past Twelve.

Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence appears to have moved about half an inch nearer to the royal couch; and her Majesty seems to be looking at the stars, though we cannot perceive whether the Queen is occupied in counting them. Prince Albert is so muffled up in his cloak, that, though we have fired several Bengal lights at him, we cannot catch a view of his countenance.

One.

The Queen and Prince Albert have gone below, where Punch will not be rude enough to follow them. Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence has moved from the position in which he had been observed for the last five hours, and is stretching out his legs, as if suffering from the cramp. But we have ceased our observations, as his lordship is not at the present moment an object of the smallest interest.

JACK A-SHORE.

(Further Particulars next week.)

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PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

LETTER VIII.—CONCLUSION OF THE "HERMETICAL" PHILOSOPHY.

I HAVE learned another trick in this solitude. I have learned to separate the twin natures with which, it is my belief, every man is born, and to sit in judgment upon the vices, the follies, the high feelings, and grovelling appetites, that make up the double *me*. Make a trial of the process, reader. Quit the world for a season. Look boldly into yourself; and however high may have been your notion of the cleanliness of your moral temple, you will, if you look with steady, courageous eyes, blush and marvel at its many dirty little holes and corners, the vile, unswept nooks—the crafty spiders and their noisome webs. And in this temple, to your surprise, you will behold two pulpits for two preachers. In the innocency of your knowledge you thought there was but one divine, and that a most respectable, orthodox, philanthropic creature; punctual in his discourses, exemplary in his discipline—indeed, the very pattern of a devout and cheerful man. You look, and behold, there is another preacher, a fellow with no more reverence in him than in a Malay amuck; a pettifogging, mean-spirited, albeit quick-witted, shuffling scoundrel, whose voice, too, in the throng and press of the world has appeared to you so like the voice of the good grave gentleman whom you deemed alone in his vocation, that you have a thousand times, without reflection, followed his bidding—unhesitatingly obeyed his behests, and only now, when you have set apart a season for consideration, only now perceive the imposture—recognize the counterfeit.

"What!" you exclaim, "and was it he who prompted me with that bitter answer to poor inoffensive Palemon?" "Was it he who bade me button up my pocket and growl—'No,' to such a petitioner on such a day?" "Was it he who whispered me to cross the road, and cut to the heart the ruined, shabby-coated Damon?" And still further considering the matter, you remember that the interloper monitor, the fellow whose very existence you never suspected, has had nearly all the talk to himself; the grave gentleman, whose voice has been so well imitated, and whom you thought your pastor and your master, having been silenced, out-talked, by the chattering of an unsuspected opponent. I say it, you are twin-souled. Step into my hermitage. Submit to wholesome discipline of thought, and, be assured of it, you will, in due season, be able to divorce self from self; to arraign your fallen moiety at the bar of conscience; to bring against it a thousand score of crimes, a thousand peccadilloes, all the doings of the scurvy rascal you bear within you, and whose misdeeds are for the first time made known to you.

Well, the court is open.

Who,—you cry,—is that beetle-browed, shuffling, cock-eyed knave at the bar? Is he a poacher, a smuggler, a suborner of false-testimony, a swindler, a thief?

Gently, gently, sir; that unfortunate creature is your twin-soul. It was he who in the case of Mr. Suchathing advised you to—

God bless me! I remember—don't speak of it—shocking!—I'm very sorry.

And it was he who, when poor widow Soandso—

There, hold your tongue! I recollect all about it. How have I been deceived by that scoundrel! But then, how could I ever have believed that I carried such a rascal about me?

For my own part, I am firm in the faith that I should never have discovered my own twin varlet had I not shut the door upon the world and taken a good inside stare at myself. No; my hair would have grown grey and my nose wine-coloured—for it hath a purpureal weakness,—and as a distinguished statesman, whose name I forget, once said, I might have patted the back of my naughty twin soul, deeming him a remarkably fine sample of the article; and so gone on, working for a handsome epitaph, and dying with a Christian-like assurance that I had earned the same. I might have lived and died thus self-deluded, but for this retreat so happily opened to me by the illustrious nobleman aforesaid.

"*A work of this nature is not to be performed upon one leg; and should smell of oil, if duly and deservedly handled.*"

Such is the solemn avowal of a fantastically grave philosopher, on the completion of his *opus magnum*; but surely that vaunt hath a more fitting abiding-place in the present page. My subject, too, like that of my brother philosopher, from its innate dignity, its comprehensive usefulness, might employ the goose-quills of a whole college. It were easy to tell off at least five hundred men—many of them having the ears of kings, and, what are sometimes longer, the purse-strings of nations at their command—all of them, by nature and practice, admirably fitted for the work. From their very successes the world has a claim upon them for the encyclopædic labour. However, until the time arrives when these men, touched by a sense of their ingratitude, shall repair the wrong, let the present little book receive the welcome due to good intentions. I am content, in the whirl and mutation of all mundane things, to be trumped by a minister, a cardinal, a philosopher, a commercial philanthropist, by any one or one hundred of these:—when such men shall have grown sufficiently ingenuous to respond to the crying wants of their fellow-creatures, and shall publish Humbug *in extenso*, I shall sleep quietly beneath the marble monument which the gratitude of my country will erect to my memory, although this little volume, superseded by the larger work, shall be called in like an old coinage, and no longer be made the class-book of the young, the staff of the middle-aged, and the solacing chronicle of the old.

Imperfect as the work may be, it would, I feel, have been impossible to write at all upon Humbug amid the delicious distractions of London. Is it asked,—wherefore? Alas! the writer would have been confounded by the quantity of his materials. Solitude—continued, profound solitude—was necessary to the gestation and safe delivery of this book. I have endeavoured to show that the true solemnities, the real sweetnesses of death—the mystery of our inner selves, which said mystery we walk about the world with, deeming it of no more complexity than the first mouse-trap,—are only to be approached and looked upon in their utter nakedness when safe from the elbows and the tongues of the world. Now, if life be a mystery, Humbug is at once the art and heart of life. A man may, indeed, get a smattering of moral philosophy in a garret within ear-shot of the hourly courtesies of hackney-coachmen; but Humbug, though she often ride in a coach of her own through the highways of the city, like a fine lady, suffers her pulse to be felt only in private. Humbug is the philosopher's Egeria, and to be wooed and known in secret.

Think you, reader, there is no other reason for the sundry prorogations of Parliament, than that the excellent men, (selected only for their wisdom and their virtue from their less wise and less virtuous fellows,) having generously presented so many pounds to the state, their services are for a time no longer required? Such is not the profound intent of prorogation. Its benevolent purpose is to send every senator into healthful solitude, that he may fortify himself with a frequent contemplation of his past votes; that he may call up and question his twin soul, and rejoice himself to know that the Dromios within him have given their voices in accordance—that one of the sneaking gemini, out of the baseness of expected gains, has not cried "Ay," when its nobler fellow stoutly intended "No!"

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CONCLUSION OF THE "HERMIT'S" FRAGMENTS.

RURAL INTELLIGENCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Bishopsburg, Sept. 9, 1842.

HERE we are! "*procul negotiis,*" which the country gentlemen translate into "having no business here." Bless their innocence!

But, as touching news. We are as brisk in these parts as bees—at Christmas. There is as much bustle in the High-Street as there is in the nave of the Cathedral. The state of the neighbourhood is tranquil. A rumour that the minor canons were going to strike, prevailed a little while ago, but it turns out to be a hoax. The town-clock, to be sure, has struck;

THE DISOWNED.

that is, it has *not* struck, these ten days—the hands, however, it is hoped, will soon return to their work. It is true, also, that a turn-out took place, last week, at Mrs. Golightly's, the milliner's, one of whose young women had entrapped the affections of Mr. G. The occurrence has created a grand schism among the townspeople; one half of them taking the mistress's part—the other that of the girl. The Dean has changed his muffin-man, and alterations are anticipated in the government of the workhouse; but the mind of the magistrates is not known. The beadle gets stout.

The apothecary of the County Hospital was called before the Committee last Wednesday, and reprimanded for wearing a white hat.

One of those exhibitions, denominated by the newspapers "disgusting," took place here on Saturday. Young Lord D'Arcy De Lane (or, as some spell it, De l'Ane), who is staying at Swineham Park with Sir Harry Brewster, bet the Honourable Jarvey Jenkyns, of Slangfield Lodge, 50*l.*, that a Mr. William Noakes, a clodhopper residing in the vicinity, would eat a boiled leg of mutton at one meal. Mr. Noakes enjoys a great reputation for voracity; from a signal display whereof, on a certain occasion, in the matter of a particular viand, he is honoured with the *sobriquet* of "chitterlings," or, as the natives pronounce it, "Chiddluns."

The affair came off at the "Hampshire Hog" in the High Street. The day being that of the corn-market, a large body of the yeomanry were attracted to witness it. Several of the neighbouring gentry also attended; among whom we noticed the Marquis of Melton, Sir Peter Badgerley, Sir Philip Varmynt, Marmeduke Swigley, and Swype Englefield, Esqrs. Among the visitors were likewise several members of the corporation. The clergy, with one or two exceptions, kept aloof; and not one of the fair sex graced the scene with her presence. The cloth was laid in the ball-room of the hotel.

At half-past two o'clock precisely, the leg of mutton was introduced, and placed, amid much applause, on the table. The lion of the day then entered, and was received with loud cheering, which he acknowledged by pulling down his head by some of the bristles in front of it. On being questioned how he was, he replied, "Chuffish."

In height he appeared, with an allowance for his slouch, about five feet eleven. He rejoiced in a head exceedingly like a pumpkin, slightly coarse features, and an expression between that of a cod-fish and a boa-constrictor. He seemed, however, to have an obscure consciousness that he was somebody, and about to attempt something rather fine. His cheek was pale—but not with thought; his figure, in spite of his propensities, somewhat lanky: the sentimental eye might perhaps have regarded him as consumptive, as, in strict language, he certainly was. His hands and feet were gigantic, and not shapely.

Mr. Noakes had dressed for dinner. He wore a velveteen shooting jacket, an ample yellow waistcoat, flowered with pink and green, an orange and red cotton neckcloth, tied in a hard knot, short corduroy trousers, and ankle-jacks. In the button-hole of his outer garment he had stuck a bunch of tansy.

He strode heavily to the table, seated himself without a word, and fixed a look of determination on the devoted joint. A slight convulsive movement was observable about his throat; and his eyes dilated in a manner curious to behold.

"Now for it 'Chiddluns,'" said the landlord, as the plate was set before the performer. Mr. Noakes replied not; but helped himself to a small shovelful of turnip, and some potatoes. He then smacked his lips, squared his arms, and set to. His first morsel quite electrified the spectators, and produced a general exclamation of "My eye!"

His mastication was deliberate and leisurely; and its strong resemblance to the rumination of an ox was obvious to everybody. "A looks as if 'a was a chewin' the cud, doan't 'a?" observed a grazier to Mr. Swigley.

"Three to one on Chiddluns," was offered by the Marquis of Melton, and accepted by Sir Peter Badgerley.

Having finished the first "round," which he did in a few minutes, for the pieces which he took at a time were very large, Mr. Noakes drank an immense quantity of ale, burying his face, for the purpose, in the tankard in a manner which was highly admired; his noble backer inquiring whether he found his mutton sufficiently tender, he answered, "Eh?" and the meaning of the question having been explained to him, he said, "Ees."

"I zay, neighbour," inquired one of the farmers of another, "do'st think thee could'st play as good a stick as that there chap?" "Naw," was the reply, "but I thinks our Jim could."

A respectable linen-draper of the town, addressing Mr. Noakes as Sir, begged to be allowed to assist him to caper sauce. Whereunto that gentleman politely replied "Git out!"

Mr. Noakes had not achieved more than half of his labours, when, to the great alarm of all who had staked money on him, he suddenly came to a stand-still, and leant back in his chair. The Honourable Jarvy Jenkyns expressed an idea that he was "knocked up." "Oh! don't flatter yourself," said Lord D'Arcy de Lane, "Chiddleham has not dined yet."

Mr. Noakes certainly had not. He opened his eyes and mouth a little, gazed a moment upon vacancy, and exclaimed, "Lor'!"

"What's the matter, Noakes?" inquired the landlord.

"Darn' if I didn't think," declared Chiddluns, "as how I'd vorgot zummat!"

"Forgot what?"

"Why, the zalt."

The want in question having been supplied, Mr. Noakes resumed proceedings, and the mutton soon began to look, like himself, very foolish. As the bone became more and more denuded, the circle of observers drew closer and closer round the artist, who, apparently finding it rather oppressive, laid down his knife and fork, and emitted a loud "whiff." The landlord desired a waiter to put up the window.

The persevering swain returned to the charge, and soon his interesting task approached completion within half a pound. He now, however, showed signs of exertion; his brow became slightly bedewed, and he was obliged to have recourse to the tails of his neck-cloth. The betting became even.—"Let's gie thee a drap of greavy," said a by-stander.

Mr. Noakes took the jug containing the remainder of about a gallon of strong beer. It was a moment of intense anxiety. He raised, with slow determination, the liquor to his lips, and drank it every drop. He next took a long, steady breath, which he as slowly exhaled, and then stuffing the residual mass into his oral aperture, consigned it, with one gulp, to his digestive cavity.

"Hip! hip! hip! hoo-ray!" shouted the company, and "Chiddluns has done it!" was in a few moments the cry of the town. His lordship appeared quite delighted with his success, and, having presented Mr. Noakes with the sum of one guinea, and ordered a barrel of beer to be broached in the stable-yard for the public benefit, got into a remarkably neat dog-cart, and drove off to Swineham amid cheers that had never been equalled in the memory of

THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

Now, how much better would it be if the aristocracy, instead of spending their money in vain and frivolous amusements, were to divert themselves, like Lord D'Arcy De Lane, by feeding the people! How effectually would they promote that fine and estimable feature of the manly English character, a large appetite! But I have not room to moralise. Adieu!

P.S. Chiddluns, on being asked, shortly after dinner, whether he would take anything more! is reported to have replied, "Naw, thankee, not just yit, but I thinks I could manage a rasher by'm by."

It is in contemplation to write over the door of Dover gaol, "Hair cut on the shortest notice."

THE ROYAL VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

Her Majesty's arrival on Scottish ground gave occasion to a *contre-temps* of a very distressing character. The Lord Provost, who it seems, with the six members of the Council, most unexpectedly enacted the parts of the Seven Sleepers, and when the Queen set her foot upon Scottish ground, the Provost was snug in bed, as were all the rest of the civic authorities.

It had been arranged that a set of signals were to be given which would have roused the Provost in time to allow his Lordship to get up and shave before he received the Queen, but the two men stationed on the Observatory got quarrelling as to whether the Royal squadron was the Royal squadron or not; so that between one and the other no signal was given.

It is said that the whole population were on the itch to see the Queen, and when it was thought that the Lord Provost prevented them from coming to the scratch, their rage knew no limits.

Victoria, however, with that condescension which is so peculiar to herself, consented to repeat her entry into Edinburgh rather than disappoint the sleepy Provost, and the slumbering population; who, though they enjoy generally the reputation of sleeping wide awake, were on this occasion most atrociously somnolent. The ceremony of the public entry was at length performed, of which our own reporter has furnished us with the following conclusive particulars:—

When the royal carriage reached the Canongate, a most interesting sight presented itself, for the Asylum for the Houseless had prepared a splendid show of destitute children, who in their native dirt, as the sons of the soil, were set out to the number of one hundred on a raised platform. We have heard of Dahlia and other flower shows, but a ragged urchin show, was such "a dainty dish to set before the Queen" as none but a Scotch metropolis could have possibly hit upon. Her Majesty, upon being informed that the dirty faces were all genuine, and that the children appeared in the identical tatters in which they had been picked-up over night in the streets, was pleased to declare herself highly entertained with a sight so thoroughly national.

A little farther on, set out upon a raised platform, were twenty-five orphans dressed in white, which her Majesty was pleased to compare to a show of so many dolls laid out on the stall of a toyseller. These children added much to their interesting character by pelting her Majesty with flowers, from baskets with which they had been supplied; and though the Queen, like Horace Walpole, "laughed at the joke," it is possible that she may not have forgiven the rudeness.

The *cortège* passed on amid the most enthusiastic brandishing of bandannas, and the most gratifying grouping of gossamers. On approaching the barrier, for there is no gate, her Majesty was presented by the Lord Provost with those disgraceful sinecurists, the keys of the city. We could not catch what the Provost said, but what he meant was nearly as follows:—

"May it please your Majesty,—

"Here are the keys of the city, but the gates to which they belong have long since disappeared, and as to the lock they were made to fit, that has bolted. In offering you the keys we must beg of your Majesty to believe that we are actuated not by a love of a lark, but the loftiest loyalty."

To which her Majesty laughingly replied as follows:—

"My Lord Provost,—

"I return these keys with confidence into the hands of the authorities of Edinburgh, for what these keys secure I am sure you are exactly competent to protect and watch over."

The only drawback to the pleasure of the day was occasioned by a set of noisy vagabonds who persevered in following up the Queen, and boring her Majesty by playing the bagpipes. The Queen had at first begged the nuisance might be discontinued, but on being told it was the national music, she goodnaturedly put up with it.

WARM WORK.

A correspondent of the *Times*, who is very angry with the bakers for keeping up the price of bread, adopts the signature of *One who has been in the Oven*.

LEADING THE OPPOSITION.

This naturally accounts for the extreme crustiness which he exhibits. We presume there is something to be very proud of in having "been in the oven;" and we should not be surprised—as the ovenite has clearly a literary turn—if he were to advertise, "Notes taken during his abode in the very warm climate he professes to have visited." There might be an amusing chapter on the geology of bread, and its crustaceous qualities, with other matter, which, as we have never "been in the oven," we cannot exactly anticipate.

MISS TICKLETOBY'S LECTURES ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

As it is by no means my wish to say anything disrespectful of any sovereign who ever ascended the British throne, we must, my loves, pass over the reign of His late Majesty King John as briefly as possible; for, between ourselves, a greater rascal never lived. You have many of you read of his infamous conduct to Rowena, Cedric the Saxon, and others, in the History of Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe; and I fear there are other facts, though perhaps not on so good authority, which are still more disreputable.

In the plays of the ingenious Shakspeare, some of which I have seen at Covent Garden, His Majesty's nephew, Prince Arthur, is made to climb over a canvas wall of about three feet high, and die lamentably of the fall in a ditch, in which a mattress has been laid; but the truth, I fear, is, that Prince Arthur did not commit suicide voluntary or involuntary, but that his Royal Uncle killed him, for His Royal Highness was the son of His Majesty's elder brother, and, by consequence, our rightful king. Well, well, there are ugly stories about high personages at Court, and you know it makes very little difference to either of the princes, now, which reigned and which didn't; and I dare say, if the truth were known, King John by this time is heartily sorry for his conduct to his august nephew.

It may be expected that I should speak in this place of a celebrated document signed in this reign, by some called the commencement of our liberties, by others Magna Charta. You may read this very paper or parchment at the British Museum any day you please, and if you find anything in it about our liberties, I am a Dutchman—that is, a Dutchwoman (hear, hear); whereas, as the Register of Saint Bartholomew's, Smithfield, of the year seventeen hundred and—ahem!—as the Register, I say, proves, I am a Briton, and glory in the title.

The Pope of Rome, who lived in those days, was almost as facetious a person as Pope Gregory, of whom before we have spoken; and what do you think he did? I'm blessed if he did not make a present of the kingdom of England to the King of France! (immense laughter:) then afterwards he made a present of it to King John very kindly; and the two kings were about, as usual, to fight for it, when the French king's army was in part shipwrecked, and partly beaten; and King John himself was seized with an illness, which put an end to him. And so farewell to him. He rebelled against his father, he conspired against his brother, he murdered his nephew, and he tyrannised over his people. Let us shed a tear for his memory, and pass on to his son, King Henry III., who began to reign in the year 1216, and was king for no less than fifty-six years.

I think the best thing he did during that long period was, to beget his gallant son, who reigned after him, under the title of King Edward the First. The English lords, in King Henry's time, were discontented with his manner of reigning—for he was always in the hands of one favourite or another; and the consequence was, that there were perpetual quarrels between the lords and the prince, who was continually turned out of his kingdom and brought back again, or locked up in prison and let loose again. In the intervals the barons ruled, setting up what is called an *oligarchy*: when Henry governed himself, he was such a soft, effeminate creature, that I think they might have called *his* reign a *mollygarchy*.

As not the least applause or laughter followed this pun, Miss T., somewhat disconcerted, said, I see you do not wish to hear anything more regarding Henry III., so, if you please, we will pass on to the history of his son, a wise king, a stern and great warrior. It was he who first gave the Commons of England in Parliament any authority or power to cope with the great barons, who had hitherto carried all before them; which, with the most sincere respect for their lordships, I cannot but think was a change for the better in our glorious constitution.

He was in the Holy Land when his father's death was announced to him, following the fashion of that day, to fight against the Turks, and murder them for the honour of religion. And here I cannot help pointing out, how necessary it is that men should *never* part from their wives; for the king, by having his with him, escaped a great danger. A man of a certain tribe called the Assassins (who have given their names to murderers ever since) stabbed the king in his tent with a dagger, whereupon the queen, and honour be to her, supposing that the knife which inflicted the wound might have been poisoned, sucked the wound with her own Royal lips, and caused Prince Edward to say, that a good wife was the very best doctor in

the world. Look how the great artist I employ has represented the scene!

This good queen died abroad, and her husband caused crosses to be erected at the different places where her body rested on its way to its burial, where the people might stop and pray for her soul. I wonder how many people who pass by Charing-cross now-a-days ever think of her, or whether the omnibuses stop there in order that the cads and coachmen may tell their beads for good Queen Elinor?

From 1272, when he began to reign, until 1307, when he died, King Edward was engaged in ceaseless wars. In being lord of the largest portion of the island of Great Britain, he had a mind to possess the whole of it; and, in order to do so, had to subdue the Welsh first, and the Scots afterwards. Perhaps some of you have read an ode by Mr. Gray, beginning "Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!" But as not a single person in the company had, Miss T. said, "At any rate, my loves, you have heard, no doubt, of the bards?"

Miss Binge.—Papa calls Shakspeare the immoral bard of Heaven. What *is* a bard, ma'am?

Miss T.—Why, the bards, as I am led to believe, are Welsh poets, with long beards, who played Welsh airs upon Welsh harps. Some people are very fond of these airs; though, for my part, I confess, after hearing "Poor Mary Ann" played for fourteen consecutive hours by a blind harper at Llangollen, I rather felt as if I should prefer any other tune to that.

Master Spry.—Pray, ma'am, hare the Welsh airs hanything like the Welsh rabbits? If so, mother can perform 'em very prettily.

(A laugh, which Miss Tickletoby severely checks, and continues)—This country of Wales King Edward determined should be his own, and accordingly made war upon the princes of the Principality, who withstood him in many bloody actions, and at one time were actually puffed up with the idea that one of their princes should become King of England, on account of an old prophecy of Merlin's—

> "*Llwellwyn pdwdlwdl cwmlwm*."—MERLIN'S PROPHECIES.
> "Let Wales attend! the bard prophetic said:
> I.V. at Y. shall crown Llewellyn's Z."—SIMCOE.

From which obscure phrase the people, and Llewellyn himself, were led to believe that they would overcome the stern and powerful King of England.

But the prophecy was fulfilled in a singular way. On the two armies meeting together on the river Wye, Llewellyn was slain by an English knight, and his head in derision crowned with ivy. The other Welsh Sovereign, Prince David, met with a worse fate than to die in battle; he repeatedly rebelled against King Edward, and was forgiven until the last time, when he was taken in arms, and judged to die as a rebel, so forming the last of his line.

If the King had had trouble with the Welsh, with the Scots he had still more, and was occupied during almost the whole of his reign in settling (after his own fashion, to be sure) that unruly nation.

In one of his invasions of Scotland, he carried off the famous stone on which the Scottish kings used to sit at their coronation—and a very cold seat it must have been for their Majesties, considering their unhappy custom of wearing no small-clothes; which are not the least of the inestimable, I may say inexpressible, benefits the Scots have derived from commerce with this country.

On the regular line of the Scotch kings having ended—(never mind in whose person, for, after all, a king without pantaloons is a sorry subject to trouble one's head about)—the regular line being ended, there started up several claimants to the throne; and the lords of the country, in an evil hour, called upon Edward to decide who should succeed. He gave a just award, assigning the crown to one John Baliol; but he caused Baliol to swear fealty to him for his crown, and did not scruple about having him up to London whenever he was minded. It is said that he summoned him to court six times in one year, when Edinburgh was at least a month's journey from London. So thus the poor fellow must have passed the whole year upon the road, bumping up and down on a rough-trotting horse; and he without what-d'ye-call-'ems, too!—after the fashion of Humphrey Clinker.

The consequence may be imagined. Baliol was quite worn out by such perpetual jolting. Flesh and blood couldn't bear twelve of these journeys in a year; and he wrote to King Edward, stating his determination no longer to be saddled with a throne.

Wisely, then, he retired. He took up his residence in Normandy, where he passed his life quietly in devotion, it is said, and the cultivation of literature. The Master of Baliol College, Oxford, has kindly communicated to me a MS., in the hand-writing of the retired prince, accompanied with designs, which, though rude, are interesting to the antiquary. Here is one representing John of Baliol on the North-road, which must have been in a sad condition indeed at the close of the thirteenth century.

The motto placed beneath the illumination by the Royal bard is a quaint, simple, and pathetic one. He says touchingly—

> "To Scotys withouten brychys rydinge is not swete.
> I mote have kept my crowne, I shold have lost my seate."

He retired, then; but a greater than he arose to battle for the independence of his country.

A POETICAL APPLICATION.

Hark to the hurried question of despair,
"Where's the Lord Provost?" Echo answers—"*Where?*"

PHYSIOLOGY OF THE LONDON IDLER.

CHAPTER XII.—THE STREET BOY.

ONSCIOUS that we should be guilty of an act of great injustice in omitting to make mention of the subject of our present chapter amongst the other London Idlers, he being the greatest of them all, we hasten to give him a place in our gallery of pen-and-ink drawings.

The Street-Boy is as peculiar to the metropolis, as his prototype the *gamin* is to Paris. He has a shrewdness of observation, a precocious cunning, and, above all, an art of annoying, which we look for in vain amidst the youth of the rural districts. We confess, that for all our usually placid disposition, when walking in the streets we cannot stand the sarcasms of the little boys. They are like mosquitoes, who sting and buz about you, but are never to be caught; and whether they make an allusion to your white trousers, your long hair, or your peculiar hat, with observations similar to "Voudn't I have a pair o' ducks," "I never see sech a mop," or, "Oh, my! vot a lummy tile," the shaft is sure to raukle a wound much deeper than you give it credit for. He is most acutely annoying to the Foreign gentleman,

when he catches him off the pavement of Regent-street (for the Street-Boy does not often venture thereon), and delights his companions by marching after him with a droll imitative gait, or drawing attention to the flower-pot on his head.

The Street-Boy forms the most important part of the audience to all the out-of-doors exhibitions. His laugh is the loudest, his applause the most vigorous, and his remarks the most forcible; but at the same time his voluntary contribution is the worst. This principally arises from his never having any money—a circumstance which drives him to seek gratuitous amusements, in which he, nevertheless, finds far more pleasure than in those paid for by the superior orders. Where the monied idler pays a shilling to descend in the car of the Centrifugal Railway, he procures the same excitement for nothing, by sliding down the hand-rail of the steps at the Duke of York's column. On grand occasions, when the wealthy hire a coach to go round and see the illumination, or other spectacle, he rides on the spikes behind, gratis; and indeed, as connected with every species of parasitical carriage exercise, he appears to be case-hardened against any mechanical invention to render the position disagreeable. He sees the balloon, when it is up, just as well from Kennington-lane as from the interior of the gardens; and the same remark applies to a cheap view of the Girandola of St. Angelo over the palings.

If there is one amusement upon which the Street Boy does not hesitate to expend the few pence he has picked up by holding horses, going on errands, or carrying carpet-bags from the railway and steam-boats, it is the theatre; and this arises more especially from a disinclination on the part of most managers to allow people to walk into their houses for nothing. In the gallery he is in his true glory. His very elevated situation gives him a feeling of superiority, and he is aware that his cry for an encore, or pleasant remark addressed to the orchestra, will have as much weight—nay, far more—than if it proceeded from an occupant of the dress circle. Nobody but himself can give that force of expression to "Now then, you cat-gut-scrapers; strike up there!" Next to the prompter, no one like him can regulate the scene-shifters: the single word "higher," is sufficient to induce them to raise the obtrusive sky borders when they are in the way of something at the back of the stage; and the most independent actor feels called upon to display extra energy when our hero shouts the dictatorial "speak up," from his lofty position. It is through his exertions, vocal and bodily, that a seat is procured for his friend "Fluffy Jack," who comes in at half-price; and his "*order*," and "turn him out," are as magisterial commands to the attendant policemen. He rewards any clever piece of mechanism, or agile leap of the harlequin (for it must be stated that the pantomime chiefly attracts him) by the appropriate exclamation, "Bravo, Rouse!" and he is one of the most animated whistle solo performers on his two fingers that you would meet with; indeed, by some extraordinary anatomical peculiarity it seems impossible for any one above the rank of a butcher's apprentice, ever to produce the peculiar shrill note in question. We, ourselves, have no hesitation in confessing that we have tried to do it for hours together, and never got beyond a noise somewhat resembling that produced by blowing a pair of bellows into an empty ginger-beer bottle.

A singular antipathy to work of any description, is a leading characteristic of the Street-Boy. This does not depend upon a lack of perseverance, as he can play the castanets upon two pieces of slate like a Duvernay in corduroys, spin a top or hurl a stone with unerring effect, and produce tunes upon his cheeks and chin with singular precision; all which evidences of skill must have cost him much pains to acquire. Neither should we overlook the incomprehensible ingenuity he displays in putting on his clothes, in which he generally contrives to make one single button and a bit of string perform all the function, which those of a higher grade require at least a dozen to accomplish.

When the Street-Boy gives himself up to idle for the whole day on the strength of a few accidental coppers, his favourite lounge is in the vicinity of a baked potato-can—proprietors of which machine appear of late to have established certain *côteries* and *réunions* around them. He has minutely studied the economy of these *al fresco* restaurateurs. He sees the advantage of keeping the butter always to leeward, and he knows the jet of steam, intended to be expressive of intense caloric reigning amongst the potatoes, has nothing at all to do with them—no more than the furious exhibition of vapour which appears to proceed from the dog-tarts in the windows of the St. Giles's confectioners.

The consumption of pickled whelks, oysters as big as soup-plates, and immature apples or small black cherries depends chiefly upon his patronage. When the Regent-street lounger fatigued and thirsty takes an ice at Very's, or some *limonade gazeuse* in the Pantheon, the Street-Boy indulges in some curds and whey in Drury Lane, or a bottle of penny ginger-beer in the New Cut.

The only individual of whom the Street-Boy stands in awe is the policeman. He looks upon all square-keepers and beadles as so many large puppets to shoot his wit at; but he is afraid of the policeman, and there is no denying it. The only place where he throws off a portion of his fear is, as we have stated, the gallery of the playhouse; and then he relies principally upon his remote situation, or the practical difficulty of being approached through the unaccommodating masses that surround him.

Our business at present is merely with the boy. When he grows

up he loses most of his attributes, and either becomes an errand carrier or a light porter,—perhaps even a policeman; or, being detected in various acts of unlawful appropriation, becomes a traveller, and finishes his career by a grand tour to the regions of the Pacific Ocean.

With this scion of the mobility—this small olivé-branch of the great unwashed, born to an inheritance of the courts and gutters—we conclude the present Physiology. It has now extended to the average length of the continuous papers we have been permitted to furnish to the columns of our darling publication; we bring it to a close, not so much on account of having exhausted our resources, as from the dread we have ever professed, of allowing any one subject to become tedious and protracted—of treating it like a Vauxhall ham, and making it cover an extended area, when the same quantity of matter might have been collected into one small dish, and gone down equally well. We expressed our fears, in the first chapter, at the new plunge we were about to make into the uncertain ocean of opinion. May we hope that we have come again in safety to the surface? whilst we admit, with a candid sense of justice, that when from time to time a sudden cramp has seized our wits, the light sketches of our talented artist have acted as corks or aquatic hats, and kept us floating until we regained sufficient power to keep our head once more above water.

And so, craving forgiveness from all those Idlers whom we have endeavoured to portray, if we have offended them—always excepting the "Gents," whom we continue to hold in the most supreme contempt—we respectfully inform the world in general, (which of course implies our subscribers,) that we intend allowing our brains to lie fallow for the space of one week. In this period we shall buy a new card of steel pens, a quire of outside post, and a sixpenny bottle of ink; and then set to work once more with all the industry we can command.

COMIC BALLADS FOR THE BOUDOIR.—No. VI.

AFTER THE BALL.

SCENE.—A dressing-room. Sundry articles of female finery, a split pair of gloves, a fading bouquet, &c., scattered about. Miss Augusta Montague has just returned from a ball, and is addressing her sister in the next room, who has been kept at home by the influenza.

PREPARING FOR THE BALL.

My dearest Nell! don't go to sleep;
  We have had such a lovely ball.
I've been engaged four waltzes deep!
  Come—wake up—and I'll tell you all.
But first, just let me take a glass
  Of *eau sucrée*—I feel quite faint—
And three small drops of *fleur d'orange.*—
  That Weippert's band would move a saint!

First with the blasé Count D'Etoffe
  I dawdled through a grave quadrille
He'd nothing piquant—nothing new,
  His *routine* of small talk to fill.
"'Tis very warm—the room how full—
  I wish we next the door had stood.
You've heard the song of 'Berlin Wool,'
  Which Parry sings—'tis very good.

"Our *vis-à-vis* is a fine *guirl*,
  'Pon honour—very fine, I vow:
But then her hair is out of curl,
  Though for the heat we must allow.
But curling fluid is not dear,
  Nor *pâté fixé*, and I hate
To see a girl with brow so clear
  Her ringlets wear like 'Crazy Kate.'"

Well—of his Countship I got rid,
  And with a youth, moustached and tall,
Next through the gallopade I slid;
  But his small talk was worse than all.
"Seen the new ballet, Miss? they say
  Cerito 's gain'd one triumph more.
Tuesday I could not get away;
  'Twas foreign post night—cursed bore!"

Then, through the giddy waltz I whirl'd
  With *such* a love! his graceful air,
As breathless round the room we twirl'd
  Made all exclaim "Sure such a pair
As *that*, before, were never seen—
  So justly form'd hearts to subdue."
I know his name—which I don't mean
  To tell—not even, Nell, to you.

He held my hand—he clasp'd my waist—
  Lightly encircled by his arm;
Each step—each look—display'd the taste
  That gives the waltz its highest charm.
But, oh! before the tune had ceased,
  My sandal broke, and down I fell;
(I was not frighten'd in the least,
  But it too rudely broke the spell!)

To tell the numbers else, with whom
  Through the gay scene I sped along
The mazes of that wax-lit room—
  The brightest of the glittering throng—
Mem'ry won't serve: I only know,
  Mama, her accents elevating,
At six, cried, "Now, dear, we *must* go;
  You've kept the Brougham three hours in waiting."

MAGISTERIAL HAIR-CUTTERS.

LET any man, with even a moderate regard for his head of hair, eschew a quarrel with his neighbour at Dover. The magistrates of that place have, assuredly, a greater regard for the scissors than the scales; they crop admirably, but we must confess, their pennyworths of justice are of short weight. Let the reader judge.

A *Frederick Fox Cooper*, well known in the common sewerage of the "literary" world (it was to his enterprise, we believe, that London was a year or two ago indebted for an unsavoury periodical, named *Paul Pry*), is at present the "proprietor" of Dover Theatre, shedding "his purity of soul" upon the drama of a Cinque Port. Two of his unfortunate actors, Messrs. FITZJAMES and GLADSTONE, had an altercation with the manager touching some fiscal irregularity on his part. The quarrel rose to what *Cooper* swore to be an assault, which was duly settled for ten shillings. Next came a charge on the part of the manager, wherein he swore that "his life" had been threatened by the unpaid actors, who were immedintely required to find two sureties in 20*l.* each, to keep the peace. In about three hours they found sufficient bail; and *Cooper's* life (for two months at least) was safe.

Mark, however, what occurred in the three hours. The actors were sent to gaol; and albeit the gaoler knew that bail would be found, he "improved" the time by ordering his captives to be cropped close—yes, shorn of their hair. This was done at two o'clock, and at three, bail was offered and taken. All this came out in evidence before the Mayor's court: the "court was then cleared; and after being in deliberation a considerable time, the parties were called in, and the Mayor said the bench had, after *well weighing the evidence*, come to the conclusion that the governor of the gaol *was perfectly justified* in ordering the hair of the prisoners to be cut off; and, therefore, they dismissed the case."

The excelling beauty of English prison discipline is its variety. It changes with the place. In Kent the magistrates only crop men's hair; in another county, for aught we know, they may pull it out by the roots. Certain we are, that in the case of Messrs. FITZJAMES and GLADSTONE, one operation would have been equally just with the other. Still, to make the discipline of Dover gaol complete, why does not the Mayor appoint a tooth-drawer? Actors without teeth would be especially well-suited to the Dover Theatre; for, if all we hear be true, such things are sheer superfluities in the troop of *Mr. Frederick Fox Cooper!*

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF COURTSHIP.

CHAPTER XI.—CONCERNING COQUETTES.

A COQUETTE is a graduate in the science of flirtation, who has taken every degree from her alma-mater—who is so good a mistress of arts that she no longer needs a tutor, and is competent to manage her own affairs without the aid of a chaperon. Being, according to Ben D'Israeli, a "Psycological curiosity," she undergoes two changes before arriving at maturity:—From the insect of the school-period she becomes the chrysalis of the ball-room, whence she emerges from beneath the wing of her chaperon to flutter forth the full-grown butterfly, or coquette.

A finished coquette is pretty, intellectual, and very fond of waltzing. She can, at a moment's notice, be intensely agreeable, or quietly repellant; she can smile with one side of her face upon a new conquest, and frown with the other upon his waning rival. She has a scale of attractions by which she measures her deportment towards different individuals. To a younger son, with small prospects, she is reserved and formal; to a captain of infantry, polite; to a ditto in the Guards, condescending. She is affable to the heir-presumptive of a rich title; affectionate and confiding to the heir-apparent; but to the title itself, perfectly bewitching! She will walk a quadrille with a county member, but will not, if possible, waltz with anything under a peer. She can be *spirituelle* to a wit, grave to a parson, and poetical to a minor. She knows instinctively the exact moment when to commence a flirtation; and—having no passion, no feelings—can adroitly break off an ineligible one, even if the wedding liveries have been ordered.

To play off her arts with the proper degree of confidence—of carelessness about the result—of that seeming indifference to success which is the main element of success, the first duty of the coquette is to provide herself with a stock-lover—one who is so devotedly hers, that there is no fear of losing *him* even if all else should fail. It was not, therefore, till the Honourable Mrs. Couple saw her *protégée* excellently provided in this respect, in the person of Sir Charles Simper, that she withdrew her valuable advice and services from Miss Rose Robinson. With the pride of a professor, who sees his pupil rise to celebrity and honour in his peculiar branch of learning, did the delighted chaperon point to her scholar as a perfect coquette.

"A large party of fashionables," observed the *Morning Post* of a recent date, "are assembled at the seat of Lord Fallover, Fallover Park, Staffordshire. The young earl seems determined to emulate the hospitable liberality of his ancestors, for the following long list of distinguished fashionables are at present his guests." The names of Miss Robinson, Sir Charles Simper, and P. Pleinpurse, Esq., concluded the catalogue.

It was here that Rose evinced herself a perfect mistress of her art. She had already nearly "entangled" one of the richest commoners in England—a dandy and dilettante; but her success in that quarter being doubtful, on account of the difficulty of managing a person so inordinately vain as Mr. Pleinpurse, she, with a laudable ambition, now aspired to her host. Lord Fallover was a fox-hunter and fancy farmer, who cursed the opera, and comprehensively criticised the whole of the fine arts as a bore; and her address, in sympathising with the opposite tastes of these antipodes, won the admiration of some of her fellow-guests, and the envy of others. She spent her mornings in admiring Fallover's beagles, his patent ploughs, his enormous turnips, his obese oxen. She learnt all the good points of a horse, and praised his favourite hunters, as if she had graduated amongst "Scott's lot," and finished her training at Tattersall's. She took the box-seat beside him when he drove his four-in-hand, and attended every "meet" in a red riding-habit.

Thus, all the morning she was Fallover's Diana; but in the evening she became Pleinpurse's Euterpe. Then it was she melted her mellow tones into love songs, or raised her voice in the *very* heroic duetts of Donizetti. Then she was eloquent upon the *sotto voce* of Frezzolini, the *aplomb* of Lablache, the *tremulando* of Rubini. In the evening there was nothing she adored so much as music; in the morning brindle oxen were her passion; but just before dinner—when there was nobody else to flirt with—it was the society of Sir Charles Simper which she declared was so delightful.

The party was rapidly breaking up—her mama was on the eve of returning—yet the Earl had not proposed. One last chance was given him;—he had bought a new horse, which was to be tried in the tilbury, and Miss Robinson obtained the other seat in a drive round the Park. Fallover was by no means a loquacious man, and the lady made desperate efforts to draw him out by her own remarks:—"What a beautiful country!—a paradise! Thrice happy must be his lot to possess so charming an estate." And then, "A country life—how perfect a millennium—how far more attractive than the dissipations of London!" (a heart-breaking sigh accompanied the exclamation.) Lord Fallover assented to all she said, and pulled up at an elegant farm-house. With many apologies he borrowed a groom to drive her back to the Hall—"He had business with his tenant, Mr. Acres."

Rose remembered that this identical tenant had a lovely daughter, and determined to dine in London that day. Pleinpurse had offered her mama and her seats in his carriage—(the servants could go to town in Simper's)—and on arriving at the Hall the offer was accepted.

That journey did wonders with Pleinpurse; and a week after the affair was arranged, all but giving a handsome *congé* to Simper. Rose would not, however, do so till the settlements had been actually signed; for no coquette is justified in turning off a lover till his chance is hopeless. The Earl had married the farmer's daughter, to the utter disgust of every chaperon and coquette of his acquaintance.

Leaving Miss Robinson for the present, let us remark, that whilst the accomplished coquette wins our astonishment by the excess of her ingenuity, her perfect nerve on occasions of the most startling *embarras*, and her Protean changes of demeanour,—the clumsy *maladroit* flirt, who possesses all the desires without any of the arts of coquetry, excites that which would come very near to contempt, if so strong a word can be justly applied to any of the "angels of life."

Inferior kinds of coquettes are only to be met with in inferior classes of society. They are known at a glance—they wear very low dresses and large quantities of jewellery. They smell strongly of Rowland's Kalydor, which is sometimes accompanied with a suspicion of pomatum. They talk a vast deal, and frequently laugh in spite of their teeth. To their admirers they are guilty either of the most lavish fondness or the most unpardonable rudeness. They make any engagement that is offered, and break it without the smallest compunction. Flattery is their food, caprice their rule of conduct. In a word, as the proficient coquette is the elegant, beautifully-tinted butterfly, so the ill-bred flirt is the mere moth. The former ends her existence as a chaperon—the latter as something worse; for coquetry hovers so near the extremest edge of virtue's limits, that without the vigilant exercise of the finest art, the boundary is sure to be overstepped.

A PROVERB ILLUSTRATED.

"Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."
Since this is a truth to which all men agree,
What a poor invalid, what an object to see,
And oh! what a fool the Lord Provost must be!

LAURELS AT NINGPO.

"THESE victories make me melancholy." Such were wont to be ABERCROMBIE'S words, when congratulated upon battles, won against disciplined forces. The spirit of humanity rose above the trade of the mere soldier, and showed to him the true value of bloodshed—the rightful use of carnage. If any such feeling can operate on our commanders at Ningpo, then must they be the most melancholy creatures on the face of the earth. With scarcely more excitement than is afforded to the English sportsmen by a covey of partridges, the British soldier in China is compelled to cut the throats and blow out the brains of miserable wretches, brought by mandarins for military slaughter! The odds at which the poor Chinese fight, the mischief they do, compared with the destruction they suffer, make the whole affair a ghastly, bloody farce, at which the devil himself must laugh, even whilst the victorious Commander-in-chief narrates in warlike phrase—in true Gazette-like grandiloquence—the terrible disasters of the enemy! Listen to an "extract of a letter" to Sir H. Gough, from Lieutenant-Colonel Morris. Ningpo was attacked on the 10th of March by the enemy in great force; "but," says the English commander,—

"I have much pleasure in informing you that both these assaults were repulsed, although sustained with considerable daring, *with immense loss* on the part of the assailants."

We proceed with our "elegant extracts" from the book of glorious war:—

"Upon arriving at the west gate, and finding how matters stood, I immediately followed the party in advance, and upon reaching the centre of the suburb, *the carnage was perfectly frightful.*

We pursued the enemy for eight miles to the village of Sapee, where we were stopped by the river, and in the course of the pursuit *killed considerable numbers!*"

Does not glorious Mars lose all his "dreadful loveliness," and stand before the reader as no other than a carcase-butcher?

The "casualties"—that is, the effect of the courage and discipline of the Chinese—amounted to—

"One man of the 18th Royal Irish, and two of the 49th regiment—*wounded!*"

Possibly, they received black eyes, or, it may be, contused noses, from the enemy, who was made to suffer for his temerity by the loss of—"five or six hundred men!"

Lieutenant-Colonel Montgomerie also sends in an account of his part of the day's work:—

"The howitzer was brought to the front, and *three rounds of grape in quick succession told with tremendous effect!* * * * Numerous parties deserted the main body at every turn, and we saw many *throw themselves into the canal, worn out with wounds and fatigue!*"

And after these terrible doings, what, thinks the reader, was the loss to our troops? Simply, the loss of considerable perspiration in the glorious pursuit.—Poor wretches! Imagine the howitzer pouring in destruction amidst a mass of living human flesh—think of the screams and agony of hundreds of "God's image," albeit the image wore a pig-tail, and used chopsticks.

The affair by water was in no way less brilliant. Hear Sir W. Parker, Rear-Admiral:—

"From the best accounts we have been able to collect, the Chinese cannot have lost less than from 800 to 1,000 men slain, independently of great numbers carried off wounded; among the former were several mandarins, supposed to have held important positions in the army; many prisoners also fell into our hands, and some interesting papers relative to the present position of their affairs, and from accounts previously received, and the amount of sycee silver afterwards found on the bodies of the dead, there is no doubt that a considerable sum had been paid to them as an encouragement to resist Her Majesty's forces, and that the troops we encountered were composed of the *élite* of their army.

"It is with pain I have to transmit a list of 3 killed and 15 wounded in the naval brigade, and amongst the latter many are severely hurt."

"Three killed and fifteen wounded," English, against "from 800 to 1000 Chinese!" Is it not a war of howitzers to pop-guns?

A few days since, a correspondent of the "Times" suggested the employment of a fire-engine in the disturbed districts; arguing that the spirit of Chartism might be as effectually quenched by cold water, as by the swords and bullets of dragoons. Whether such an engine would be sufficiently effective on our Chinese enemies, we will not say; but sure we are, we blush as Englishmen, and grieve as philosophers, for the outlay of lead and powder in this fight for opium. Might not our forces be armed with police staves?—for we are convinced that English soldiers must feel mightily abashed as they pull the trigger upon even "the *élite*" of the Chinese army, though made still more valorous by a priming of "sycee silver."

If the news of this glorious war reach the ghost of ROGER BACON, he will be ashamed of his gunpowder. It is a war without glory; a war which, when ended, against *such* a foe, can give no laurels to the victors: their most fitting chaplets will be wreaths of poppies.

LOYALTY AT SEA.

OUR friend, the *Standard*, has published a letter from the Captain of the forecastle of the Royal George, descriptive of the late Royal voyage to Scotland.

A MOVING SPECTACLE.

"Off Maplin lighthouse—"Hundreds of white pocket-handker-chiefs which *loyally* fluttered in the breeze, and the thrilling cheers *of an equal* number of manly hearts, proved their devoted attachment to their lovely Queen. *Foremost among them* we distinguished a group of *youthful children*, who having imbibed *loyalty with their mother's milk*, stretched out *their little arms* towards their beloved sovereign, and *lisped a blessing on her Royal head.*" We are delighted to find the number of pocket-handkerchiefs exactly tallied with the manly hearts—each heart being provided with its pocket-handkerchief, and each having "loyalty" in its very web: we are also pleased with the devotion of the "*youthful* children" who had been wet-nursed upon monarchical principles (Russian babies, we presume, "imbibe" pure despotism from the breast), and who "lisped" a benison (the Captain of the forecastle distinctly hearing the said lisp across the foaming sea) upon the Royal voyager! Even loyalty may run mad, and rave most frantically!

MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY IN EDINBURGH.

IT is to be expected that a Marquis of LONDONDERRY, writing (must we call it writing?) of the Emperor of Austria, should proceed as follows:—"The *tranquil and sterling feeling* of the Austrian people towards their sovereign, induces them, when once he is proclaimed, to consider him perfect, *if not sublime!*" It is as natural for LONDONDERRY to say this, as for a goose to gaggle—we expect no other. The Marquis, true to the old creed of the right divine of kings, considers the Emperor of Austria to be sublimated above the common clay of humanity; it was this belief that taught the public mind to expect health from the miraculous hand of the sovereign: the king—the direct agent of God—touched away the evil; it was the very test of legitimacy—the gift vouchsafed only to the Lord's anointed. Kings, however, have lost this healing virtue: they are no longer considered the vicegerents of Heaven, pleading "the right divine to govern wrong," but as magistrates, answerable to the people. Now, if ever—since the days of ALFRED—there were a sovereign above the slang of loyalty (for loyalty *has* its slang, and that of a most sickening kind;) it is Queen VICTORIA. We would not have her pure and noble character approached by crawling servility—we would not have her name thus familiarly associated with the name of the Highest:—

"TO THE GLORY OF GOD, IN HONOUR OF THE QUEEN!—"

Such is the commencement of the inscription on the plate deposited in the stone—the first stone—laid a few days since at Edinburgh, of the Victoria Hall.

We are aware that the Marquis of LONDONDERRY has, by his recent work—to which in our last we attempted to do all reasonable honour—acquired a literary reputation, peculiarly his own. Nevertheless, with both our hands, we do protest against any future employment of the noble Marquis as inscription writer to any public building—beyond that of a new station-house: for that the Marquis has been dabbling at Edinburgh, is but too plain—every syllable of the above rings and speaks of LONDONDERRY. Loyalty is a noble feeling; but *loyalty* itself may consider a Monarch a little *too* essential to the "glory of God."

LONDON INTERIORS.

No. VI.—TEMPLE BAR.

This extraordinary piece of architecture has frequently been the subject of description, as far as its exterior is concerned; but the antiquarian has never gone beyond the outside of Temple Bar—and, in a word, he has never regularly walked into it. The superficial observer has been in the habit of regarding Temple Bar as the great defence of the City of London; and it is true that should there be an insurrection at the West End, or if a horde of rude barbarians should rush down from the recesses of Holywell Street, or if an invading fleet should anchor off the coast of Essex (Street), and pour their crews of marauders into the Strand—then and then only may the citizens look to the shutting up of Temple Bar—for, as we once heard a young nine-year-old Young Norval declare, "thafety and for thuccour."

It is not, however, with the outside of Temple Bar that we have now to do, for it is the interior that claims our notice. On the left-hand side, proceeding from the West End, is a small low door, upon which the enormous figure of 3 is conspicuously placed, which, upon nearer inspection, turns out to be a portion of a bold and rigorous notice, that gentlemen's hair is cut for the number of pence which the figure denominates. A little to the left is an enormous ONE; but we blush for human nature when we write it—that one is a bold-faced liar, for he has falsehood in his heart,—in the shape of an insidious ½ picked in upon a ground of black (the appropriate colour of deceit), in figures of white, which, alas! cannot give its hue to the lie in question. No, we cannot forgive the attempt to lure the public to an easy shave at a penny, when the dastardly and sneaking halfpenny, skulking like a white-livered coward in the black bosom of the ONE, converts into three-halfpence the charge for a rapid rasp beneath the razor.

But, to drop the lofty style which indignation has engendered, let us do justice to Tanner, the proprieter, who does not falsify his promise of "ease and comfort in shaving," for his razor, like the foot of the nymph which leaves no trace upon the sand,

"Skims o'er the beard, and yet no gashes seen."

NECK-OR-NOTHING.

The exterior of Temple Bar is greatly indebted to the taste of Tanner, who has considerably heightened the effect of the architecture by throwing in a tracery of tooth-brushes to his window; and he has fitted up the upper pane, or architrave, with a very fanciful fretwork of blacking-bottles, which finish off the fundamental base of the building. At the city side he has succeeded in introducing the plain Doric, or door-ic, column with some effect, for he has cleverly rounded the door-post, and he has placed a waxen bust, of great ferocity, with its dark eye and livid nose looking towards the east, while a vivid imagination easily turns the bust into a representation of the Roman warrior contemplating the degenerate citizens. A yard of red moreen window curtain thrown in a graceful fold over the neck and bosom of the man of war, renders the illusion complete, and we recognise at once the Roman toga in the cheap remnant from Swan and Edgar's.

But let us hasten to the interior. We are inside Temple Bar. What recollections arise around us, what associations spring up on every side! It was here that Cæsar knocked and rang, kicked and hallooed, at the head of his cohorts, and at last retired, upon discovering that he had only to lead his troops up Pickett-street and down Chancery Lane, which brought him to exactly the same point as he could have arrived at by going through the gate, while the citizens themselves, surprised at the entrance of the enemy, took refuge in the Temple. It was here that the Aldermen of London first learned the humiliating fact, that while the civic authorities could hug themselves in possession of the keys of the city—the lessee of the northern wing might at any time defeat their precautions, by throwing open the western and eastern doors of his shop, which would establish a thoroughfare and a thorough draft between the west end and the city.

We remember when the wing in question had fallen into the hands of one who openly sneered at the arrogance of the citizens. It was expected that he would have baffled the intention of the mayor to give William IV. the trouble of knocking at the city gates, by passing his majesty quietly through the shop, which was then used as an office for the sale of cheap periodicals. That Tanner would level himself to such a collusion with the sovereign of the West, in depreciation of the prerogative claimed by the monarch of the East, we are unwilling to believe, for he has been heard to say, that in the words of Desdemona, he does acknowledge "a divided duty," being loyal alike to Pirie the First, and to Queen Victoria.

We have gone so deeply into historical and political reflection,

GOING THROUGH THICK OR THIN.

that we have hardly left ourselves space to speak of the interior of Temple Bar at so much length as the importance of the subject would seem to require. On reaching the inside you perceive a couple of chairs, while from a nail on the northern wall depends a piece of drapery which serves the purpose of a jack-towel, and which runs round on a roller, and is changed during the week so as to allow about three square inches of clean towel to each customer. The customer is generally assisted by Tanner himself in a search for a secluded or rather a spotless spot, upon the towel alluded to, and we must do him the justice to allow, that he is a very Columbus in pouncing at once upon the tracts which no human face has yet lighted on.

But the charm of the place—the *genius loci*—is the lessee himself, who always entertains the visiter with a lecture on the geography of the interesting premises. "Sir," he exclaims, as he holds his customer back by the nose or whisker, "keep your head so—just one minute—for you'll hardly believe that while you are in this position your head is in London, and your heels *is* in Middlesex." It is at least satisfactory to obtain this information; for when one is thrust violently back and held down by an enthusiast with an open razor in his hand, one is apt to forget all about one's head or one's heels, and which it is we may be at the moment standing on.

Such is the interior of Temple Bar, and such its present occupant. Both are objects of interest, and will well repay a visit.

LIBRARIES FOR THE POLICE.

It will be seen that somebody has been suggesting the establishment of Libraries for the Police; and if it is desirable that "those who run may read," we think it only fair that those who run after them should read also. There is no doubt that the Police in general are not remarkable for that literary refinement which it is now sought to impart; and, though some of the Inspectors exhibit in their charge-sheets a terseness and nervousness of style that would do credit to Johnson—we mean the doctor, not the informer—though perhaps the doctor was, after all, the greater informer of the two—still we say, in spite of some of these charge-sheets, which might place a portion of the Police literature of the country on a par with the very highest efforts of the same kind, there is nevertheless room for improvement, and consequently much occasion for Libraries.

It is really an anomaly that a body of men whose sole pretension to a mark and likelihood is derived from the alphabet, should have so little acquaintance with letters. But so it is, for in vain do we endeavour to constitute our Police force a really lettered body, if, with vowels on their cuffs, consonants on their collars, mutes on their lanterns, and liquids—too frequently—in their mouths, we do not engrave Grammar on their hearts, and imprint Syntax on their memories.

It may be asked, how is education to aid a policeman in the discharge of his duty? We gladly take up the anonymous gauntlet by answering the question in the usual way—by putting another. How is a policeman to interfere with confidence in a dispute between man and wife, if he is not aware of the true force of the copulative conjunction, and its in-

fluence in giving a peculiar license to the male, enabling him to rebuke —or even in stringent cases to wallop—the female with impunity. From his grammar, also, the policeman may learn that he is often warranted in declining when others have conjugated. In quarrels between relations he again may have recourse to his grammar, and looking up with diligence the article relative, he may see, in case of a row, how far a policeman ought to shut his ears, and maintain the character of the article *deaf-in-it!*

GETTING OVER THE DIFFICULTIES OF STYLE.

Syntax, too, might be arranged in such a manner as to give him a correct notion of the tax on sin, or the punishment due to different offences.

But we might pursue the subject to all eternity, though we think we have done enough to show that Libraries for the Police, are, like the Latin vocatives—wanting.

LONDONERS AND LIONS.

A NIGHT or two since, we overheard the following dialogue between a fiddler at the English Opera-house and one of the audience (a bald-headed man) in the pit.

Fiddler.—Good evening, sir. Come to see Mr. Carter's lions again? Ha, sir! you are a real patron of the drama. I only wish all London was full of such as you.

Bald-headed Man.—Yes, here I am again; and if the lions are shown for a twelvemonth, here you'll find me every night.

Fiddler.—It does me good to hear you say so, sir. Every night, eh?

Bald-headed Man.—I wouldn't miss one night for any consideration; and I'll tell you the reason: as I am morally certain that some night the lion will bite Carter's head off, I know my luck, *that* would be the very night I was away.

This (thought we) is the very source of the Lion King's success. People do not visit the playhouse to see this man dominate over the lion, but with the latent hope, a fluttering expectation, that the lion may master the man. Folks are not all so ingenuous as our bald-headed friend—they scarcely avow, even to themselves, what it is that carries them to the show; but disguise it as they may, it is their sense of danger for the man, not their curiosity towards the lion.

SPITTING HER SPITE.

What made people throng to see Scott, the diver, play tricks with a halter from the bridges? Why, the feeling of peril he was in—the belief that he might hang himself: and our readers will recollect that in the end the worthy sight-seers were not disappointed. When the dead body of Scott was carried to the hospital, people felt they had had their full shilling's worth. So, when some night Mr. Carter's lion drops Mr. Carter's head upon the stage, our bald-headed friend (with others of his kidney) may rise serenely from his seat, and say—"I'm satisfied."

ROYAL WIT.

WHEN one of the Lords in Waiting presented the Queen with a biscuit, his Lordship was pitched by a sudden lurch on to that end which is technically called his beam —. Her Majesty, on observing this, requested that further ceremony might be dispensed with, as Neptune was evidently determined upon waving it.

PUNCH ON THE PRICE OF BREAD.

NEXT to the somnolency of the Edinburgh provost, and the cropping of a comedian's locks at Dover gaol, the great question which agitates the public vitals is the price of loaves. Eightpence-halfpenny per quartern

A BALL'D HEAD.

for the staff of life is considered a long price, when wheat is only forty-seven shillings per quarter. But, let us ask, has the price of wheat so material an influence over that of bread? "What," inquired Sheridan of Whitbread, "has malt to do with beer?" Have the averages of Messrs. Johnson and Brice's bone-stores and those of the Covent Garden potato warehouses—have the prices current of the alum, chalk, and salt-markets been consulted? They have not! PUNCH'S, therefore, is the only correct calculation that has been made on the subject, and shows what the price of the quartern-loaf ought to be sold at by truly conscientious bakers:—

BEST BREAD.	*d.*
Pure Flour, 1½ lb. (at 47*s.* per quarter)	3
Potatoes, 1½ lb. (at three pound tuppence)	1
Alum, 2 oz.	½
Burnt Bones, ½ lb. (at 8*d.* per bushel)	½
Salt, 2 oz. (at 7 lb. tuppence)	¼
Chalk, 4 oz.	0
Fair price of 4-lb. Loaf, marked in Shops, "Best Wheaten Bread"	5*d.*

SECONDS.	*d.*
Pure Flour, 1 lb. (at 45*s.* per quarter)	2
Potatoes, Alum, Bones, Salt, and Chalk	1½
Sawdust (at 6*d.* per sack)	0
Fair price of 4-lb. Loaf, marked in Shops, "Wholesome Seconds"	3½*d.*

SOOT AND SENTIMENT.

HIGH on the summit of a mansion's dome,
Where rank and luxury had made their home,
And pleasure with profusion well might cloy,
High on that mansion sat an artless boy.
The youth was dark of feature, in his face
None could the hue of health or sickness trace;
His cheeks did evermore one colour keep—
For oh! that urchin was a chimney-sweep!
He sat; his head appeared the sky to dot,
As it emerged from out the chimney-pot:
Pensive he seemed—then raised his arms so taper,
And made rough music with his brush and scraper.
Ah! little thought the cold unfeeling crowd,
When listening to that brush and scraper loud,
That he who raised the noise, and seem'd so gay,
Was unto sentiment a wretched prey:
For, as his eye along the roof he ran,
Thus to himself that pensive boy began.—
"'Tis over now, I know the thing is done;
The Act is pass'd—my 'occupation's gone!'
The Queen has been cajoled of her consent
To that vile act of viler Parliament,
By which it is decreed (be still, my brain!)
That climbing boys shall never climb again."
He spoke, and down his cheeks the big tears roll,—
Pearls of deep feeling—rain drops of the soul.
His black lip quiver'd, and his bristly hair
Stood out on end—the fringe of true despair.
Fierce passions from his redd'ning eye-balls dart,
His lids with soot and tears alternate smart;
When straight a voice cried "An't you coming, ho?"
To which that boy replied "Look out below!"
Then, clasp'd his hand—the chimney being swept,
That pensive urchin down the brickwork crept.
* * * *
Long years had pass'd, that boy became a man,
For him the sand of time too swiftly ran.
His faith in sweeping had been sorely tried,
He bought a birch-broom, swept the streets, and died.

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

LETTER IX.—ON THE "BEAUTY" AND "LUXURY" OF TRUTH.—THE UNALLOYED GUINEAS.

So, my dear child, you have had enough of philosophy—have read enough of the speculations of the Hermit of Coney-Hatch, to feel that your yearnings for solitary contemplation were but a passing weakness; to know, that it is in the bustling world about you, true wisdom finds its best, its most enduring reward. Parchment, my dear child, though writ and illuminated with all the glories of the human brain, is a perishable commodity: now, gold in bars will last till the world cracks.

I now come to the principal subject of your last letter,—"the beauty of Truth."

My dear boy, truth is no doubt a very beautiful object; so are diamonds, pearls, rubies, emeralds; but, like those sparkling, precious things, it is by no means necessary to your condition of life,—and if sported at all, is only to be enjoyed by way of luxury. Beware, lest a vain conceit should ruin you! The nobleman, the man of independence, may speak truth, as he may wear a brilliant in his breast worth a hundred guineas.—Now, as you must be content with at best a bit of Bristol-stone, with a small imitation of the lustrous reality, so, in like way, can you not afford to utter the sparkling commodity at all times. Do not suppose, however, that I would have you never speak the truth. Pray, do not misunderstand me. You may, as a man of the world, and a trader who would turn the prudent penny,—you may always speak the truth when it can be in no way to your advantage to utter the contrary.

At the same time, my beloved boy, take heed that you obtain not the evil reputation of a liar. "What!" I think I hear you exclaim—"your advice, papa, involves a contradiction." By no means. What I wish to impress upon you, is the necessity of so uttering your verbal coinage, that to the superficial eye and careless ear, it may have all the appearance, all the ring of the true article. Herein consists the great wisdom of life. The thousands who have grown rich by its application to all their worldly concerns are incalculable. The world, as at present constituted, could not go on without lying. And, I am convinced, it is only the full conviction of this fact that enables so many worthy, excellent people, to club their little modicum of daily falsehood together, for the benevolent purpose of keeping the world upon its axis.

For a moment, consider the effect produced in London alone, if from to-morrow morning, for one month only, every man, woman, and child were to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. You have read of towns besieged, of cities sacked, of the unbridled fury of a sanguinary soldiery; but all this would be as sport to the horrors of this our most civilised metropolis. Gracious Plutus! Think of the bankruptcies! Imagine the confessions of statesmen! Consider the internal revelations of bishops! Only reflect upon the thousands and thousands of—at present—most respectable, exemplary people, congregated in the highways and market-places, making a "clean breast" to one another,—each man shocking his neighbour with the confession of his social iniquity, of his daily hypocrisy, of his rascal vice that he now feeds and cockers like a pet snake in private! If all men were thus to turn themselves inside out, the majority of *blacks* would, I fear, be most alarming. We might have Hottentot chancellors, and Ethiopian bishops!

A wise German, named Goethe, has observed—"There is something in every man, which if known to his fellow, would make him hate him." How, then, could the world go on with this reciprocal passion of hatred? Philosophic statesmen, conscious of this fact, have therefore leavened every social institution with a necessary and most wholesome amount of falsehood. Hence, too, we have what are called legal fictions. Hence, Justice, the daughter of Truth, debauched by Law, gives, with a solemn smirk, short weight to the poor, and a lumping pennyworth to the rich.

What are the fees paid to hungry, hundred-handed office, but offerings exacted by falsehood? What is the costliness of Justice, but the wilful, wicked extravagance of lying—the practical mendacity of life? Truth, by a paradoxical fiction, is painted naked; and Justice is robed in plain, unspotted white! Why, the old harridan must have as many gewgaws—as many big-beaded necklaces—brooches—pins—chains and armlets, as the wife of a Jew bailiff. These things she must have, or what does she with the presents made to her—the fees exacted!

I tell you again and again, all truth will not do in this world. I will give you a short story, in illustration of the reality of this.

How, or by what accident, they escaped from the Mint, was never known, but certain it is, that one hundred guineas of pure gold, without the least alloy, were once upon a time issued to the world. Old Gregory Muckly, by chance, obtained half-a-dozen pieces of these coin, which, together with a few other pieces, were carefully hoarded in a worsted stocking; and when Gregory the elder was safely deposited in church-yard clay, they became the rightful property of his son Hodge.

Hodge was a simple, honest creature; caring nothing for the pomps of the world;

> "The sum of all his vanity, to deck
> With one bright bell some fav'rite heifer's neck."

Business, however, brought Hodge to London. Well, before he returned to Gammon Farm, he would purchase a London present—a bran new scarlet shawl for sister Suke. Two guineas did Hodge, with fraternal self-complacency, set apart for this gift. Caught by the truthful assurance exhibited in a mercer's window that the stock was "selling off under prime cost," Hodge thought he was sure of at least a three-guinea shawl for two. Hereupon, he entered the shop; rolled his eyes from side to side, seeking the radiant present for sister Suke.

"Have you a nice, bran new scarlet shawl for two guineas?" asked Hodge.

"Sir," replied the shopkeeper, "you come at a lucky moment: we have the most delicious article—the most wonderful scarlet. To anybody else, sir, it would be three guineas and a half; but as you have frequently been a customer to us"—

"Nay, nay," cried Hodge—"I was never here before."

"I beg your pardon, sir; humbly beg your pardon—another gentleman like you," said the tradesman.

"I'm no gentleman neither," said Hodge; "and all I want is, you to show me the shawl."

"There, sir," said the mercer, throwing the shawl upon the counter; "there's a scarlet."

"Ha! ha! so it be—like a poppy," chuckled Hodge.

"A poppy, sir—a poppy's brickdust to it," said the tradesman.

"Nay, nay, not so," cried Hodge; "and I think I've seen more poppies than thee."

"Ha! ha! no doubt, sir—very true. Well, I assure you, to anybody else this article would be three guineas and a half; but to you, we'll say two."

"There they be," said Hodge; and he laid down the two unalloyed guineas on the counter.

As the tradesman took up the coin, a shadow fell upon his face; and turning to his shopman, he whispered, "Run for a constable." Then addressing himself to Hodge, he said—"Walk this way if you please."

In two minutes Hodge was in the mercer's back parlour; in five, in the custody of a constable; and in ten more, arraigned before a magistrate, being charged with an attempt to pass off bad money.

"Look at the things, your worship; look at their colour—feel 'em—they'll bend like pewter; and to attempt to pass such pocket-

pieces upon an honest tradesman,—really!" and the mercer was bursting with indignation.

Hodge's defence was not listened to, and he was sent to gaol for two days until a proper officer from the Mint could be in attendance to pronounce judgment on the suspected guineas.

"Indeed, this is curious," said Mr. Testem, the Mint functionary. "But I don't wonder at your suspicions: the fact is, these guineas are *too good*." Mr. Testem then narrated that a hundred pieces of coin, of pure, unalloyed gold, had been accidentally issued, and that Hodge's two guineas were of them.

My son,—he who in this world resolves to speak only the truth, will speak only what is *too good* for the mass of mankind to understand, and, like Hodge, will be persecuted accordingly.

DES IDIOTISMES FRANCAIS,

Traduits en Anglais, par un élève de Monsieur Fenwick de Porquet, à la sixième leçon.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

"*La vie n'est qu'un passage*"—as the Beadle said who passed his life in Burlington Arcade.

"*Ces habits montrent la corde*"—as the Old-clothesman said to Jack Ketch.

"*C'est bien piquant*"—as the Cockchafer said when they ran a pin through his tail.

"*Vous me déchirez les entrailles*"—as the Native said to the Oyster-knife.

"*Je crève de chaud*"—as the Spanish-chestnut said on being roasted.

"*Ce n'est pas nécessaire de tant crier*"—as the Sprats said to the lady from Billingsgate.

"*J'ai tiré de grands services de cet homme*"—as the pickpocket said of the Banker's Clerk.

"*Si vous lui donnez un pied, il en prendra deux*"—as the Sailor said of the Shark.

"*Ils m'ont traduit en ridicule*"—as Scribe said of the Dramatic Authors.

"*Il cherche midi à quatorze heures*"—as Prince Albert said of the Lord Provost.

"*Vous prenez feu de suite*"—as the Flint said to the German-tinder.

"*Ils nous ont coupé tout court*"—as Messrs. Fitzjames and Gladstone said of the Dover Magistrates.

"*Cela ne vous coûtera qu'un coup de chapeau*"—as the Thimble-rigman said to the bashful 'bonnet.'

"*Attendez-moi, je ne fais qu'aller et venir*"—as the Tax-collector said to the Tenant.

"*C'est une maison où je ne mettrais jamais le pied*"—as Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer said of the House of Commons.

THE LATE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

A LITTLE while ago Lord Hill retired on account of ill-health from the office of Commander-in-Chief, and we are told by the papers that "his friends and medical attendants entertained serious apprehensions for his recovery." We are glad, however, to perceive, that his Lordship's health is nearly restored, though the cure seems to be rather a strange one, and would appear to be connected with a public-house of some celebrity. It is stated that the noble and gallant Lord exclaimed, that the sight of *the Wrekin* had put him all to rights; and if he felt so comfortable on the outside, there is no doubt that his cosey condition was greatly increased when he had discussed a few of the internal resources of that well-known place of public entertainment in Broad-Court.

Do you admire the beauties of Wales? Not exactly—but my little brother has just returned from school, and he's quite full of them.

Sporting Intelligence.

THE Surrey hounds met in the New Cut at Catsmeat-corner every day last week, and were thrown off in fine style from the cart which some of them had ventured to jump into. The young hounds surprised and started a cock in the middle of the road, when they ran him into a corner of a back street, but were beaten off by a sportsman who happened to be passing at the time, and, after looking round him, bagged the bird, with which he made off as fast as possible.

A most interesting rowing match between two empty coal-barges took place on the river last week, when the Thames was crowded with steamers and other craft,—who, however, did not seem to have come out expressly to witness the match, which excited very little attention from any one. The colours of the combatants were black and lead-colour. They started from London-bridge, when black taking the lead, floated in stately style against the Nymph steamer; while lead-colour, with superhuman energy, attempted to feather his larboard oar, which was snapped in two, amid shouts and oaths on all sides, by the paddle of the Naiad. Black now took up the rowing rather cleverly, and having been fortunately run against by Waterman No. 1, got shoved a whole barge's length in advance of lead-colour, who was making a desperate but inefficient struggle to get his head well up to the wind, when a sudden gust blew his hat off. The betting was now 000$\frac{1}{4}^{8}_{8}$ to 0 on black; but lead-colour, having dropped his other oar overboard—one being already broken—threw all his energies into his boat-hook, with which he desperately caught at any craft that passed him, and having succeeded in hooking himself on to the stern of the Matrimony, he won with perfect ease in a very short period.

LIKELY TO ANSWER.

SPORTING ANECDOTES OF PRINCE ALBERT DURING HIS LATE TOUR.

PRINCE ALBERT, during his late visit to Scotland, had an opportunity of enjoying the sports peculiar to the country, and he devoted a day or two to the noble amusement of Deer-stalking. While on one of these expeditions, he was accompanied by a nobleman of the suite whose dress was rather suited to the royal reception rooms than to the field, a circumstance which gave rise to a joke from Prince Albert in (as George Robins would say of a double bidding), "two places." The first occasion arose on the dandy nobleman placing his eye officiously to the muzzle of the Prince's gun, to see that it was properly loaded, just as his Royal Highness was taking his aim to fire. "Take care, my lord," exclaimed the Prince, "lest in aiming at one *buck* I have the misfortune to kill another." The attendant yager laughed so heartily at the joke that the wood re-echoed with his boisterous merriment. The other joke consisted of a pleasant equivoque, in allusion to the dogs in attendance and the nobleman already referred to, when his Royal Highness brought in with considerable tact a biteing sarcasm on the analogy between a dandy and a puppy. We are unable to give the pleasantry at length; but the effect on the yager is said to have been terrible.

THE MONEY MARKET.

OUR own funds have not improved since our last, and property of a certain description has gone up (the spout) in consequence. Our watch is now quoted at fifteen shillings with the coupon, which carries interest at three-pence per month; and French stock was done, without the stiffener, at one and nine-pence. Russia-ducks were opened with a demand of half-a-guinea but closed with an offer of half-a-crown, and the holders withdrew without effecting a transfer.

THE PENNY-A-LINER.

THE rearing his fortunes (such as they are) upon misfortunes; spinning out his days by the sudden termination of those of a neighbour; boarding and lodging upon accidents and offences; finding fire from an inundation, and light from a source whence "the vital spark had fled;" what a juggling paradox, what a strange career is the life of a penny-a-liner! He seeth his way through the world best when the fogs of November come on; and when a gentleman disappeareth under water, it keeps the penny-a-liner above it. He breakfasts on a "curious coincidence;" dines on a murder; is enabled to have his glass of grog because a reputable householder hath quaffed one of laudanum; and by the help of a conflagration which burns a street down, the inhabitants out, and everything else up, he passeth his "other shirt" through the unwonted ceremony of a wash-tub.

Mark him as he passeth along the Strand—the coat is seedy, but it fits close, and yet—to the hunchback Bean doth he owe it—the trousers, are they not relics of ———? and the four-and-nine goss above, and the high-lows below, would still have been reposing where they had their birth, had not the doings of the miscreant —— summoned them from their parent shelves.

A thunder-storm "visits" the metropolis, and thus the penny-a-liner is enabled to visit Gravesend—on the way a "catastrophe" is melted into a bottle of stout, and a something "strange but true" is the cause from which a plate of cold meat resulteth.

When the wind blows a hurricane, the devil is proverbially busy; but the penny-a-liner outstrips him. He knoweth by unfailing instinct where a stack of chimneys have fallen; and as soon as the removal of three tons of rubbish allows him a view of an old lady's head with a fractured skull he pulls out his note-book, and questioneth her minutely as to her name, what she was doing, and how she felt when the chimneys came through the roof.

A vague whisper of a railway accident is heard, and straight the penny-a-liner is thrown, in his own words, into a "state of the greatest excitement." Visions of "further particulars," of "another account" rush upon him. He thinks upon indefinitely adjourned coroners, inquests, and his heart is glad.

SHUTTING HIS EYES TO THE CONSEQUENCES.

With the increasing glare of a fire his prospects brighten. Another house catches—an oilman's—back! What a blaze! He can pay the tailor now surely—Ha! what did you say? a gent broke his neck out at the two-pair back! Hooraay, independent for a fortnight—run for a pot of half-and-half!

A meeting of a ward or a parish is called to consider some topic of popular interest of the day. The penny-a-liner is there, of course. Two of the leading morning papers (equally of course) take up different views of the momentous subject, and the penny-a-liner inditeth two separate and veracious accounts. Thus they begin.

For the Times.

"A gathering of the riff-raff of the classic vicinitudes of Finsbury and Moorfields, for the laudable purpose of spouting and hastening to sedition, came off last night in a low public-house, called the Magpie and Stump. The principal orator (!) was (as we understood) a person named Johnson Jackson Smith, who in a long and rambling tirade, destitute of sense and grammar, and proving nothing but the ignorance of the speaker, endeavoured to argue," &c. &c. &c.

For the Chronicle.

"A numerous and highly-respectable meeting of the influential inhabitants of Finsbury and Moorfields was held last night, for the purpose of hearing an eloquent exposure of the evils and fallacies of the Fudge system, by that indefatigable, able, and celebrated advocate of the rights of the people, Johnson Jackson Smith, Esquire. Mr. S., in a speech glowing with eloquence, replete with information, and as argumentative as brilliant, triumphantly established," &c., &c., &c.

Sweet are the *uses* of adversity,"

—or, at least, the uses to which adversity is put by the penny-a-liner. Some misguided wretch commits an offence of the first magnitude. "Poor good-for-nothing miscreant!" quoth the innocent public. "Good-for-nothing, indeed!" echoes the penny-a-liner—"good for three quarters of a column, I should say!"

"What was done at the inquest yesterday, Jack?" "Oh, thirty lines only—a regular do. Walked from Chelsea to the Commercial Road in the rain, and back, and spent twice what I made, on the way, in grog."

But, gentle reader, after all, think not too ill of the craft. They undergo much labour of the body, and some of the mind. Theirs is a hard and a precarious life—a life of unremitting exertion and deep anxiety; and many there be among them, with spirits ground down with toil, and sick with hope deferred, who might well become a loftier sphere. They commit faults indeed; but they must eat—their wives and children must eat. Do not, then, think too ill of them, and let not your lip habitually curl when the name is mentioned of that unfortunate class yclept Penny-a-Liners.

MISS TICKLETOBY'S LECTURES ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

EDWARD I.—THE SCOTS AND THEIR CLAIMS.

SCOTCHMEN, my dears, you know are my antipathy, and I had at one time thought, in these lectures, of so demolishing the reputation of William Wallace, that historians would never more have dared to speak about him, and the numbers who hear me, the millions who read me in PUNCH, the countless myriads who in future ages will refer to that work when we, young and old, are no more, would have seen at once that the exploits ascribed to him were fabulous for the most part, and his character as doubtful as his history.

Some late writers have been very hard upon him. Dr. Lingard, especially, has fallen foul of his claims to be a hero; and another author, Mr. Keightley, has been to the full as severe, quoting sentences from the old chroniclers strongly defamatory of Wallace's character. One of these calls him, "*quidam latro publicus*," a certain common thief; another, writing his family, says he was "*ex infimâ gente procreatus*"—sprung from the lowest of the low; but these writers, it must be remembered, were of the English nation and way of thinking. Washington was similarly abused during the American war; and I make no doubt that some of my darlings, who read the English newspapers, have seen exactly the same epithets applied to Mr. Daniel O'Connell.

It is easy to call names in this way, but let us, my beloved young friends, be more charitable; in the case of these Scots especially, for if we take Wallace from them, what hero do we leave to the poor creatures? Sir Walter Scott has, to be sure, invented a few good Scotchmen in his novels, and perhaps their actions, and those of Wallace, are equally true.

But even supposing that he did come of a low stock,—that he was a freebooter once, it is clear that he came to command the Scotch armies, that he was for a short time Regent of the kingdom—so much the more creditable to him then was it, that, by his skill and valour, he overcame those brave and disciplined troops that were sent against him, and raised himself to the position he occupied for a while over the heads of a powerful, ignorant, cowardly, sordid, treacherous, selfish nobility, such as that of the Scots was.

Even poor John Baliol made one or two attempts to rescue his crown from the domineering Edward, but these nobles, though they conspired against the English king, were the first to truckle down to him when he came to assert what he called his right; and the proof of their time-serving conduct is, that King Edward forgave every

one of them, except Wallace, who was the only man who refused to come to terms with the conqueror.

During the king's absence Wallace had tolerable success; he discomfited the English leaders in many small skirmishes and surprises, and defeated, at Cambuskenneth, a great body of the English troops. He thought, too, to have as easy work with the king himself, when Edward, hearing of his Lieutenant's defeat, came thundering down to avenge him. But the Scot was no match for the stern English warrior. At Falkirk the king gave Wallace's army such a beating as almost annihilated it, and Wallace was obliged to fly to the woods, where he was finally seized by one of his former friends and adherents; and, being sent to London, there died the death of a traitor.

Be warned then, my little dears, when you come to read the History of the Scottish Chiefs, by my dear friend Miss Porter, that William Wallace was by no means the character which that charming historian has depicted, going into battle, as it were, with a tear in his eye, a cambric handkerchief in his hand, and a flounce to his petticoat; nor was he the heroic creature of Tytler and Scott; nor, most probably, the ruffian that Doctor Lingard would have him to be.

He appears, it is true, to have been as violent and ferocious a soldier as ever lived; in his inroads into England murdering and ravaging without pity. But such was the custom of his time; and such being the custom, as we excuse Wallace for murdering the English, we must excuse Edward for hanging Wallace when he caught him. Hanging and murdering, look you, were quite common in those days; nay, they were thought to be just and laudable, and I make no doubt that people at that period who objected to such murders at all, were accused of "sickly sentimentality," just as they are now, who presume to be hurt when the law orders a fellow-creature to be killed before the Old Bailey. Well, at any rate, allow us to be thankful that we do not live in those days, when each of us would have had a thousand more chances of being hanged than now. There is no sickly sentimentality about such a preference as *that*.

Let us allow, then, the claims of Wallace to be a hero and patriot. Another hero arose in Scotland after Wallace's discomfiture, who was more lucky than he; but stern King Edward of the Longshanks was dead when Bruce's triumphs were secured; and his son, Edward of Carnarvon, was making-believe to reign.

This Bruce had been for a long time shilly-shallying as to the side he should take; whether he should join his countrymen over whom he might possibly become king; or whether he should remain faithful to King Edward, and not risk his estates or his neck. The latter counsel for some time prevailed; for amongst other causes they had to take sides against their country, a chief one was, hatred of the Baliols. When John of Baliol died, his son being then a prisoner in London, a nephew of John Baliol, called Comyn of Badenoch, became the head man in Scotland. He had always been found gallantly in arms against King Edward, doing his duty as a soldier in Falkirk fight, and in many other actions, with better or similar fortune—not sneaking in the English camp as Bruce was.

The king, however, who had pardoned the young man many times, at last got wind of some new conspiracies in which he was engaged, and vowed, it was said, to make away with him. Bruce got warning in time, made for Scotland, called a meeting with the Regent, Comyn of Badenoch, who granted the interview, and hereupon Bruce murdered Comyn in God's church, and at once proclaimed himself King of Scotland. The Scotch historians have tried to apologise as usual for this foul and dastardly assassination, saying that it was done in a heat—unpremeditated, and so forth. Nonsense, my loves; Robert Bruce had been shuffling and intriguing all his life. He murdered the man who stood between him and the crown—and he took it, and if you read Sir Walter Scott's "Lord of the Isles," you will see what a hero he has made of him. O these Scotchmen! these Scotchmen! how they *do* stand by one another!

Old Edward came tearing down to the borders on the news, vowing he would kill and eat Robert Bruce; but it was not so ordained; the old king was carried off by a much more powerful enemy than any bare-legged Scot; and his son, Edward of Carnarvon (who reigned 1307-1327), had not the energy of his father; and though he made several attempts to punish the Scots, was usually left in the lurch by his nobility, and on one occasion, at Bannockburn, cruelly beaten by them. They have made a pretty pother about that battle, I warrant you, those Scots; and you may hear sailors from Glasgow or Paisley still crow and talk big about it. Give the fellows their battle, my dears; we can afford it—(*Great sensation*). As for the murderer, Robert Bruce, he was, it must be confessed, a wary and gallant captain—wise in good fortune, resolute in bad, and he robbed the English counties to the satisfaction of his subjects. It is almost a pity to think he deserved to be hanged.

During the dissensions in England, Robert Bruce, having pretty well secured Scotland, took a fancy to Ireland too—invaded the country himself, came rather suddenly back again, and sent his brother Edward, who even had the impudence to be crowned King of Ireland: but the English forces coming up with him, took his crown from him with his head in it—and so ended the reigns of the Bruces in Ireland.

As for Edward of Carnarvon, little good can be said of him or his times. An extravagant, idle king, insolent favourites (though Gaveston, it must be confessed, was a gallant and dashing fellow), bullying greedy barons, jealous that any one should have power but themselves, and, above all (alas! that I should have to say it), an infamous, disreputable wretch of a French wife, fill the whole pages of this wretched king's reign, with their quarrels, their vices, and their murders. In the midst of their quarrels, they allowed the country to be bullied by the French, and even the Scots; the people were racked and torn by taxes and tyranny; the king was finally deposed, and murdered by the intrigues of his wicked vixen of a wife, who did not, however, enjoy her ill-gotten honours long as regent of the kingdom. Edward the Third came to the throne, and of him we will speak in the next lecture.

In the year 1356, the Black Prince, who had commenced his career ten years earlier as a gallant young soldier at Crécy, had an opportunity of achieving for himself a triumph to the full as great as that former famous one. Robbing and murdering for ten years, as he had been, he had become naturally a skilful captain; and now, in 1356, say the historians, having left his chief city of Bordeaux with 12,000 men, crossing the Garonne, overrunning Querci, the Limousin, Auvergne, and Berri, slaughtering the peasantry, destroying the corn, wine, and provisions, and burning the farm-houses, villages, and towns, he was surprised near Poictiers, in the province of Poitou, by a large army, led by King John of France. The French army was very large—that of the Black Prince very small. "Heaven help us," said his Royal Highness; "it only remains for us to fight bravely."

He was, however, so doubtful as to the result of the action, that he sent rather modest proposals to the French king, offering to give up his plunder and prisoners, and to promise not to serve against France for seven years, if the French would but let him off this time. King John, however, replied, that he must have the Black Prince and a

hundred of his chief knights as prisoners, before he would listen to any terms of accommodation, which idea his Royal Highness "indignantly rejected."

He beat the King of France, whose goods he was carrying off; he killed his friends who came to help the king, he drove the king's servants away; he took King John to England, and would not let him return to France again until he had paid an enormous sum for his ransom. And this was the man who called upon heaven to defend the right! Ah, my dears, there is not a crowned ruffian in Europe who has not uttered the same cry these thousand years past, attesting heaven in behalf of his unjust quarrel, and murdering and robbing with the most sacred of all names in his mouth.

Perhaps the most annoying part of the whole imprisonment to poor King John must have been the abominable politeness and humility of his captor. Taken prisoner, and his grand army routed by a handful of starving brigands, the king was marched to supper in the conqueror's tent, the Prince complimented him by saying that his victory was all chance, that the king ought to have won it (and so he ought and no mistake), and that his majesty was the "garland of chivalry." Nor would he sit down in his majesty's presence—not he— he said he was the subject and only fit to wait upon the king (to wait upon him and rob him), so he fetched the dishes, drew the corks and performed all the duties of his Majesty's yellowplush.

His conduct in carrying his prisoner to London, was of the same sort. He had a triumphal entry: the king being placed on a great horse, the prince meekly riding a pony beside him, and all the people, of course, shouting "long live the prince." What humility! cry the historians, what noble conduct! No no my loves, I say it was *sham humility*, the very worst sort of pride; if he wanted to spare his prisoner's feelings why didn't the prince call a hackney-coach?

In the year 1376, twenty years after his victory of Poictiers, the gallant Black Prince, (who in France and Spain, at the head of his famous free companies, had fought many a hard fight since then), died leaving an only son behind him. Old King Edward, who had been battling and fighting as much as his son, now in his old age, had grown dotingly fond of a wicked hussy, Alice Perrers by name, that had been maid of honour to the good Queen Philippa. The king gave to this good-for-nothing creature all the queen's jewels, she had the giving away of all the places about the court, and behaved in such a way that the parliament was obliged to stop her extravagance.

A year after, his son, the famous old warrior, King Edward III., felt that death was coming upon him; and called his beloved Alice Perrers to come and console him ere he died. She seeing death on his face, took the expiring monarch's hand in hers, and pulled his ring off his finger. The servants pillaged the wardrobes and the hangings of the bed, and dying Edward, the terror of Frenchmen, lay unheeded upon his bed, until a priest came by chance into the room, and knelt down by the king's side, and said a prayer with him for the safety of his soul, at the end whereof, the priest alone had the power of saying "Amen."

Here Miss Tickletoby paused with a very solemn voice, and the little children retired quite wistfully and silently, and were all particularly good in school the next day.

Are you fond of riding? Not exactly; but we've a maiden aunt who'll go out of her way to get a *buss*, any day.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF COURTSHIP.

Chapter XII.—Respecting Widows.

"It may be a weakness, my patient Priscilla, but I confess it; I have a passion for widows."

"For widows?" replies my maiden Mentor, rising suddenly in her chair—"Are they not for the most part designing, sophisticated? Have not their connubial experiences robbed them of that simplicity which is so charming in women? Moreover, are they not (what I believe to be an unpardonable sin in the estimation of your sex) are they not generally old?"

"Convict on all counts, I confess. But then, their designs are carried out with such spirit and dexterity—their sophistication so frequently amounts to the art which conceals art, as to seem like the most ingenuous simplicity; their manners are unembarrassed—their conversation free from reserve—"

"Perfectly," interrupts Priscilla, drawing herself up to her full height.

"Their caprices are few. They do not often say 'No' when they mean 'Yes.' They are the easiest to please, the least exacting, the most grateful for any stray attentions which may be vouchsafed to them. Above all, they have an enchanting habit of meeting one half-way—nay, of occasionally advancing the first half."

Show me a more agreeable person than a young widow! Address her—she listens smilingly, replies frankly; solicit her to waltz—her negative or affirmative is so uttered as to convince you she fully means what she says, and that you need not bother yourself to ask her twice. There is a cordiality in her manner which immediately puts you on the footing of friendship, be you ever so great a stranger. How courteously she would "rather not" accompany you alone to the opera. But, on the other hand, how winningly she receives your morning call; with what charming self-possession does she prevent all interruption by replying to the announced visitation of a Frank Kennedy or a Simper that she is not at home. With what pleasing promptitude does she put you out of your misery at that agony point, the point of declaration! Unlike the simpering spinster, she does not waver, or hover about the edge of your hopes to sharpen them up—to nurture them till full-blown and then scatter them to the winds. She hath no mama to consult—no time to take for consideration; her negative is irreprievable perdition, her affirmative means

marriage; but if it have an alloy, it is her careful solicitude that all the substantial happiness be *settled on herself*.

Going to the opposite extreme of old widows, we find they are never courted unless by men in the last stage of destitution. If rich, they are generally so pestered by their relations, that they are brought into a state of unendurable disagreeableness, and suddenly get married out of spite. Some will, however, stand a very tough courtship, and I knew an old widow who was so long making up her mind, that

having at last named the happy day, when it arrived, her legatees were busily reading her will.

The widow who has received some unpleasant indications that she is getting *passée*—that her second, or peradventure third, chance grows remote—is, I must own, a far less agreeable personage than the young widow. She becometh curious in cosmetics, and leaveth off caps. She patronises dentists, and gets mightily particular about the fitting of her *corsages*. She sendeth her eldest children to remote schools; and, if allowed to return for the holidays, they are found to be wonderful children of their age, for from it a year or two is deducted. In her efforts to appear younger than she is, the middle-aged widow tries to seem always gay, and never owns to being tired with dancing, even when fainting with fatigue. In the pursuit of a husband, under all manner of difficulties, she is indefatigable.

She visits all the watering places during the autumn, and removes from boarding-house to boarding-house, till she can succeed in establishing an eligible flirtation.—Apropos of boarding-houses, the way in which my reverend friend, George Gingerly, got married, affords an excellent illustration of this branch of the subject.

Though Gingerly took a double first at Oxford, could read Ovid and Anacreon in the original as readily as I can divine the thoughts of the fascinating Florence, by looking into her eyes—yet he had not the most remote idea of the *modus operandi* of love-making. He never took but one lesson, and that finished him.

It was at a Brighton boarding-house. The "party" consisted of the invariable complement of superannuated India and naval officers, male and female idlers, and that eternal old maid, the (very) distant relative of some lord, who is to be found in every similar establishment along the shores of Great Britain.

My clerical friend had temporarily absented himself from his living to improve his health,—or, as an intolerable punster amongst us would have it, had left one cure to effect another. He was a timid, retiring man, possessing all the gravity of his calling, and considerably more than usually appertains to his age; which was under thirty. He had not been a day in the house before his doom was fixed. Fortune—or, more properly, Mrs. Belsize—marked him for her own! She sat next to him at dinner, and did her utmost to draw him out. Vain attempt! His replies were monosyllabic.

Nothing daunted, she challenged him in the evening to chess; but he would be betrayed into no greater loquacity than now and then saying—"Check." The day after, she contrived to possess herself of his arm during a promenade on the pier; on another occasion she got him *tête-à-tête* into her carriage for a drive. She *would* be his partner at whist whenever he played, and was always outrageously solicitous about the progress of his convalescence.

Though Mrs. Belsize made herself so intensely agreeable, was what is called a "fine woman," (certainly not more than forty,) and became her age bloomingly; yet the young clergyman shrunk from her ordinary civilities, and positively winced at her more glaring attentions. Anybody but so thoroughly persevering, so helplessly middle-aged a widow, would have despaired. Not so Mrs. Belsize.

On the fatal evening Gingerly was entrapped into a saunter on the esplanade, Mrs. Belsize was at first unusually taciturn and thoughtful. At the explosion of each sigh, he imagined a slight pressure on his arm, now locked in hers. At last the lady observed in a subdued apologetic tone, "I trust you will forgive me, Mr. Gingerly, but I cannot help remarking that your conduct has been somewhat imprudent."

Gingerly's face indicated the maximum of surprise he was capable of expressing. He, the quiet, the shrinking, the meek—he, guilty of an act of imprudence! "The woman must be mad!" was his inward ejaculation.

"I am sure you will not be offended, my dear sir," she continued, "but some acknowledgment is really due from me for the marked, unmerited, I may add, the almost passionate preference which since we first met you have been pleased to ——."

Gingerly blushed to the roots of his hair. He almost trembled, but managed to stammer out, "I really am quite unconscious ——."

"True, it is the delicacy of your attentions, so happily combined with extreme fervour, which I am free to confess has made so great an impression upon me."

"I can only repeat my entire innocence of—"

"Of that I am fully assured: the intercourse we have had—slight as it has been—convinces me that none but the purest, the most honourable motives influence the Reverend Mr. Gingerly. Indeed, so fully do I appreciate the honour you have conferred upon me, that nothing but an inadequate fortune,—in short, Mr. Gingerly, I think it right to tell you that I have barely fifteen hundred a year at my own disposal. To be sure the rectory of Bleakmore-cum-Furze is partly in my gift, the present incumbent being in his seventy-second year.—Ah, here we are, at home I declare—how *very* swiftly the time has flown!"

Without the chance of a reply, Gingerly was left to his fate in the drawing-room. He retired early to bed, his thoughts turned into a new channel, and never from that night flowed they out of it, for before Christmas Mrs. Belsize was Mrs. Gingerly, and her husband rector of Bleakmore-cum-Furze.

"You astonish me!" exclaims Priscilla, vainly striving to conceal her indignation. "And could the smallest happiness result from so indecorous a courtship?"

"All, I believe, that was anticipated. The rector—whose property nearly equalled his wife's—never preaches after dinner, but is exceedingly strict in his attendance at the sea-side throughout the autumn. In the winter he does duty in person and Mrs. G. is a great getter up of balls and fancy bazaars for the benefit of her own infant school and the 'ladies society for the distribution of catechisms and coals during the winter months.'"

THE SAFE-SAILING SCHOOL OF LEGITIMATE DRAMA.

HONOURED PUNCH,

Most likely thou thoughtest I was dead: but it is not so; for here I be, further to enlighten man in the dramatic art. I give thee a scene from a play I am composing, called "The Rival Drysalters," which will occur about the middle of that piece. And to show thee why I call my play of the "safe-sailing school," I would observe to thee, that the dialogue is not very easy of apprehension, but doth abound in such palpable truths as none can contradict; and that the audience, being highly refreshed, and hearing so much of that for which they can vouch, will applaud very exceedingly. Hence do I consider my play safe; for I shall startle none of any unpleasant revelation, but shall merely propound such doctrines as they will perfectly know before I shall utter them. And that my play may be still more safe, thou wilt see that I make that painted variety, which is called a drop-scene, descend with admirable cunning on what the frivolous students of stage-plays do call an "effect."

Yours lovingly,

CATCHING HIS EYE.

OUT OF THE COMMON.

COBALT AND HIS DAUGHTER MAUDLINA

Cobalt. You went then to the Lord Mayor's show alone?
Maud. I did, my father.
Cobalt. 'Twas not well, my child;
'Twas not respectable.
Maud. I meant no ill.
Cobalt. Child, I doubt not the spotless purity
That beams from thy young soul. I only fear
The loathsome contact of that motley crowd—
A crowd of vagabonds of low degree,
Of shopmen who ne'er take their freedom up;
Checker'd with the swell mob. 'Tis not enough
That we be pure—we only should touch purity;
The knife that's breathed upon is not so bright
As ere the breath hath soil'd it. And the hand
Having touch'd pitch is fouler than before.
Maud. I love thee—thou'rt so respectable
In all thy notions.
Cobalt. Dost thou love thy sire?
Yet not alone—thou lovest thine uncle too.
Maud. Ay, but my uncle cannot be my parent.
An uncle and a father are two things;
My uncle was not husband to my mother.
Oh! lives there one within this world who says
A father is not nearer than an uncle?
Cobalt. My darling child, how prettily the truth
Trembles on thy soft lips! But, most sweet Maud,
Say wouldst thou love me were my fame polluted
By some queer action? Say, I had ensnared
The smart Bandana kerchief from the coat

Of traveller unwary ; eased a till
Of all its rich and ponderous contents—
Or, say I wrote the wrong name on a cheque,
Wouldst thou then love me, Maudlin ?
Maud. Love thee, sire ?
Ay, hadst thou written fifty thousand names,
On fifty thousand cheques, would that annul
The register in Bishopsgate Within,
That tells me I'm thy child ;—would that remove
The obligation of my schooling bills ?
No, thou mayst forge, pick pockets, rob a till,
If thou'rt my father now, thou'lt be so then.
Cobalt. That truth has never struck me.
Maud. Oh, my father !
Though truth is bright, it often never strikes us
Until the veil that hides it is removed.
The moon is bright, but 'tis not visible
When hidden by black clouds ;—the sav'ry joint
That forms our Sunday's dinner is not seen
Until the cover 's taken off : and thus
A truth unknown is not a truth perceived.
Cobalt. What wisdom hangs upon thy lips, fair Maud,
Like bees upon the honey-comb !
Maud. Thou mockest me ;
And yet I love to see thee smile, my father :
A smile is sure more cheerful than a tear !
Cobalt. Ay, but the tear reflects thy form, my child ;
And therefore is it lovely : while a smile—
A smile, my child—has no reflecting power.
Maud. No, these are nature's subtleties, my father :
One thing reflects, another doth not so.
The silver'd glass and polish'd steel reflect,
But not the plank of wood.
Cobalt. My darling Maud !
My sweet philosopher !
Enter SERVANT.
Servant. Good Master Cobalt,
There's Master Verdigris, who keeps the shop
Over the way, would have a word with thee.
Cobalt. Tell him I'm busy.
VERDIGRIS *rushes in.*
Verd. Nay, that will not serve ;
I'll do thy business for thee, Master Cobalt.
Cobalt. Get out, I say.
Maud. Base Verdigris, depart.
Verd. (*Puts his mouth to* COBALT'S *ear*). Dock-warrant
Cobalt. Ha !
Maud. Away, thou horrid man !
Bore not my father thus.
Cobalt. Thy father, child !
He forged a dock-warrant ; and here it is !
[COBALT *falls senseless* ; MAUDE *stoops over him, while* VERDIGRIS *holds the Dock-warrant above him in derision.—Drop-scene falls.*

PROVINCIAL THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

MR. SMITH, whose performance of the walking gentlemen at the Pavilion had attracted some attention among play-goers in the East, and won him a bay leaf, if not a laurel, from the inhabitants of Whitechapel, has been managing a sharing concern on the confines of Bedfordshire. His *Hamlet* is spoken of as a masterly performance, and he has paid more than usual attention to costume, by playing the part in a gambroon cloak, over which he once upset an ink bottle. The line referring to the "inky cloak" of the melancholy Dane is thus beautifully realised.

The four Patagonians, who are well known to most of the patrons of gratuitous street exhibitions in the Metropolis, are "starring it" at the Ranelagh tea-gardens, near Broadstairs. They performed on Saturday for positively the last time but thirty, previous to their final departure for Patagonia.

Mrs. Edwards, who slipped down on the stage of the Olympic, where she had been playing with success as a supernumerary through the whole of the last season, has been engaged at the Tadcaster Theatre, where she is announced to open as *Lady Macbeth*, "being her first appearance since her late accident." There is also a paragraph at the top of the bill, alluding to the impression which she made on the London boards, a statement that is not overdrawn, for the lessee of the Olympic assures us, that the dent occasioned on the stage by her fall is still perfectly visible. As she is extremely corpulent, there is no doubt that she will have great weight in the provinces.

Why is there every reason to suppose that Cain took his name from the town of Caen in Normandy? Because when he slew Abel he must have been on the road to *Rouen* (*Ruin*).

ROYAL WIT ON THE ROYAL TOUR.

"OUR own correspondent" having assumed the disguise of a "lubberly loblollyboy" on board the Royal Yacht in its recent progress to and from Scotland, had an opportunity of overhearing all that was said by the Queen on the deck of the Sovereign. The indefatigable penny-a-liner concealed himself in the back yard of the main top, and, like a spectre in the shrouds, sat listening to everything that escaped the lips of Queen Victoria. We give extracts from the log which our paragraph-monger—prompted by the love of filthy lucre from our till—kept during the voyage.

On reaching Leith, the Queen turned round to the cockswain and asked if it was not the harbour of Leith the squadron was coming to. Having answered in the affirmative, her Majesty turned to her Royal Consort, and observed, "Well, Albert we have both been very ill, but we shall forget it all in the waters of *Lethe*." As the Prince did not immediately see the joke, Gold Stick was desired to point out, which he did by spelling Leith and Lethe three times over, when his Royal Highness succeeded in uttering a mild "He, he !" which was responded to from the shrouds by the loud "Ha, ha !" of "our own correspondent."

On the return of the Queen from Scotland, her Majesty was being asked her opinion of her northern subjects, and it was suggested that they were at least above all suspicion in their devoted loyalty. "I must say," remarked Victoria, "that if every other place were in open insurrection, I think that the people of Edinburgh—while they have such a Lord Provost and such Bailies as the present—would be the very last to concur in *a rising*."

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

The extreme wit of this sally, and its tranchant allusion to the late case of lie-a-bed, had such an effect on "our own correspondent," that he fell in strong convulsions from the first yard of the jib into the centre of the cockpit.

THE LORD MAYOR AND THE RETURN OF THE QUEEN.

THE Lord Mayor is the Conservator of the Thames—an office which entitles him either personally or by his officers to beat off the boys when bathing in frequented parts of the river. The Lord Mayor is also *ex-officio* the guardian of the geese, and superintendant of the swans ; but we are not aware that he has any further duty to perform, unless it be the personal superintendence of the cesspools—an office shared with the commissioners of sewers, who make an annual pilgrimage along the "ways and watercourses" which empty themselves into the river. His Lordship, in right of his being charged with the delicate occupations above alluded to, wrote to suggest that he should be ready, as Conservator of the Thames, to attend the Queen on her progress down the river. When her Majesty ascertained the exact nature of the relation between the Thames and the Mayor—when she found that the boys, the geese, the sewers, and the swans were the only matters to which his Lordship in his official capacity was called upon to attend, a message was sent to him indicating the propriety of his making himself scarce during the progress of the squadron in attendance on the Sovereign.

PRISON POLITICS.

AN attempt has been made in certain quarters to give a political complexion to the late horrible case of hair-cutting in Dover Castle, and questions have been angrily asked as to whose administration appointed the gaoler. It is strictly maintained by some that the national hair would have been respected under a Grey Government, while others affirm that any cabinet, of which Lord Palmerston was a member, would have encouraged art at the expense of nature, and thrown those who might be temporarily confined in prison into the arms of Rowland. Without wishing, however, to attribute any peculiar merit to the Tories, we are bound to state, that the gaoler who cut off the hair of the two comedians at Dover, must have been in the interest of the Wigs.

Are you anything of a sportsman? Not exactly—but when a customer has come in with a large order, I've often run for the ledger.

ALARMING PROSPECT!

THE SPIRIT MOVETH HIM.

To the Editor of "PUNCH."

SIR,—You are aware, of course, that in the progress of a few centuries the language of a country undergoes a great alteration; that the Latin of the Augustan age was very different from that of the time of Tarquin; and no less so from that which prevailed at the fall of the Roman empire. Also, that the Queen's English is not precisely what it was in Elizabeth's days; to say nothing of its variation from what was its condition under the Plantagenets.

I observe, with regret, that our literature is becoming conversational, and our conversation corrupt. The use of cant phraseology is daily gaining ground among us, and this evil will speedily infect, if it has not already infected, the productions of our men of letters. I fear most for our poetry; because what is vulgarly termed *slang* is unfortunately very expressive, and, therefore, peculiarly adapted for the purposes of those whose aim it is to clothe "thoughts that breathe" in "words that burn;" and, besides, it is in many instances equivalent to terms and forms of speech which have long been recognised among poetical writers as a kind of current coin.

The peril which I anticipate, I have endeavoured to exemplify in the following

AFFECTING COPY OF VERSES,
(WITH NOTES.)

GENTLY o'er the meadows prigging, (*a*)
Joan and Colin took their way,
While each flower the dew was swigging, (*b*)
In the jocund month of May.

Joan was beauty's plummiest (*c*) daughter;
Colin youth's most nutty (*d*) son;
Many a nob (*e*) in vain had sought her;
Him full many a spicy (*f*) one.

She her faithful bosom's jewel
Did unto that young un' (*g*) plight;
But, alas! her gov'nor (*h*) cruel,
Said as how he'd never fight. (*i*)

Soon as ere the lark had risen,
They had burst the bonds of snooze, (*j*)
And her daddle (*k*) link'd in his'n, (*l*)
Gone to roam as lovers use.

In a crack (*m*) the youth and maiden
To a flowery bank did come,
Whence the bees cut, (*n*) honey-laden,
Not without melodious hum.

Down they squatted (*o*) them together,
"Lovely Joan," said Colin bold,
"Tell me, on thy davy, (*p*) whether
Thou dost dear thy Colin hold?"

"Don't I just!" (*q*) with look ecstatic,
Cried the young and ardent maid;
"Then let's bolt!" (*r*) in tone emphatic,
Bumptious (*s*) Colin quickly said.

"Bolt?" she falter'd, "from the gov'nor?
Oh! my Colin, that won't pay; (*t*)
He will ne'er come down, (*u*) my love, nor
Help us, if we run away."

"Shall we, then, be disunited?"
Wildly shriek'd the frantic cove; (*v*)
"Mull'd (*w*) our happiness! and blighted
In the kinchin-bud (*x*) our love!

"No, my tulip! (*y*) let us rather
Hand in hand the bucket kick; (*z*)
Thus we'll chouse (1) your cruel father—
Cutting from the world our stick!" (2)

Thus he spoke, and pull'd a knife out,
Sharp of point, of edge full fine;
Pierc'd her heart, and let the life out:
"Now," he cried, "here's into mine!" (3)

But a hand unseen behind him
Did the fatal blow arrest.
Oh, my eye! (4) they seize and bind him:
Gentle Muse, conceal the rest!

In the precincts of the prison,
In his cold crib (5) Colin lies:
Mourn his fate all you who listen;
Draw it mild, and mind your eyes! (6)

COURTING THE MUSE.

NOTES.

(*a*) "Prigging," stealing; as yet exclusively applied to petty larceny. "Stealing" is as well known to be a poetical term, as it is to be an indictable offence; the Zephyr and the Vesper Hymn, *cum multis aliis*, are very prone to this practice.

(*b*) "Swigging," drinking copiously—of malt liquor in particular. "Pearly drops of dew we drink."—OLD SONG.

(*c*) "Plummiest," the superlative of "plummy," exquisitely delicious; an epithet commonly used by young gentlemen in speaking of a *bonne bouche* or "tit bit," as a mince pie, a preserved apricot, or an oyster patty. The transference of terms expressive of delightful and poignant savour to female beauty, is common with poets. "Death, that hath sucked the *honey of thy breath*."—SHAKSPERE. "Charley loves a pretty girl, *as sweet as sugar-candy*."—ANON.

(*d*) "Nutty," proper—in the old English sense of "comely," "handsome." "Six *proper* youths, and tall."—OLD SONG.

(*e*) "Nob," a person of consequence; a word very likely to be patronised, from its combined brevity and significancy.

(*f*) "Spicy," very smart and pretty; it has the same recommendation, and will probably supplant the old favourite, "bonny." "Busk ye, busk ye, my *bonny, bonny* bride."—HAMILTON.

(*g*) "Young 'un," youth, young man. "A *youth* to fortune and to fame unknown."—GRAY.

(*h*) "Gov'nor," or "guv'nor," a contraction of "governor," a father. It will, no doubt, soon supersede sire, which is at present the poetical equivalent for the name of the author of one's existence. See all the poets, *passim*.

(*i*) "Said as how he'd never fight," the thing was out of the question; a metaphorical phrase, though certainly, at present, a vulgar one.

(*j*) "Snooze," slumber personified, like "Morpheus," or "Somnus."

(*k*) "Daddle."—Q. from δάκτυλος, a finger—*pars pro toto*?—Hand, the only synonim for it that we have, except "Paw," "Mawley," &c., which are decidedly *generis ejusdem*.

(*l*) "His'n," his own, corresponding to the Latin *suus*, his own and nobody else's, so frequently met with in OVID and others.

(*m*) "Crack," a twinkling, an extremely short interval of time, which was formerly expressed, in general, by a periphrasis; as, "Ere the Leviathan can swim a league!"—SHAKSPERE.

(*n*) "Cut," sped. A synonym.

(*o*) "Squatted," sat. Id.

(*p*) "Davy," affidavit, solemn oath. Significant and euphonious, therefore alluring to the versifier.

(*q*) "Dont I just?" A question for a strong affirmation, as "oh, yes! indeed I do;" a piece of popular rhetoric, pithy and forcible, and consequently almost sure to be adopted—especially by the pathetic writers.

(*r*) "Bolt," run away. Syn.

(*s*) "Bumptious," fearless, bold, and spirited; a very energetic expression: such as those rejoice in who would fair "*Denham's* strength with Waller's sweetness join."

(*t*) "That won't pay," that plan will never answer. Metaph.

(*u*) "Come down," disburse; also rendered in the vernacular by "fork out," &c. Id.

(*v*) "Cove," Swain. "Alexis shunn'd his fellow *swains*."—PRIOR. See also SHENSTONE *passim*.

(*w*) "Mull'd," equivalent to "wreck'd," a term of pathos.

LIGHT SPIRITS.

(*x*) "Kinchin-bud," infant-bud. Metaph.; moreover, very tender, sweet, and touching, as regards the idea.

(*y*) "My tulip," a term of endearment. "Fairest *flower*, all flowers excelling."—*Ode to a Child:* COTTON.

(*z*) "The bucket kick," pleonasm for die; as, "to breathe life's latest sigh."—"To yield the soul,"—"the breath,"—or, *ut apud antiq.* "Animam expirare," seu "efflare," &c.

(1) "Chouse," cheat. Syn.

(2) "Cutting . . . our stick." Pleon. ut supra.

(3) "Here's unto mine!" A form of speech analogous to "Have at thee."—SHAKSPERE, and the Dramatists generally.

(4) "Oh, my eye!" An interjectional phrase, tantamount to "Oh, heavens!" "Merciful powers!" &c.

(5) "Cold crib," cold bed. "Go to thy cold bed and warm thee,"—SHAKSPERE.

(6) "Draw it mild," &c. Metaph. for "Rule your passions, and beware!"

I doubt not it will be admitted by your judicious readers that I have substantiated my case. Our monarchical institutions may preserve our native tongue for a time, but if it does not become, at no very distant period, as strange a medley as that of the American is at present;—to use the expressive but peculiar idiom of that people—"*it's a pity.*"

I am, Sir, &c. P.

THE TIMES AND THE HERALD.

ON Monday the 12th of September, the *Times* published a coffee-house dialogue, which those who read it will not easily forget; and though it was extremely brief, it may be said that it will be very long before the *Herald* recovers the effect of it. The same day, the editors and contributors of the latter were summoned to a council in Shoe-lane, and—on the principle of the wooden pavement—began laying their heads together for the purpose of outdoing the joke which the *Times* had indulged in at the expense of the *Herald*. The result came out in the paper of the next morning; and we are compelled to say that we were almost moved to tears at the melancholy instance of imbecility that met our eye in the columns of one who, though delighting in the title of Herald of the Morn, is certainly not the cock of the walk of newspaper literature.

By way of improving on the *Times*, the *Herald* gave two dialogues; but the negativeness of wit, though doubled, failed in producing the usual affirmative, and the two wretched efforts presented to our minds the semblance of a sandwich without any meat—the two dry pieces of bread without the savoury and piquant morsel that gives the substance as well as the relish. When reading the *Herald's* retort, we felt that bad had begun; but we did not conceive that worse could possibly remain behind, until we came to the second part of the paragraph.

As the contest is one which is likely to amuse and interest the public, we give a few specimens of the mode in which this keen encounter of the wits of the two journals may possibly be carried on, should they persevere in it.

From the "Times."

STREET DIALOGUE.—*A.*—"Can you tell me the best mode of communicating in print to a person without giving publicity to what I have to tell?" *B.*—"Oh, yes! If you are desirous of keeping it very quiet, advertise in the *Herald*."

From the "Morning Herald."

CLASSICAL WIT.—A person taking up the *Times*, and perceiving its attempt to be severe at the expense of a contemporary, exclaimed "*O tempora!*" when a bystander *pungently* added, "You cannot say '*O mores!*' for the *Times'* people have forgotten their manners."

From the "Times."

A correspondent has addressed us on the subject of Sleep-at-Will, and wishes us to tell him if there is anything in it. We refer him to the permanently-enlarged sheets of the *Morning Herald*.

From the "Herald."

A person having read a leader in the *Times*, was informed, that some years ago, different articles were written; and that, though the paper supported the Reform Bill, it now opposed the people's Charter. Upon this, the person—who happened to be an inveterate wag—could not refrain from having his joke, and remarked that the *Times* were sadly changed; when some one close facetiously added—"Yes; you may well say *Tempora mutantur.*"

From the "Times."

A correspondent wishes to know whether it is true that arms are really found at the *Herald* office. We have no doubt that arms, legs, hands, or, indeed, anything but heads, may be met with in the place alluded to.

From the "Herald."

An individual of our acquaintance, happening to see the *Times*, and being rather of a sarcastic turn of mind, observed that the *Times* were out of joint; and then, in allusion to its being called the *leading* journal, satirically remarked, "We must *obey* the *Times*," as Othello said, on taking leave of Desdemona.

From the "Times."

CONSISTENCY OF THE PRESS.—The *Herald's* indignation against furious driving is by no means assumed, but it acts up to the spirit of its own views by never receiving any express that has travelled a the rate of more than four miles an hour.

From the "Herald."

DIALOGUE IN A NEWSPAPER-SHOP.—"Have you got a *Morning Herald* left? "No;* but we have a *Times* of yesterday; for we have generally (since the permanent enlargement of the *Herald*) got lots of *Times' on hand.*"

We think that the above specimens will be sufficient to illustrate the style and spirit of the two journals in their passage of arms, in which it must be allowed that the *Times* gets by far the best of it. The weapons of the *Herald*, it is true, are heavy enough; but the combatant of Shoe-lane seems to use the handle of a battle-axe, from which the cutting portion has been removed, leaving nothing but the wood, and presenting an utter absence of sharpness.

COURT CIRCULAR.

IT appears that Prince Albert, during several hours sport in the forest, killed "*one*" buck; but deference to the rank of the royal sportsman has given vigour and playfulness to the imagination of the penny-a-liners, who add that though "*one* buck only was killed, *several* are *supposed* to have been wounded."

ILLUMINATED MS.

We are quite sure that, if the bucks had been apprised of the Prince's visit, mere curiosity, to say nothing of politeness—would have drawn them in great numbers within the reach of his gun, and we can only regret that the authorities did not issue a proclamation to the deer, for which the celebrated address to the ducks, beginning with the well known line, "Dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come and be killed," would have furnished a model and a precedent.

IT is somewhat curious that the Scotch should be remarkable for a national antipathy to "unmentionables," when the climate is one which braces all who live in it.

* "It's a paper we are never asked for, and never take," is uttered in a menta parenthesis, which is, of course, not heard.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(IN THE PREVAILING STYLE).

We had not intended giving any more answers; but two or three of our friends have been so very obliging, that we must depart from our general rule for once, and notice them as follows:—

Communications are at our publisher's for several of our correspondents, in the shape of their own articles. We recommend them to certain of the monthly periodicals, as they hardly come up to our standard.

Although the insertion of the following acrostic may lay us open to the charge of vanity, we shall nevertheless, from a strong sense of its merit, give it a place:—

EXCHANGE OF CIVILITIES.

"P iquant production—Wit's most teeming store,
U nlike to all that ever went before,
N ew claims to favour every week supplies,
C atching the passing follies as they rise—
H ow done, if I can make out, dash my eyes!
V. V. D. D."

We must also acknowledge three tributes of admiration, forwarded by our new friend, Mr. Buller, of Brazennose, to whom they were sent:—

"ΤΟ ΘΕ ΛΕΔΔΙΝΓ ΠΕΡΙΟΔΙΚΑΛ.

"Θις κομπλιμεντ, γρεατ σιρ, ο τακε,
Τρε α βρικ ανδ νο μιστακε,
Ενεμι το καντ ανδ φυδγε.
Τιμε το θεε Ι σε'ερ βεγρυδγε,
Ανδ Ι ώπε το σεε ύρε ναμε
Φωρεμοστ ιν θε λιστς οφ Φαμε.
"Τομ Σμιθ,
"Γρυβ Στρεετ."

"ZUM HERRN PUNCH,

"Tod rawn o Lustre, Punch, up Onm yname,
Am I thu Sspeakin goft hyb Ook andf ame;
Forie onfesst Hyc olum nstobes Uch,
Asn Eit herman orm Use can prai Setoom uch.
Besure, my Punch, tha Tthou can Stnever Die
Bu terownedw Ith lau relsqueak Etern ally.
"HER DÖBLER,
"*Gasthaus zum Farringdon,*
"*Und Hurrah Hoch!!!*"

"HCNUP OT.

"Neeuq gnuoy doog ruo sselb dna, Hcnup evil gnol os,
Naelg ruomuh hserf egap gnideeceus hcae yam,
Erecnis dna ytraeh, sehsiw tseb ym htiw,
Reerac thgirb yht no repsorp dna no og,
Teeresid tsom syawla tey—nuf dnueoj dna,
Tiecnoc tniauq yht ta levram I heum dna,
Ehca rethgual d'ngiefnu htiw sedis gnikahs ym,
Ekam sumuloc yttiw yht, Hcnup gnilkraps oot.
"NAGROM YFFAT."

This is sent us as the effusion of a native Welsh poet. We have discovered the manner of reading it, which is to begin at the end and go backwards to the beginning.

ROYAL STUDIES.

PRINCE ALBERT has, it is well known, been devoting considerable time and attention to the study of English history, under the superintendence of an accomplished master. A little while ago the royal student was reading the reign of Charles the First, when it was suggested by the tutor that the monarch failed in his contest with the republican party chiefly through his own want of intellectual qualities. "I perceive your meaning," said Prince Albert; "Charles played a very hazardous game: he ran a race with Cromwell, and at last he lost *by a head.*"

REPORTS from Dusseldorf state that the King of Hanover is "going on well." If this be the case, his Hanoverian Majesty must have been lately subjected to alteratives, the beneficial effects of which his subjects will no doubt be glad to recognise.

THE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

STUDY FROM THE ANTIQUE.

THIS excellent society met last week on the Goodwin Sands, and were occupied for several hours in searching for the remains of the castle of the Earl of Goodwin. Having at length relinquished the effort as vain, the members formed themselves into a committee to sit twice a week on the sands, for the purpose of investigating the fact whether there ever was a land communication between France and England. It was suggested, with much ingenuity, that classical authority was strongly in favour of the supposition, for the modern word Calais is evidently a corruption of the old Latin word *Callis*, a path; and it is, therefore, probable that there was a Roman path or pavement from the French coast to Dover. Having come to this conclusion it was observed that the tide was rising, and the sands beginning to assume a state of fluidity, the meeting was at once dissolved.

THE DOVER CROPPING CASE.

IT is particularly hard upon one of the gentlemen who were subjected to the scissors at Dover, that he is in the habit of playing rakish young men, and he justly complains that after his recent frightful loss of hair he cannot embody "a hairum scareum character."

THE gaoler at Dover Castle is, we understand, to be allowed an opportunity of explaining the circumstances under which he caused the hair to be cut from the heads of the two comedians. Though there is no reason whatever to distrust the account of the affair given by these two gentlemen, it must be admitted that theirs professes to be nothing more than a *bald* statement. There must, at all events, be some change effected in a system, which treats the convicted culprit and the party waiting for bail with equal severity, and makes not even a hair's difference between the guilty and the innocent.

ROYAL NICETY.

(*Communicated by our "Colonel."*)

WE understand that the Queen was prevailed upon to taste a piece of oat-cake during her sojourn in Scotland. On being asked her opinion of it, Her Majesty replied, that the practice of eating oats would better suit the inhabitants of *Oataheite!!!*

SONGS OF THE SEEDY.—No. XXIII.

THE butterfly in summer
Is a bright and gaudy thing,
And nature's flowers become her
In the laughing time of spring.
All living things look fresh and new,
The season's change their garbs denote,
But I, in spring and summer too,
Wear the same Taglioni coat.

The tints of autumn vary,
From dark to light they range,
Old winter is not chary
Of novelty and change.
Yes autumn has a dress of gold,
While winter wears appropriate snow,
But I, in tepid, hot or cold,
No fitting change of suit can know.

The *Herald* strongly protests against donkey riding on Sunday, and declares that asses ought to be allowed to rest at least one day in the week. "A fellow feeling" certainly does make us "wondrous kind."

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

LETTER X.—EVERY MAN HIS OWN APPRAISER.—LEGEND OF THE RIGHT LEG.

YOUR last letter, my dear son, annoyed, oppressed me. What! you wish you had been born an Esquimaux, a Chippewaw, a Hottentot, rather than a member of the most civilised, most generous nation (as every people modestly say of themselves) on the face of the earth? Ungrateful boy! is this the return you make me for the very handsome present of your existence,—is this your gratitude for being called out of nothing to become an eating, drinking, tax-paying animal?

Despondency, my child, is the slow suicide of the mind. Heaven knows what I have suffered at the hands of the world!—how, with my heart bleeding into my very shoes, I have still chirped and crowed *roo-tooit-tooit*, despising while I laughed with and chattered to the reeking rascals, niggard of their pence, who still thronged and gaped about me!

> "Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
> And made myself a motley to the view,
> Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
> Made old offences of affections new!"

Nevertheless, if now and then my heart has been a little slack, I have braced it up again with my drum, and looking upon life at the best to be composed of just so many pleasurable sensations, I have enjoyed myself as often as I could, which I have thought the very wisest way of showing my gratitude for my existence. When I could not obtain large pleasures, I put together as many small ones as possible. Small pleasures, depend upon it, lie about us thick as daisies; and for that very reason are neglected, trodden under foot, instead of being worn in our button-holes. We can't afford to buy moss-roses at Christmas, or camellias at any time; and so, all the year round we couple buttercups with vulgarity; and the lovely, odorous things that grow in the hedge-side, we let wither where they grow, for no other reason than that the king's highway is not a royal garden.

At the same time, my dear boy, I would not have you copy the contentment of your father. Contentment is very well in a pastoral; and I have seen something which called itself contentment, sitting smugly at a small-coal fire, enjoying its crust and half-a-pint of beer in a tin mug on the hob,—only because it would not stir itself to get the port and olives, that with very little exertion were within its reach. Though I know this to be pusillanimity, and not contentment, nevertheless, my dear child, I cannot altogether acquit myself of it. Be warned by your sire. I might, with my genius, have trod the boards of a stage,—have had my name upon the walls, in type that blacking-makers should have envied; I might have danced quadrilles in Cavendish-square on my off-nights, and been trundled about the town in my own air-cushioned carriage; for I have all the qualifications in the highest degree which lead to such a golden result; of this I am assured by their success when once poorly and extravagantly copied by another: but no, I was doomed to be a street vagabond, and came into the world with a base taste for mud in my infant mouth, and an ear throbbing for drum and pandeans. Hence, I have—when doing my best—been scoffed at, and abused by fish-wives, when with the sagacious application of the same powers, I might have been pelted by heiresses with bouquets from the boxes!

My child, know not diffidence: it is an acquaintance that hourly picks your pocket—that makes you hob-and-nob with plush breeches, when otherwise, you might jostle it with court ruffles. Receive this for an axiom: nineteen times out of twenty the world takes a man at his own valuation. A philosopher—I forget his name—has called the human soul, on its first manifestation in this world, thickly veiled as it is in baby-flesh—a blank sheet of paper. Now I, my son, call every full-grown man at his outset in life, a piece, not of blank, but of *bank paper*; in fact, a note, in all things perfect save that the amount is not written in. It is for the man himself to put down how many pounds it shall pass for; to snatch an eagle-quill, and, with a brow of bronze and eye of brass, to write down

£ One Thousand

or else, with shaking hand and lips of indigo, to scratch a miserable, pauper-stricken, squalid—

£ One

It is, I say, for the man himself to give value to his own moral paper; and though, I grant, now and then, the prying and ill-natured may hold up the article to the light to search for the true water-mark, the owner of the note has only to swagger and put the face of a Cæsar on the transaction, to silence every scruple.

As an instance, my dear boy, of what perseverance will do—of what an inexorable advocacy of merit (or fancied merit, for that is the thing) will do, for the professor,—I will give you a short story, drawn from a Dutch annalist of the sixteenth century.

Serene and balmy was the 9th of June morning, 1549, when three men dressed as heralds, and superbly mounted on pie-bald horses, appeared in the streets of Utrecht. Immediately behind them, mounted on a mule richly caparisoned, rode a man, or rather a human bundle—a hunchback, with his right leg less than a goose's over-roasted drumstick; the leg was moreover bowed like a pot-hook; and, as at first was thought, that its deformity might be fully seen, was without hose or shoe; in plain words—it was a naked leg. The dwarf was followed by six horsemen handsomely arrayed, and strongly mounted.

The procession halted before the burgomaster's door, when the heralds, putting their trumpets to their lips, blew so loud a blast that every man's money danced in his pocket. The crowd with gaping mouths and ears awaited the proclamation of the herald, who thus unburthened himself:

"Let it be known to all corners of the creation, that our most noble, most puissant master, now present, the right valorous and worthy Vandenhoppenlimpen, has the most perfect right leg of all the sons of earth! In token whereof, he now exhibiteth the limb; whereat, let all men shout and admire!"

On the instant, the dwarf cocked up his withered stump, self-complacently laying his hand upon his heart; and at the same moment the crowd screamed and roared, and abused and reviled the dwarf, whilst some market-women discharged ancient eggs and withered apples at him,—and the procession, followed by the roaring populace, made their way back to their hostelry.

The next morning, at the same place and like hour, the same proclamation was made. Again the undaunted dwarf showed his limb, and again he was chased and pelted.

And every day for six months, the unwearied heralds proclaimed the surpassing beauty of Vandenhoppenlimpen's right leg, and every day the leg was exhibited. And after a time, every day the uproar of the mob decreased; and the leg was considered with new and growing deference.

"After all, we must have been mistaken—there surely *is* something in the leg," said one contemplative burgher.

"I have some time thought so," answered another.

"'Tisn't likely," said a third, "that the man would stand so to the excellence of his leg, unless there were something in it not to be seen at once."

"It is my faith," said the burgomaster's grandmother—"a faith I'll die in, for I have heard the sweet man himself say as much a hundred-and-fifty times, that all other right legs are clumsy and ill-

shaped, and that Vandenhoppenlimpen's leg is the only leg on the earth made as a leg should be."

In a short season, this faith became the creed of the mob; and, oh, how the neighbouring cities, towns, and villages emptied themselves into Utrecht, to gaze and marvel at Vandenhoppenlimpen's leg! When he died, a model of the limb was taken, and, cast in virgin gold, is now used as a tobacco-stopper on state occasions, at the Stadt-house of Utrecht.

My child, there are at this moment many Vandenhoppenlimpens eating bread very thickly buttered, from having stoutly championed the surpassing merits of their bowed and bucked right leg.

OUR WANTS.—No. I.

WHAT a tremendous panorama of life is the advertising sheet of the *Times*!—what food for "sweet and bitter melancholy!"—what polished, daily lying—what "respectable" frauds—what allowable felonies of trade—what misery—what devotion—what brief stories, written in the blood of breaking hearts, in all the agony of hopeless tears! How often, in a dozen lines, do we come at the history of a miserable life! How often do we in an advertisement, even for the place of governess, see a household wreck!—see a father stricken by death or undeserved misfortune, and the young gentle creature, who was to him as the light of his eyes, standing in the highways of the world, and tremblingly offering the accomplishments that once shed a charm and grace about her own dear hearth, for decent board, lodging, and a pittance that can leave nothing for her old age—if her heart do not happily break ere grey hairs come—but the union workhouse and a pauper's grave.

Believe it, reader, that the romance of life—the grand struggles that dignify human nature past the dignity of the Cæsars—are to be seen in the advertising columns of a newspaper. For our own part, we can suck food for reflection from them as "a weasel sucks eggs." We can sometimes fasten upon an advertisement, and, from its brief yet touching significance, piece out the previous destiny of the advertiser. As for fictitious woe—for the well-constructed miseries of a novelist—they are poor and bungling, compared to the perfect incidents of wretchedness and suffering indicated in many an advertisement. The thoughtful eye, pursuing what to the idle glance may seem a barren notice, may gush into tears at the frequent misery of some twenty lines. Such advertisements are social tragedies, written in humanity's short-hand; their true meaning hidden to the illiterate in human emotion and human suffering, but revealing terrible griefs, heart-rending miseries to the soul of sympathy.

Why, looking upon an advertisement page, we can immediately surround ourselves with a crowd of human beings. We are in the very throng of men—behold them shuffling, hear them lying—see five hundred faces sharpened by interest—not the faces of men, but of foxes, wolves: and then we can behold the meek, the gentle looks of unprotected goodness, and hear that low, sweet voice of humanity, which makes the harmony of angels.

We purpose, then, at intervals, to chat with the reader upon such advertisements as may appear to us to develop, in a peculiar manner, the character or history of the advertiser. We shall range through all the columns. We will seize upon all, from the man-eating money-lender—a cannibal who frequently lurks in print to catch and eat young baby men with the bait of "money advanced"—to the humble folks who are about to "sell their mangle"—(we really saw such notification in the *Times* of the 17th inst.)—and proceed in quest of better fortune to America. It is a notion with us, that in this series of papers (and they shall have a corresponding brevity with their subject matter) we can incidentally illustrate some part of the social history of England. If we do not, the fault is in us, and not in our theme.

Our opening example is, certainly, of a mingled yarn. It appeared in the *Times* of the 17th inst., and runs as follows:—

"TO LADIES, CLERGYMEN, SOLICITORS, AUTHORS, and PUBLISHERS.—A Lady, arrived from Paris on the 15th instant, wishes to meet with a SITUATION, either to supply the place of daughter to a bereaved mother, as companion to a lady, to superintend with economy the domestic arrangements of a widower, paying responsible attention to the intellectual, moral, and religious development of his children; to copy for solicitors, with precision, promptness, and secresy; to be an amanuensis to any author of respectability, or to write any given subject for publishers per sheet. High references offered by the advertiser. Application, post paid, to A. Z., London. Letters, with real signature and address (no others attended to), appointing an hour of interview, or, if distant, stating the required qualifications, and authors and publishers the subjects of their MSS., will meet with immediate attention and decision."

The energy of purpose is altogether equal with the versatility of power. Mark the fall. She can be a "daughter," or she can "copy for solicitors!" She can, by her facile goodness, stanch the new wound in a mother's heart, or she can, "with precision," write legal wickedness upon parchment! Stop: the lawyer's office is only the half-way house, not the terminus to her abilities. She can write on "any given subject for publishers, per sheet!" God help her!

And then, mark the sweet humility. She who can write upon any subject—she to copy the writings of others! She, it may be, a Madame DE STAEL, to pen the dictated inanities of a Mrs. ANYBODY! Again, she is great at the "domestic arrangements of a widower," and is equally potent in "religious development." What a range of intellect!—from the boiling of a potato, to the Athanasian Creed!

This advertisement has upon it the face of impudence; yet who shall say it is not the effort of some good, bustling, eccentric soul, who thinks all things equally easy to a willing mind! Who shall say she is not—in this seeming absurdity—endeavouring to vindicate some of the noblest charities of life! Some of the pittance to be obtained either as an apologetic daughter or copyist of law moralities may be destined to the support of father, mother, infant brother or sister. We confess there is a wholesale business-air about the offer that may raise a smile; yet—such puppets are we of circumstance—great may be the beautiful humanity-adoring "A. Z.!"

To "A. Z." we subjoin a brief history, developing a fine piece of rascality. In the *Times* of the 17th instant appeared the following:—

"FIFTY POUNDS LOST, on Tuesday or Wednesday last, consisting of two £10 and six £5 Bank of England notes. Whoever will bring them to Mr. ————, Lincoln's-inn-fields, shall receive TEN POUNDS REWARD. The person *who has lost the money will be reduced to the greatest distress if it be not restored*, as the money is trust money. The notes are stopped at the Bank."

Well, this advertisement is answered by the fortunate vagabond who *finds* the money: for on the 19th instant appears the following:—

"TO D. G.—£25.—Your Letter has been received, and is agreed to; but *under the circumstances* stated, *it is earnestly hoped* that £15 or even £20 will be accepted. The following are some of the numbers of the notes:—94,269, 94,270, 94,271, 94,272, and all of them are known and payment stopped. Communicate as before, Mr. ————, Lincoln's-inn-fields."

Thus the party who, if it could be proved against him that he found the money, and, knowing the loser, refused to restore it, would be indictable, offers to restore half; and that, we doubt not, under the lurking fear that the notes may be traced.

"D. G." may, for all this, be a most "respectable" man. He may simply act according to his own conventional code of morality: he found the money, and the money is his! How many "D. G.'s" are to be met with, and that in "worshipful society!"

Q.

SIC TRANSIT, &c.

"OFF, OFF, SAID THE STRANGER."

I saw a goodly vessel on the wave,
Which anxious seem'd to fly Old England's shore;
Her deck was thickly throng'd, and many gave
A parting glance to scenes, perchance no more
By them to be beheld, the ocean's roar
Seem'd as if mocking their sad heart's distress,
Which, coming as it did from that heart's core,
Made e'en the sternest to his soul confess,
We know not how to prize till we no more possess.

But from his comrades there stood one apart,
Who seem'd by painful thoughts to be entranced;
And though he spoke to none, his frequent start
And heaving breast showed feelings which enhanced
The pain of parting; and as the vessel danced
On waves still height'ning, with a bursting sigh
He called out, "*Steward!*" 'Twas the name, perchance,
Of one he loved, and left! Withdrawn mine eye—
On moments such as these who would too closely pry?

PETER WAGSTAFF IN SCOTLAND.

In the good old times, kings and queens had their state fools: in these still better days they have their state philosophers. Hence, be it known, Mr. Punch, that I, Peter Wagstaff, of Dandelion Cottage, Camberwell, in the county of Surrey, am self-appointed philosopher to her Majesty Queen Victoria; by virtue of my office have travelled with her to Scotland, and am only an hour since returned to this my humble abode, with a hole in either shoe, and a bottle of smuggled whiskey in either pocket. What glories have I seen! what shoutings have I heard! But I will be brief—sententious as my elder brother Seneca.

First, for the deer-stalking: what could be a more animating, or—as a kindred philosopher of the penny-a-line academy observed—a more "sublime sight" than to behold Prince Albert bravely plaided, and fearlessly firing away at the "frightened roes," driven to the very muzzle of his deadly fowling-piece by loyal Highlanders! And then, at "an elevation of about three hundred feet above the Tay," to bring down a capercalzie, "fortunately only *slightly* injured in the wing!" How much more fortunate if not hit at all! Yet, no; for the capercalzie (poor devil!) is "to be kept alive at Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace!" The Prince's sport was, in all, 16 roes, 2 black-cocks and three black hens, 3 brace of muir-fowl, 2 brace of partridges, and 13 hares, with 1 capercalzie taken prisoner! The bodies of the dead were tastefully arranged—or rather "laid out"—upon the lawn, that the Queen might smile at the prowess of her husband! Prince Albert, having received the freedom of the city, has proved, that if Chartism prevail, he can at any time become a distinguished member of the poulterers' company.

The *Caledonian Mercury* says, "There is a prospect of no long absence of the royal pair; and perhaps, if all tales be true, of the formation of a more permanent *tie* with Scotland—at least, in one sense." This must be "the Albert tie," no doubt.

When Prince Albert embarked for England, "he was dressed in a black frock-coat, and wore a black hat, *which*, from his *continuous condescension* in returning bows for the cheers, he removed *entirely from his head*. I think his Royal Highness might have compromised the matter by wearing his hat a-cock: "entirely from his head" is a little too much.

I have read in the *Glasgow Chronicle* that the Queen has promised to use her influence to put us all into tartan in the approaching winter. Sir Robert Peel will make his first appearance in the House of Commons in a kilt; from which circumstance, certain politicians predict the speedy approach of short Parliaments.

Another startling event has been duly chronicled. When on board the *Trident*, her Majesty "asked Prince Albert the hour, and his Royal Highness, *looking at his watch, informed her.*" This is another sign of the Prince's intelligence; proving, in common phrase, that Albert knows what's o'clock.

I had jotted down many other notes, but my neighbour Whistleton, the breeches-maker, has stepped in; so I must waive my philosophy, and—for the present—confine myself to whiskey.

Here, Betty—a corkscrew and tumblers. P. W.

Dandelion Cottage, Sept. 26.

ETIQUETTE.

When Prince Albert was in Scotland his Royal Highness was inquiring the height of some of the different mountains, and he was informed by the Equerry that Ben Lomond held his head particularly high, and often wore a cap of snow. "Benjamin Who, did you say?" was the Prince's reply. "Ben Lomond," answered the Equerry.

PRIMARY ROCK.

"Oh, Benjamin Lomond," mildly responded his Royal Highness, laying a slight stress by way of rebuke to the Equerry on the word "Benjamin."

If the Emperor of Russia were to publish an edict in favour of the Poles, what would it be? Quite *a new case* (an Ukase).

Why are policemen like the days of man? Because they are *numbered*.

THE PRICE OF BREAD.

Twists have taken a turn; and cottages have come down in some places, owing to the fall of bricks, which continue to give way rapidly. A baker near one of the bridges has not had a roll over, which is to be accounted for, by his having come down in regular steps to a level with the lower class of consumers. Plaster of Paris is in some demand, and there have been some mysterious transactions in sawdust by the baker who liberally deals with the workhouse.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF COURTSHIP.

CHAPTER XIII.—ON COURTING BY ADVERTISEMENT.

"Tea or coffee this morning?" inquires the solicitous Priscilla.

"Neither, just now: as I am reading the *Morning Post* I imbibe the necessary inspiration from milk and water. You can order strong coffee with the *Times*."

The elderly gentlewoman took up her own peculiar print, the *Herald*. While placidly perusing its pages, her equanimity was suddenly disturbed: that calm countenance slowly wound itself up into an expression of contempt; that mild grey eye flashed forth a beam of indignation; that rigid frame was agitated like unto the seething and boiling of the urn upon the table. In my alarm at so unusual an ebullition I inquired what was the matter, and looked for the Preston salts.

"I blush for my sex!" exclaimed the disturbed damsel. "Miss Robinson really possesses no principle of honour—Let me read you this paragraph:—

"'It is whispered in the fashionable circles that a certain young Viscount, lately returned from his travels, is about to lead to the hymeneal altar the lovely and accomplished Miss R. The match, it is rumoured, will be purely one of affection; for the lady was on the eve of marriage to a certain rich commoner well known in the musical circles: the fascinating *fiancée* having herself broken off the negotiation to favour the suit of the handsome Viscount L——.'"

"Pray do not allow a mere *matrimonial advertisement* (for it is nothing more) to ruffle you," I said, soothingly; "the truth is, Lord Lispen would be a better match for Miss Robinson than Pleinpurse—and you must not be hard upon the coquette, and Mrs. Couple, the chaperon, for exercising their vocation by publishing the paragraph."

"*They* publish it!"

"Even so: its intention is to apprise Lispen that Rose's hand is, if he pleases, within his grasp. The whole thing will be contradicted to-morrow by the parties themselves—but what of that? the end will have been answered: Lispen's connubial pulse will have been felt, his symptoms developed."

"But are all the similar announcements one daily sees, mere matrimonial advertisements?"

"Nearly so. They are called, in political parlance, 'feelers'—they suggest to the parties intended to be trapped what perhaps would otherwise have never entered their brains; and thus it is a common occurrence for the torch of Hymen to be lighted by newspaper paragraphs."

Not only these, but other announcements of a less suspicious appearance, are rank advertisements for connubial bliss. When you see it stated that at Lady So-and-so's forthcoming ball the beautiful Miss —— is to come out, the information is addressed to all eligible bachelors—just as the possessor of a valuable picture invites the inspection of connoisseurs, that whoever *can afford the price* may take it off his hands. Widowers who advertise for housekeepers "with a small independence, as no salary will be given," hope the answerers may be comely. Widows, *per contra*, "wishing to superintend the domestic arrangements of a Widower," look as anxiously for the replies as a bride for the coming of the bridegroom. Small annuitants, who insert amongst newspaper "Wants" a desire for "board and lodging, in a family where there is cheerful society," pray that the required cheerfulness may be contributed by some marriage-seeker in good circumstances. This list might be multiplied—but those courageous advertisers who boldly head their literary wife-traps "Matrimony," deserve speedy attention.

The columns of the *Sunday Times*, and now and then of the *Herald*, may be considered as refuges for the destitute—*par exemple*:—when a man has laid his "hand, heart, and fortune" at the feet of every woman of his acquaintance, and—to speak metaphorically—the foot of each fair hath been used to kick him out of all hope, he seeks his revenge in the second column of the *Sunday Times*, and advertises for rivals to all who have spurned him:—when a spendthrift has outrun his last sovereign in a race after pleasure, and is finally forced into

Her Majesty's bench to rest himself, he advertises for a rich wife and „ the quiet happiness of the wedded state" as the means of beginning a new career of dissipation.

To this pass, I am sorry to say, my quondam friend Kennedy (for of course all his acquaintance have cut him now he is "done up," and I don't like to be singular), has at length come. All went on prosperously enough with Miss Boulder, till she set her lawyers to work to look into the proposer's property. Their return being like that of a useless writ of *fi-fa*—"*nulla bona*," Kennedy got bowed out one fine morning without the smallest remorse or mitigation of the poetess's irony—your *Bas-bleus* who so frequently assert the despicability of the "world's gauds" being always scrupulously particular about money matters.

A matrimonial advertisement, therefore, issuing from the King's Bench and the fertile brain of a designer thereof, hight Frank Kennedy, was recently published in the *Herald*. The answers were numerous, and the advertiser is now pendulating between the Court for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors, and two thousand a-year with a grocer's widow old enough to be his grandmother.

A glance at matrimonial advertisements in the past tense—under the head "married"—affords the opportunity of mentioning that Priscilla has just read to me an announcement of the union of Pelham Plummer, of her Majesty's Treasury, Esquire, to Miss Maria Murray, at St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Very Reverend the (rural) Dean of Chitterling's, fourth cousin to the happy bridegroom. In a corner of another paper I perceive, in very small print, that poor Rose Robinson's coquetry has received its death-blow. She has, it seems, lost not only the rich Viscount, but the richer commoner, and is obliged to put up with Simper after all. They were married last Thursday at St. Jude's, Brighton.

The boxes of my departing Priscilla are in the hall, the carriage is at the door, my groom is handing the post-boy a parting dram, the housemaid is weeping in the arms of my visitor's *femme de chambre*. The keys of office tremble in the hands of my old housekeeper as she receives them from her beloved usurper. A moisture rises to my own eyes as my friend, counsellor, and guide in the art of courtship, takes my hand to mount the steps of her pilentum. With graceful dignity she orders her maid into the rumble, and waves me a courteous adieu. The wheels revolve their gritty way along the avenue; the sounds gradually fade in the distance—and I am alone!

Yes, lovely readers, in me you may now behold a lone, forlorn, solitary bachelor—reduced to the last extremity of unate despair. Look, therefore, with an eye of pity into the journals I have already mentioned, and you will probably soon see an advertisement worded somewhat after the following fashion:—

MATRIMONY.—A gentleman not very considerably over thirty, who has lately withdrawn himself from society to execute an important work on an abstruse social science is forced into this medium of seeking the hand of some beautiful and accomplished young lady to whom fortune is no object, and who may have her own (should it be considerable), settled on herself. Provided she have no taste for flirting can sing and play tolerably, is able to waltz in the style of the Germans, becomes her age at six-and-twenty (no one a day older need apply), and is willing to sacrifice her wishes and caprices to the whims of the advertiser—she may depend upon the strictest secrecy, an immediate interview, a snug home and a not ill-looking husband, by applying to B. B., Esq., Punch-office. N.B.—A widow of twenty-seven would not be objected to. The most scrupulous honour may be relied on, the advertiser's real, sole, and sincere intention being

THE END OF COURTSHIP.

MISS TICKLETOBY'S LECTURES ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

EDWARD III.

THE reign of the third Edward has always been considered a glorious period of our annals—the fact is, he beat the French soundly, and it is always a comfort to read of these absurd vapouring vainglorious Frenchmen obtaining a beating—and he has had for a historian of his battles one John Froissart, a very bad clergyman, as I make no doubt, but a writer so exceedingly lively and pleasant, that the scenes of the war are made to pass before the reader as if he saw them. No—not as if he saw them in reality by the way, but as if he beheld them well acted in a theatre, the principal characters represented by Mr. Charles Kean, and other splendid stars of the stage.

So there is nothing but fighting in the works of the Reverend John Froissart—nothing but fighting and killing: yet all passes with such brilliancy, splendour, and good humour, that you can't fancy for the world that anybody is hurt; and though the warriors of whom he speaks are sometimes wounded, it really seems as if they liked it. It is—"Fair Sir, shall we for the honour of our ladies, or the love of the blessed virgin of heaven, cut each other's heads off?" "I am unworthy to have the honour of running through the body such a flower of chivalry as you," replies the other, and herewith smiling sweetly on each other, gaudy with plumes, and gold, and blazing coats of armour, bestriding prancing war-horses, covered also with gay housings, and bright steel, at it the two gentlemen go, with lances in rest, shouting their war-cries gaily. "A Manny! a Manny! our Lady for Alençon," says one or the other:—"For the love of the saints parry me that cut, Sir," says Sir Walter Manny, delivering it gracefully with his heavy battle-sword, "Par le Sambleu, beau Sire, voilà un beau coup d'espée," says the constable to the other, politely, who has just split his nose in two, or carried off his left whisker and cheek:—and the common people go to work just as genteelly;—whizz! how the bow-strings thrum, as the English archers, crying "St. George for England," send their arrows forth!

ENGLISHMAN WITH CLOTH-YARD SHAFT.

Montjoie, Saint Denis!—how the Frenchmen at arms come thundering over the corn-fields, their lances and corslets shining in the sun!—As for me, my dears, when I read the story, I fancy myself

for a moment or two, Jane of Montfort, dressed in armour, and holding up my son in my arms, calling upon my faithful nobles of Bretagne to defend me and him.

(Here Miss Tickletoby, seizing playfully hold of Master Timson, lifted him gaily in one of her arms, and stood for a moment in a heroic attitude; but the children, never having before heard of Jane of Montfort or her history, were quite frightened, and fancied their venerable instructress mad,—while Master Timson, who believed he had been elevated for the purpose of being flogged, set up a roar which caused the worthy lady to put him quickly down again.)

But to speak of King Edward III. The first act of his reign may be said to have been the seizing of one Mortimer, the Queen's lover, whom he caused to be hanged, and of her Majesty, whom he placed in a castle, where she lived for the last seven-and-twenty years of her life, with a handsome allowance made to her by her son.

The chief of his time hereafter was filled up with wars—those wars which are so pleasant to read of in Froissart, before mentioned, but which I need not tell any little child here who ever by chance has had a black eye or a whipping, are by no means pleasant in reality. When we read that the King's son, the Black Prince, burned down no less than 500 towns and villages in the south of France, laying the country waste round about them, and driving the population Heaven knows where, you may fancy what the character of these wars must have been, and that if they were good fun to the knights and soldiers they were by no means so pleasant to the people.

By such exploits, however, the reign of Edward is to be noted. Robert Bruce being dead, and his son a child, Edward fell on the Scots, slaughtered forty thousand of them at Halidon Hill, and aided the younger Baliol, who in return promised the submission of himself and kingdom to England, to take a temporary possession of the throne. The Scotch, however, soon rose against Baliol; and Edward Bruce got back his crown—such as it was.

Then our Lord Sir Edward took a fancy to France, and, upon a most preposterous claim advanced by him, assumed the French arms, called himself king of that country, and prepared to take possession of the same. The first thing he did, to this end, was to obtain a glorious victory over the French navy, taking no less than two hundred and forty of their ships, and killing I don't know how many thousands of their men. I don't know if the French wore "wooden shoes" in those days, but the English hated them for that or some other equally good cause; and the Parliaments for ever granted the King money to carry on the war in assertion of his just rights. Just rights, forsooth!—a private man putting forward such claims to another's purse, and claiming his just rights with a pistol at your head, would be hanged for his pains. Bishops and priests said prayers for King Edward, and judges and lawyers wrote long lying documents in support of his cause.

In spite of the hundreds of thousands of pounds which his subjects gave him, and the hundreds of thousands of men he brought into the field against the King of France, Edward for some time made very little way, and did not overcome the French King's armies—for the very good reason, that the latter would never meet him. And it is a singular thing, that when the two armies *did* meet, and the English obtained those two victories about which we have been bragging for near five hundred years, we did not fight until we were forced, and because we could not help it. Burning, robbing, ravaging Edward's troops, had arrived at the gates of Paris, not with the hope of conquering the country, but of plundering it simply; and were making the best of their way home again from the pursuit of an immense French army which was pressing them very hard, when Edward, finding he could not escape without a fight, took a desperate stand and the best ground he could find on the famous hill of Cressy.

Here, sheltered amidst the vines, the English archers and chivalry took their posts; and the blundering French, as absurdly vain and supercilious in those days as they are at this moment, thinking to make easy work of *ces coquins d'Anglais*, charged the hill and the vineyards—not the English, who were behind them, and whose arrows slaughtered them without pity.

When the huge mass of the French army was thrown into disorder by these arrows, the English riders issued out and plunged among them, murdering at their ease; and the result was a glorious triumph to the British arms. King Edward's son, a lad of fourteen, distinguished himself in the fight, holding his ground bravely against the only respectable attack which the French seem to have made in the course of the day. And ever since that day, the Princes of Wales, as you know, have had for a crest that of an old King of Bohemia (the blind old fool!) who could not see the English, but bade his squires lead him towards them, so that he might exchange a few *coups de lance* with them. So the squires laced their bridles into his, made their attack, and were run through the body in a minute; and SERVE 'EM RIGHT, say I.

ENGLISH BILL-MAN.

Whilst Edward was fighting this battle, those marauding Scotchmen, under David Bruce their new king, (as great a robber, my dears, as his father), thought they might take advantage of the unprotected state of the kingdom, and came across the border in great force, to plunder as usual. But I am happy to state that her Majesty, Queen Philippa, heading a small English army, caught them at a place called Nevil's Cross, and utterly defeated the thievish rogues, killing vast numbers of them. She was as kind-hearted, too, as she was brave. For at the siege of Calais, after Edward had reduced the town, he swore, in his rage at the resistance of the garrison, that he would hang six of the principal inhabitants. These unhappy six came before him "in their shirts, with halters round their necks," the old chroniclers say, and as, in fact, is proved by the following portraits of

THE CITIZENS OF CALAIS.

The Queen interceded for their lives; the Monarch granted her prayer, and her Majesty gave the poor burghers what must have been very acceptable to them after six months' starvation, a comfortable meal of victuals.

"I hope they went home first TO DRESS FOR DINNER," here remarked an intelligent pupil.

"Of course, they must have done so, my dear," answered Miss Tickletoby; "but for my part, I believe that the whole scene must have been arranged previously between the King and Queen; indeed, as you will see by the picture, neither of them can help laughing at the ridiculous figure the burgesses cut."

[The company separated in immense good humour, saying that the Lecturer had, on this occasion, mingled amusement with much stern instruction.]

"A WORD TO THE WISE."

WORTHY PUNCH,

FIRMLY convinced that benevolence is the foundation of your character, and led away by no arguments to the contrary, based upon the harsh treatment you have been known, under moments of unusual domestic excitement, to put upon your respected consort, to you I appeal in favour of a much-oppressed and injured class—a class who have ever been taught to look up with reverence to you, as at once their great founder and the ideal of excellence towards which their efforts are directed. You will understand I mean the actors, for whose advocacy I am sure you will readily grant a small allotment of your precious space.

You must be aware how much it has been the fashion of late, especially with disappointed dramatists, to heap every species of abuse and calumny upon actors, calling them a pampered and capricious brood, who feed upon the very farina of the author's brains, throwing him the husks to starve on; whose sport it is to thwart his dearest object—publicity and success—working in malignant secrecy, or breaking out in mutinous insolence. These are the absurd charges which are forged by restless discontent and the rabid disappointment of syncretic folly, with a view to deprive them of their just supremacy in the dramatic commonwealth and reduce them to the state of mere tools in the hands of insatiate ambition and erratic imbecility; and the impudence of the object proposed is only surpassed by that of the means employed to attain it. They say that actors are overpaid, when the well-known fact stares all in the face, that the emoluments of actors are not more than ten times those of authors. And this is overpaid, forsooth! Can it be said that this proportion anything like measures the immense difference in the relative importance of the two classes? Is not the author's work a mere rude and senseless chaos, until the actor breathes into it the soul of his genius, and makes it a living thing? What would Shakspere have been, but for Dick Burbidge and his successors! What would Sheridan Knowles be, but for Charles Kean! Look at the Syncretics—look at the unacted—crawling nonentities! Again, it is maintained by some, that the present feeble state of the drama is owing to the overgrowth of the pretensions of actors in general, and particularly of those harbingers of an approaching regeneration, the stars; when the very contrary is the true state of the case, for never will the Drama flourish in full, free, and vigorous prosperity, until authors are made in all subservient to the clear and practical views of the actors. With regard to stars, I look upon them as vessels of salvation to the Drama, whose destined part it is to bring us back to that unity in dramatic representations so justly honoured by the ancients, and so madly renounced by ourselves; and through their efforts we shall even surpass antiquity, for I trust the time not distant when a Macready and a Charles Kean, walking in the traces of the late Mr. Mathews, will give us a tragic monopolylogue. As, however, these insidious charges are, in spite of their manifest folly and iniquity, gaining some ground with the public, and one or two actors have had the weakness to show some signs of submission to the impudent assumption of dramatists, I have composed a few steel drops, in the shape of maxims, to strengthen their failing constitutions, and guide them under circumstances so perilous to their highly-beneficial prerogatives.

ADVICE TO ACTORS.

As requiring the attendance of actors at the reading of a new play is one of those arbitrary enforcements springing from the vanity of authors who never tire of reciting their own works, and as the object alleged as a pretext for it—namely, possessing the actor with the whole scope of the piece—is never answered, since the general custom is for every actor to pay attention to his own part only, if you have any better use for your time, absent yourself without scruple.

Always read your part at rehearsal. This saves you from taxing your memory until it is really required; or if you owe the prompter a grudge, take care to leave it at home, and he will then have the trouble to read it for you.

If you are slow of study, or fond of "taking it easy," and you think the length of your part out of proportion with the honour it may do you, cut freely. If you thereby render the piece unintelligible, so much the worse for the author.

If, on the contrary, you are a star, and find any of the minor characters have effective speeches to make, insist upon taking them for yourself; you will thereby concentrate all the applause on your own part, and give a greater unity to the interest of the piece.

If an author make any observation or suggestion of any kind during rehearsal, stare at him as if astonished at his presumption; should he repeat the offence, tell him that if he thinks you cannot play the part, he had better cast it otherwise. Such impertinent intermeddling is much too frequent, and should be checked at once.

An actor may frequently improve the text of his author by substituting a weak expression for a strong one, or an old and well-tried joke for one of doubtful issue. This it is his duty to do, although an ungrateful one, for the author, blinded by vanity, is sure to say you have spoiled it.

If, during the rehearsals of a piece you discover that your own part which you had been led to believe was the leading one, is likely to be rivalled by that of another, refuse indignantly to become an accomplice in so flagrant a breach of the great principle of dramatic unity; and if you are forced to play it, nobly make a sacrifice of your own part by walking through it. This may possibly ruin the piece, but at any rate you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you did your duty.

If you are a good actor, or reputed so, and are married to a lady in the contrary case, refuse to play in any piece wherein she shall not play the heroine. You will thereby increase your popularity by the reputation of a good husband, and distinguish yourself as a defender of the great principle of dramatic unity, as you and your wife make up but one.

An actor will frequently find it advisable to descend from his high position and show some favour and courtesy to an author, as the latter, delighted at the condescension, will be sure in his next preface to sugar him with sweet praise and crown him with triple laurels. The trumpet once well blown, he may throw off his disguise and resume hostilities whensoever he shall have occasion.

Friendships between author and actor are unnatural, and tend to no good: if, therefore, you find yourself growing into any such ties, take the first opportunity of showing your teeth when your friend least expects it.

Lastly, for all that relates to shirking parts, shamming illness, and every other artifice or manœuvre by which an actor may exercise a wholesome tyranny over an author, after the fashion of a cat with a mouse, let him refer to the annals of the Italian opera, where the manager is the victim, particularly under the names Ronconi, Poggi, &c. He will find it a study fraught with many a useful lesson.

ADVICE TO PLAYGOERS,

BY

ONE OF THE JUNIOR JUDGES.

As the theatrical season is about to commence in good earnest, we feel ourselves called upon to lay down a few rules for the conduct of that small and fast diminishing number of her Majesty's subjects, who still, with all the bigotry of antiquarianism, rejoice in the title of—Play-goer.

In the heathenish language of France there is an idom which implies that the audience are "assisting" the scene with their best attention, with their readiest sympathies; the Frenchman does not, in our straightforward, bold, Britannic phrase "go to the play;" no, he sneakingly covers his visit thus—he goes "*pour assister à la comédie.*" He is in the playhouse to give himself instantly up to the illusion of the scene; the curtain is drawn, and he watches, the intent observer of the mimic game of life before him. He weeps, he laughs, in obedience to the mystery of the author and the actor, and therefore shows himself a flighty foolish person, by the very ingenuousness of his impulses. We hope an Englishman is above this weakness, and it is our hope that induces us to give him that solid advice which may confirm him in his strength.

Englishman, you have paid your money at the door. (We, of course, do not address ourselves to those elegant paupers who go with orders in their own carriages.) Well, having paid, you are to consider that you have invested so much money in a speculation upon a play-bill. Take care, and have your money's worth. Remember, there is no pleasure in the matter—the whole affair is a thing of hard pence and shillings, a piece of mere business. Thus, take your seat, buttoned up to the throat in a thick surtout of determination not to be easily pleased. Ring every joke as you would ring a shilling—consider every poetic passage as you would consider the validity of a sovereign—and never for a moment, unbuttoning the said suit of determination only to admire upon the very hardest terms—surrender yourself at once to the inspiration of the author, to the passion of the actor. If, in the end, when the curtain drops, you are really satisfied, make this straight with your conscience—it is not without having done all in your power to come away a grumbler.

"*Fair* play's a jewel," as Richardson said when he had realised a fortune.

THE POETRY OF THE PALATE.

FILL-OLOGY.

The soul of poetry is sentiment. We hear much of the Sentiment of Flowers, and we know that the star of evening, the morning Dew, the moss-rose, and the ivy-mantled tower, *cum quibusdam aliis*, are also considered to stand in a special relation to the mental diathesis so called. But the fact is, that sentiment, like monlight, is capable of investing the most common-place—nay, the vilest objects, with a hue of beauty. Beneath the silvery smile of Night's mild Queen, a pig-sty becomes picturesque—a union workhouse interesting. Then why may not Imagination gild a stew, or cast her rose-tents of loveliness on a round of beef?

She may, and does—the subjoined epistle will demonstrate the fact. How it came into our hands—no matter, let it suffice to say, that both the writer and recipient are now no more. The former, a youth of great promise, came to an untimely end from a malady which, but for the kind cruelty of Fortune, would probably have abbreviated the career of the great Johnson. He was guilty of an amiable indiscretion, which the voracious moralist, it is said, complained that he never had an opportunity of committing; he got, one foul day, as much wall-fruit as he could eat, and ate it. He was speedily attacked by cholera, and is now "not where he eats, but where he is eaten." "Peace!" as he would have pathetically expressed it, "to his hash!" The object of his affections, she to whom the fond effusion was addressed, may also be said to have ceased to exist; for she is not what she was. She *was* Miss Cutlétt—she *is* Mrs. Dollop. Her heart was broken by the loss of her beloved (which destroyed her appetite for a day, and sensibly affected her for several),—so she threw it away on a Common Councilman.

The ensuing letter preceded but a few days a lock of hair and a barrel of oysters, his dying gifts to the idol of his soul.

London, Sept. 23, 18—.

My ever dear Mary Anne,

The affection which I entertain for you is intense as that of the turtle for his mate—or of the Alderman for his turtle. And this reminds me, duck, to inform you, that I yesterday enjoyed, for the first time, the pleasure of tasting turtle-soup. How often, while we were roaming by moonlight, you have longed to know what it was like!—and now, at last, I can satisfy you. What do I say? Alas! Words are inadequate to the description of its charms. What my palate felt, my tongue is unable to tell. The shadow of a shade of ecstacy is all that I can express. But what then?—"I give thee all I can; no more." What a happy thing it is, sweet, that we so entirely coincide in our taste—nay, in our tastes; for we not only agree in liking good things, but also, with a few exceptions, (of which more by and by,) have the same ideas as to what *is* good. So that, should our conversation, when we come to participate in domestic bliss, be only "whether the mutton shall be boiled or roast," there will be no chance of our having "a dispute about that."—But the soup is getting cold.

You must know, that yesterday I received my quarter's salary. Immediately on leaving the office, I repaired to that excellent dining-house, the "Blue Posts." "Well," said I, "waiter, what have you got?" "Why, sir," said he, "there's cod-fish and oyster-sauce, and haddock, and soles, very nice; and then, sir," (and he lowered his voice, and looked religious) "*there's turtle!*" "There is, is there?" I exclaimed: "then bring me some turtle." "Turtle for one, sir?—yes, sir," he replied, and disappeared.

I recollect, dear chicken, when, after receiving that ever-to-be-cherished note of yours, I went at ten minutes to nine on that beautiful summer evening (if you remember, you had had hashed mutton, you said, for dinner) to wait for you beneath your lattice. I watched the light in it for a quarter of an hour, and at last you came. Never had I endured such an agony of expectation before, and till yesterday never have I since. But while I was waiting for the luxury I had ordered, (I should tell you that I was as hungry as if I had fasted five hours,) I certainly was as nearly as possible in the state of mind in which I felt during that long, long fifteen minutes which elapsed before you gladdened my sight. I tried to amuse myself with the *Times*; and read—but apprehended not. I then endeavoured to beguile the lingering moments by counting the letters in the leader, and afterwards by trying to learn one of Robins's advertisements by heart. At last, after what seemed an eternity, the turtle came. It was served up in plate, an honour which at this establishment is never paid to inferior viands.

Imagine to yourself the one moment of rapturous impatience during which I was filling my plate;—the rich incense of the steam which, regaling my nostrils, formed a brief prelude to the more substantial treat which was presently mine.

Mary Anne! you have tasted mock turtle, I know. Mock turtle is very nice; but, oh! it is nothing to real. It no more resembles it than Clara Wyat does my Mary Anne when she is dressed like you. The complexion, the eyes, the hair, are alike; but how different the *tout-ensemble!* So in colour, consistence, and ostensible ingredients, do the two dishes agree; the disparity lies between the spirit, the soul, the essential but intangible flavour which pervades each. The one great distinction between you and Clara is, that you have a mind, and she next to none. What your mind is to hers, green fat is to calf's-head. Then there is an indescribable sensation which comes over one while regaling on this most exquisite of dainties, but which mock turtle does not excite; a sort of feeling which must have rewarded the courage of the man who first ate an oyster; a dizzy, dreadful, delightful consciousness that you are banqueting on a species of reptile.

You will ask what I thought of the meat, or fleshy part of the turtle. It was savoury in the extreme, and, I assure you, quite defies imitation. But the green fat, the green fat!—those are morsels for the gods. By the by, there is a passage in Milton's "Paradise Lost," which, I remember, struck me exceedingly when I read it; and what I have just said brings it to my mind. It represents the Father of Mankind, and his celestial visitant, Raphael, enjoying themselves in a shady bower. Thus it proceeds:—

> "So down they sat,
> And to their viands fell; nor seemingly
> The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss
> Of Theologians, but with keen despatch
> Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
> To transubstantiate."

Oh! my Mary Anne, if in the mansions of the blest the happy spirits dine, who knows if even the delicacy of which I yesterday partook may not hereafter seem to us scarcely more relishing than common ox-tail does now!

COLONIAL PRODUCE.

They brought me a lemon with my soup. I first took a spoonful or two without, and then with that condiment, which, I think, improves it if used in moderation. But what a long letter I have written! Let me be brief. Oh, my heart's treasure! would you had been with me yesterday; then, indeed, there would have been, instead of *one*, as the waiter expressed it in calling below to the cook, "Two turtles in No. 4."

Let me seriously advise you, my own pigeon-pie, to eat apple-sauce with goose; it improves it amazingly—it does indeed. And, pray, do not be afraid of sage and onions, either with that or with roast pork. It would indeed be a pity if we felt differently on a subject so *peculiarly* important as this.

I had almost forgotten—and what an omission it would have been!—to tell you that with my turtle I had some of the most superb iced punch it was ever my good fortune to taste. Thus, you see, my patty, I dined like a deity, on ambrosia and nectar. When I say dined, however, I do not mean that I ate nothing else: and, as I was not, after having "seated myself," as the ghost in "Hamlet" says, "in a celestial bed," going "to prey on garbage," and as there was some hashed venison ready, I had some of that. I have often expressed my feelings to you with regard to venison, so I need not repeat them now.

Ah! my dumpling, people may say what they like, but there is no earthly pleasure in which mutual minds can share like that of eating and drinking. All other tastes will decay with age; but a taste for good things will leave us but with life. Let us hope, then, in the happy bonds of Hymen, to live and eat together while life's brief span shall last. And when, in the decline of our days, we lose our teeth—what matter?—we'll have a new set of terro-metallic, mounted in fine gold, which will enable us to eat away as fast as ever;—yes! till the cold grave shall hide us, in spite of our teeth we will feed on. Adieu! you will have goose on Michaelmas day for dinner;—think of me!

Your own true love,
WITTLESHAM.

P.S.—As soon as "Kitchiner" is bound, I will send him, and at the same time forward your album with the receipts in it.

THE COURT.

(FROM THE PUNCH NEWSMAN.)

Windsor Court, Strand, Sept. 29.

THE Editors of Punch left London-bridge for Fleet-street on Thursday by the fourpenny boat, and having transacted important business at Mr. Dogsear's book-stall, returned in an omnibus and pair, with outriders. Their Editorial Highnesses looked remarkably well.

The City correspondent departed early on Saturday for Ramsgate to enjoy the sports of the season. In the evening he met a select party at the Royal Library, and bagged two brace of pincushions, a silver toothpick, and a bottle of scent, at the raffle.

Despatches have been received at the office from our ambassador at Boulogne. As they passed through the post-office with no longer detention than was necessary for the payment of the postage, we are flattered with the hope that the unpleasant differences between the *administration des postes* and the London newspapers have been satisfactorily adjusted.

On Saturday the whole of the Cabinet met the Chancellor of the Exchequer by special appointment at the Treasury, or Till, and transacted important business over the counter. They then retired to the Albany tavern, and partook of a sumptuous repast, in which *gigot rôti* and *pommes-de-terre frites* were the most prominent dishes. The harp and fiddle band attended in the passage, and performed the following pieces in admirable style:—

"We won't go home till morning.".. .. *Bellini.*
"Lo, here the gentle Lark." .. .. .. *Sir Henry Bishop.*
"Nix my Dolly, pals, fake away.".. .. *Handel.*

—The illustrious party separated at an early hour (in the morning), each paying his own expenses.

THE QUEEN AND THE PROVOST.

WHEN her Majesty saw the Lord Provost, she remarked to him in the course of the interview that the affairs of the city could not be in better hands, for he would never be liable to precipitation under the weightiest of circumstances; and before acting upon any occasion, he would be sure to sleep upon it.

IT has been suggested to devote the space at Trafalgar-square to a market for flowers; and we have no doubt the suggestion would meet the views of those sincere votaries of Flora, who plant out mignionette every morning from broken gally-pots into button-holes. The *Herald*, with whom the idea originates, would no doubt be glad of any market for its poppies, which hang on hand terribly. Several female flower-dealers have already taken up the notion, and may be seen entering inwards with large cargoes of lavender, in the neighbourhood of Nelson's column.

PRINCE ALBERT was made a Doctor of Law the other day by the University of Edinburgh, and was remarking over the royal dinner-table how thoroughly complimentary he must consider the degree, when conferred on one so little acquainted with law as he happens to be at present. One of the equerries being desirous of saying something flattering, remarked that the Prince was not such a tyro, for he had been seen that morning with a gun in his hand, absorbed in the contemplation of *Hare on Discovery.*

SOME MORE GOOD JOKES.

WITHOUT the least wish to accuse any one of premeditated murder, we must affirm that the Shakspere Society will certainly be the death of us, well seasoned as our wooden constitution is to all kinds of casualties. Not content with throwing the whole universe into convulsions by the poignancy of their jokes in "Ben Jonson's Conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden," they have issued another screaming volume, if possible ten times more humorous than the last, called "Fools and Jesters, or the Nest of Ninnies." The publication of this book has, in all probability, led to the production of those sledge-hammer sarcasms with which the *Morning Herald* has lately been crushing the *Times* into horizontal smash. At the same time, the date of the original MS. of the "Nest of Ninnies" removes the idea that it was intended as a hit either at the slumbering civic dignitaries of Edinburgh, or the Syncretics. We subjoin one or two of the most stunning bits of fun. The first paragraph affords a curious proof of the trifling difference between the appreciation of fun by our Northern brethren in the year 1603, and at present:—

"Jemmy Camber, the fat foole, put to sea in a ship, at whose departure they discharged ordinance, as one that departed from the land with the king's favor; the Earle Huntley was sent with him to sea to accompany him, so high he was esteemed with the king, who hearing the ordinance goe off, would ask what doe they now? Marry, says the Earle, they shoot at our enemies. O, saies hee, hit, I pray God! Againe they discharge. What doe they now? quoth he. Marry, now the enemie shoots at us. O, misse, I praie God! (sayes Jamy Camber.) *So euer after it was a jest in the Scottish Court.*"

"Jack Oates, sitting at cardes all alone, was dealing to himselfe at vide ruffe (for that was the game he ioyed in), and as he spide a knaue—'Ah, knauve, art there?' quoth he. When he spide a king—'King, by your leaue,' quoth he. If hee spide a queene—'Queene Richard, art come?' quoth he, and would kneele downe, and bid God blesse her Majestie."

"Jack Miller, welcomed to all places, and bard of none, came to a gentleman, who being at dinner, requested him for mirth to make him a play, which he did, and sing Derries Faire, which was in this manner. First it is to be notted, hee strutted hugely, and could neyther pronounce b nor p, and thus he began:—

'As I went to Derries Fair, there was I ware of a jolly begger,
Mistris Annis M Thomas, under a tree mending of shoone,
Mistris Annis M Thomas, night braue beggers euery one.'

And so forward; but the jest was to heare him pronounce 'braue beggars,' and his qualitie was, after hee began his song, no laughing could put him out of it."

"'Marry,' sayes Will Sommers to King Harry, 'I say a dirt dauber is the cleanliest trade in the world.' 'Out on it,' sayes the king, 'that is the foulest, for hee is dirty up to the elbows.' 'I,' sayes Will, 'but then he washes him cleane again, and eats his meate cleanly enough.' 'I promise thee, Will,' says the King, 'thou hast a pretty foolish wit.'"

Now, in pure benevolence, to prevent the Shakspere Society from getting idle for lack of subjects to work upon, we subjoin a few good stories, similar to the above, and that have never before been made public. They may print them under any title they like, and we can insure their success, for we begin to perceive the peculiar vein of humour suited to their subscribers.

A merrie conceite of Richarde Burbage.

"Burbage, goeing somtyme to Winchestere with Shakspere in the baggage-wain of the railwaie, sees Edward Alleyne in the Kingstone station. 'Ho, fayre Ned,' says he, 'what dost there?' 'Marry, I'll tell thee, Dickon,' saies hee, 'I lack companie.' 'Then wee will give you our'n,' sayes Wille Shakspere. And in truthe they wente on merrilie and with much laughter.

A pleasante jeaste of Tarleton.

"A conynge man did take Tarleton his effigies in a Daguerreotype. 'Ha,' says, he, 'this do I lyke much, because it is much lyke.' 'Wherefore," saies Dekker, 'I like it more becos it holds its peace;" and soe went on his waie.

Of Henslowe and his mischance in a rude straite.

"Philip Henslowe could neuer abide a hack cab. Vpon a tyme, when the weather was foul, goeing in one from the Globe plaiehouse to his lodgings in Waterloo-road, it brake down and wounded him sorelie. Anon one came by and sayde, 'O! Philip, keepe to your stage, for no one can eate plum pottage above Temple Barre.' Whereon he wold have called the watche, but the nonce was the same for all thatte.

Edward Alleyne not alwaies to be trusted.

"Edward Alleyne was brought home tipsie to Dulwiche in a barrowe from ye Eagle Taverne, insomuch that his wyfe did much abuse him for a dronken knave and a scurvie, as being in drinke. 'Sweete mouse,' sayde he, 'the drinke is in me, and tell Bess Dodipoll I have envie of more sacke.' Of this mine owne eies were witness."

INTELLIGENCE OF SOME OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

With the return of the anatomical session at our medical schools have also arrived some of our old friends to prosecute their studies. The introductory lecture at our own establishment took place towards the end of the past week, and the majority of our ancient students attended to hear Dr. Wurzel deliver it.

Mr. Muff, on the strength of being appointed surgeon to the Clodpole Union, has established an assistant at twenty pounds a-year. He was therefore enabled to come up from Clodpole with comfort to himself, and brought Jack Randall with him, who has determined upon being a medical man, and as such has entered to the lectures. We may from time to time give a few notices of his career.

At present he is settled, through Mr. Muff's advice, in what he terms a very jolly crib, on the third floor—bedroom and parlour all in one. He pays for what fire he burns, and uses his own blacking and brushes—the former of which he purchases at a penny a pot in the form of paste, thus abolishing the long tolerated imposition of a shilling a-week for boots and shoes. On Mr. Muff's recommendation also, he buys his own coals at a potato-shed near his dwelling: he fetches and keeps them in his carpet bag, which looks very respectable, only it makes the lining rather dirty.

By the hour appointed for the lecture every seat in the school theatre was filled. The regular teachers of course occupied the bottom row, and immediately over them the usual ring of old gentlemen with large noses, red faces, and grey hair, who attend all introductory lectures and are supposed to be governors of the hospital, or house-surgeons of the dark ages. Then there were a great many good young men, raw from the country, accompanied by their fathers, who had determined upon going round to all the schools in succession, and entering to that which appeared to offer the greatest advantages at the lowest price. The old pupils had dispersed about in little parties of two or three each, and were amusing themselves according to their different inclinations. Jack Randall had already made friends with all he considered worthy of his esteem, and appeared quite as much at home as if he had been there for years. The ruling powers had covered all the ledges in front of the seats with a thick coating of paint and sand, to prevent, if possible, the perpetration of any more peculiarly anatomical diagrams upon them by wilful students; but this made little difference to Mr. Muff, who was already hard at work with the stump of a scalpel, hacking out a representation of a figure in a state of suspension by the neck, under which he had written the name of the anatomical lecturer.

Manhug and Rapp came in together, and their entrance was greeted with loud applause by their old friends, which courtesy they acknowledged by taking sights, winking their eyes, laying their fingers along their noses, and other familiar demonstrations of affection, previously to taking their places near Muff and Randall. When they were settled, Mr. Manhug took a small box from his pocket, made of wood, and shaped like a pear, from which, with great caution, he produced a blue-bottle fly, having a piece of thread tied to one of its legs, terminated by a little square morsel of paper. He then gave the insect his liberty; and provided a fund of amusement for the class, by its ceaseless flights over the bald heads of the governors and old gentlemen below, much to their annoyance, who could not imagine what on earth the perpetual tickling could be. As for Rapp, he had brought the whole ceiling into a state of eruption with lumps of masticated paper, to which he had attached little men by long silks pulled out from the pocket-handkerchief of a new man who sat below, quite unconscious of the abstraction.

"How d'ye do, sir?" cried Randall to a perfect stranger, who came in at the lecturers' door, looking very frightened, as strangers always do at a medical school—and with some reason.

"I am very well, I thank you, sir," replied the newcomer, with much complaisance.

"That's all right," said Randall, "and so am I. I hope you'll stand a pot of half-and-half after the lecture."

"I shall be very happy," returned the stranger.

"With a cinder in it, of course?" asked Randall.

The stranger, not exactly comprehending this speech, looked much confused.

"Never mind him, sir," cried Muff. "He's a very low young man—quite lost."

"Never care what he says," continued Randall; "you stand the Hospital Medoc, and then I shall be very happy to show you the lions of London in return—the Fleet-ditch, Clare-market, the outside of the Olympic Theatre, and anything else that won't cost me anything."

All this *badinage* continued until Dr. Wurzel made his appearance. What he said, how he was received, and other diverting matters, we leave until next week—a sly trick to ensure he sale of the forthcoming Number.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

When in the filmy chambers of the brain
Her photographic tints pale Mem'ry rears;
When the heart throbs, till the head aches again,
With "thoughts (albeit) that lie too deep for tears;"
Oh! say what patent balsam may be found
To minister unto a mind distraught—
To cover skin-deep, if not heal, the wound—
Where *can* such nectar draught from Lethe's stream be bought?

Is it 'mid Pleasure's fair Circean bowers,
Where woman's cheek outvies the blushing rose—
Where Mirth and Joy lead on the laughing hours,
And the red wine-cup fevers as it flows?
Is it where Beauty's eye, as diamonds bright,
Like meteor flame, betraying to his doom
The wandering hind, reflects a treacherous light
O'er the morass, to lure the wanderer to a tomb?

Or is it whilst excited Avarice flings
Her maddening influence o'er the gamester's path—
Where fiend-like music from the dice-box rings
In his charm'd ear, whilst echoing demons laugh?
Or in the statesman's bold though stern career,
Whose burning words, from Freedom's blazing pyre,
Call on the coldest hearts to "wake and hear!"
And kindle into flame the Patriot's smother'd fire?

Or is it in the sunny path of Fame,
Where walks the poet—his fair temple bound
With wreaths immortal—whilst his envied name
Becomes familiar as a household sound?
No—none of these possess the oblivious draught,
Welcomed alike by peasant as by queen.
To "chill the sense of care," it must be quaff'd
Fresh sparkling from the fount, in Punch's Magazine!

The public voice the fact aloud proclaims,
Approving crowds attest it:—if unwise
Or sceptic heads have doubts, the great Sir James
Clark (the Queen's own) the same did analyse,
And "genuine" pronounced it—nor deny
The fact does "Mrs. Johnstone:" Champagne lunch
'Gainst cheese and ale—*her* syrup 's all my eye—
The patent for all care is held alone by Punch!

L. B.

THE PRESENT TO THE QUEEN.

The present of four Spanish horses to Her Majesty has been the source of a good deal of pleasantry in the Palace, and the royal dinner-table has been enlivened by many a joke on the subject. When Her Majesty first heard that the gift had arrived, she inquired their colour, and on being told they were chesnut, brown, and bay, remarked that at all events the present did not consist of "*four Spanish chesnuts.*" After the laughter at this sally had in some degree subsided, it was intimated by the Queen that she should bestow a pair of them on her royal consort; and upon looking at them, Her Majesty at once fixed on the brown as a gift to the Prince, accompanying the donation by the remark, that "he could not now complain she had never given him *a brown*"—a witticism that was fully explained to his Royal Highness by the master of the buck-hounds.

JUSTICE TO IRELAND.

The late Dr. Ireland, among other charitable bequests, has left 2000*l.* for an *exhibition* to Oriel College. We understand that an application has been made to the executors, by Madame Tussaud, who requests that the exhibition to which the money left is to be appropriated may be her unrivalled Wax Work.

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

The Mayor of Preston, in contradicting the report that the Duke of Brunswick had been taken up by mistake as a member of the swell mob, declares that the paragraph related not to his Royal Highness, but to some other vagabond. If the Duke had really been transferred to prison by the van, it would have been certainly a new way of passing a light sovereign.

"Are you looking for any one in particular?" as the mite said to the microscope.
"You can't make a noise here," as the wooden pavement said to the omnibus.

GREAT WIG MEETING AT DOVER.

YESTERDAY, a meeting was held in Dover Castle, the governor of that part of the building which affords a temporary retreat for comedians and other culprits having in the handsomest manner given up his apartments for the purpose of the day. The Mayor was unanimously called to the chair.

His Worship briefly and pithily explained the objects of the meeting. Perhaps, he observed, the human animal could not appear in a nobler attitude than that of making an apology. *(Hear.)* To own himself wrong was, perhaps, the sublimest confession a man could make. *(Loud cheers.)* When a man stood up, and showed himself the ass he really was, he was then, he feared not to say it, in the words of Shakspeare, "the polygon of animals." *(Vociferous cheers, and cries of "You ought to know.")* He was proud to say he stood in that position. As one of the magistrates, he had penned the prison regulations which improved the time of offenders waiting for bail, by cutting their hair. He was one of those who had added to the sword of justice a very sharp pair of scissors. Two actors had been cropped —*(hisses)*—let him be heard; two players had been shorn; but, in obedience to public feeling, that meeting had been convened to make a practical manifestation of sympathy towards those who were called the sufferers. For his part, he should say no more. *(Applause, and cries of "Thank'ee.")*

Mr. MUDDLEWIT (a magistrate) rose to propose the first resolution. He had had a finger in the regulations—he had thought them very proper; but as Sir James Graham thought differently, he now thought differently too. He had, therefore, to propose that a subscription should be opened to furnish the cropped comedians, Messrs. FITZJAMES and GLADSTONE, with two superb wigs; the subscription to be rigidly confined to a crown. *(Loud cheers.)*

Mr. GANDERHEAD (a magistrate) seconded the motion. He confessed he *had* been a scissor-man—he was one no longer. He had had, he might say it, a passion for cropping criminals: that passion was now dormant. He had at home what he called the "Felons' Album," in which every shade of human hair was harmoniously arranged, and all from the denuded heads of the dwellers of Dover Castle. (*Hisses.*) He should, that very night by mail, forward the volume to the Home Office. (*Cheers.*) In seconding the resolution, he thought it would add to the graceful liberality of the proceeding, if Messrs. FITZJAMES and GLADSTONE were, in the selection of their wigs, allowed the full choice of colour, without any arbitrary reference to their previous locks.

Mr. EBENEZER SULPHURLY (a Magistrate) regretted that he had lived to that hour. (*Cries of "So do we."*) When the vane of Wailing-and-gnashing Chapel wanted gilding, to subscribe money to thatch the backsliding heads of carnal strollers! (*Laughter, and shouts of "Go it, old Bluelight."*) In what a state of voluptuous wickedness had they fallen! Had they read the evidence of the prison doctor? When he examined the malefactors, for he would call them so, what did he report?—why, that they were clean! clean! The aiders and abetters of Belzebub clean! In shirts! Yes—he shuddered whilst he said it—in "fine linen!" (*Laughter.*) He would, to his last breath, denounce the resolution—he would die, speaking against the Wigs! Let the men of Dover beware! If they thus nourished and succoured the heathen, there was not a hair in each of their wigs but would not some day or the other pull down a thunderbolt! (*Great confusion, amidst which the speaker sat down.*)

The resolution was then put and carried, and an express sent off to Wilson, the theatrical wig-maker, to appear at Dover to measure the comedians.

We had almost omitted to state, that a person (whose name we could not learn) put it to the meeting whether, if Messrs. GLADSTONE and FITZJAMES were awarded with full wigs, *Mr. Frederick Fox Cooper* (the late manager) did not deserve a natural scratch? The question, however, was not seconded.

The cause of the drama is, evidently, advancing in Dover. The turnkey of the Castle has already made 20*l.* of the hair cut from the actors, to be made up into ear-rings and lockets for the ladies of the town and vicinity.

ICE, OR THE WIDOW?

THAT very multitudinous class of her Majesty's subjects, whose hopes and fears are singularly influenced by the weal and woe of his Majesty of Hanover, have, for the past fortnight, been kept in a state of intense anxiety touching King ERNEST, that interesting potentate. The *Standard* prints a piece of brief epistolary woe, assuring us that his Majesty has taken ice into his stomach, and is, therefore, about to exchange his Hanoverian crown for a celestial diadem. Great is the consternation at some parts of the West-End. The statue of the Duke of YORK immediately despatches the policeman at the base of the column to make inquiries at St. James's Palace, and the corn-cutter and other tradesmen to King ERNEST display a like attention. There is, however, some impending calamity threatening his Majesty; and the danger is at length known in its true shape, namely, that of the widow of a German lawyer. This peril is, however, not unaccompanied by feverish symptoms, and for a fortnight, at least, his Majesty was lying, nicely balanced between the burial and the marriage service. We subjoin (from our own correspondent) two of the bulletins:—

"*Dusseldorf, Sept.* 13, 1842.

"His Majesty the King of Hanover has passed a restless night. Occasionally he has talked of wedding-rings, and shown other febrile symptoms. Towards the morning, however, he sat bolt upright in his bed, and placing his hand upon the region of his heart, said—'Ice—ice.' This indicates his returning consciousness.

(Signed) "NON FLAM (Court Physician)."

We give the last bulletin received:—

"*Dusseldorf, Sept.* 20, 1842.

"His Majesty is fast returning to health. He has made two jokes, and Madame de Beulwitz a Countess. All are as well as can be expected."

(Signed as before.)

Should any other bulletins reach us, we shall give them in a second edition.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

BY the kindness of "our friend the Professor," we are enabled to present to the students of King's College, the examination papers for Christmas next.

MEDICAL.

1. Explain the theory of the galvanic circuit formed by half-and-half in its original pewter and the lips of the imbiber thereof. State whether the principle of Daniels' Sustaining Battery could be applied so as to form two pots out of one.

2. By what abnormal symptoms in the bronchial tubes, are you enabled to judge in a post-mortem examination, whether the deceased smoked mild Havannahs or Pilot cheroots?

3. Describe the nature of the epidermis of the face; and then explain why second-year's men rejoice in moustache; and also the theory of their sudden disappearance before going up for a degree.

4. By what electrical process does the contact of a fourpenny piece and two copper coins produce the phenomenon of an "excited *conductor.*"

CIVIL ENGINEERING, &c.

1. Given the initial velocity (V) of a fresh man, and the constant increment (f) of half-and-half, to find the velocity at the end of term (t), and also the space (s) described (in his tailor's books) due to that velocity.

2. Given the quantity of Welch rabbits consumed by an elderly gentleman in the Cyder-cellars, with the equations to his centre of gravity and axis of rotation [$(ax+by+B)$ and $(a'x+b'x+B')$] referred to the plane of the pavement, to find the probability of the equilibrium vanishing, and his plane coinciding with that of the gutter.

3. Given the position in space (stand) of a cab, with the velocity due to a shilling-fare, to find the number (X) of its driver.

4. Prove that the first position in boxing is one of stable equilibrium, and show the operation in hydrostatics by which it can be converted into *one of unstable equilibrium.*

GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

GEE-OLOGY.

1. Explain the meaning of a "vicious circle," and state what portion of one is formed by the Regent-street Quadrant.

2. Apply Bernouilli's doctrine of chances to the manufacture of a book on the Ledger. Also, refute the vulgar error that there is any connexion between Scott's lot, and Scot and lot vofers.

3. On what principle of language is a person who abstains from nothing called fast?

N.B.—Should the gratitude of the students be "screwed up to the sticking (or rather standing) point," we shall with much pleasure receive a piece of pewter, with a neat and appropriate interior. We shall for this purpose, during the first week of Term, attend regularly at Rashell's, where we will divulge ourselves by reading alternate portions of Hall's "Differential Calculus," and the last number of "Punch."

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

LETTER XI.—ON THE NECESSITY OF HYPOCRISY.—STORY OF THE LEMON MERCHANT.

No, I have no sympathy, my son—none whatever, for you. What! to have scraped a very promising acquaintance with a man of Alderman Bilberry's wealth—to have had him more than once nod to you; and then, when fortune—a happy fortune as it might have turned out—throws you both together in the same Greenwich boat, to lose the alderman for ever! You will say, the alderman acted meanly, dirtily, shabbily; will tell me, that you saw him only five minutes before take twopence in change for a glass of ginger-beer, when, at the same time, he regretted to the man who played the clarionet, who came round the deck to gather for himself and musical companions, that "he had not a copper about him, or would give it with the greatest pleasure." What devil, may I ask you, tempted you to jog the alderman's memory on the ginger-beer and penny-pieces! You will say to me, the alderman told a lie, the alderman acted shabbily; and, therefore, you reproved him, and, what you doubtless think a splendid peacock's feather in your cap, you reproved him with a joke! I shall certainly write no more to you, if I find my letters do you so little good.

My son, never see the meannesses of mankind. Let men hedge, and shirk, and shift, and lie, and with faces of unwrinkled adamant tell you the most monstrous falsehoods—either in their self-glorification, or to disguise some habitual paltriness; still, never detect the untruth, never lay your finger on the patch they have so bunglingly sewed upon their moral coat, but let them depart with the most religious persuasion that they have triumphantly bamboozled you. By these means, although you are most efficiently assisting in the hypocrisy of life, you will be deemed a sociable, a most good-natured fellow. Be stone-blind, and you will be benevolent; be deaf, and you will be all heart. To have an insight—or at least to show you have it—into the dirty evasions of life, is to have a moral squint. To lay your finger upon a plague-spot, is to be infected with malice. No: though you meet with men scurfed with moral leprosy, see not the scales, but cry out lustily, "What perfect gentlemen!" To discover meanness in men, is, in men's opinion, to be strongly tinctured with the iniquity.

Like him who should handle stolen musk, he would in the nostrils of his neighbours smell for some time of the commodity. Mr. Chaucer, in allusion to the devil, says of him,

"He hath in Jewè's heart his waspè's nest."

Now, what we nominally call the devil, has built—by the agency of his demon wasps, Pride, Avarice, Scorn, Oppression, Selfishness, and others—thousands of nests in the hearts both of Jews and Christians. Well, suppose you have the power of looking into their hearts, as though they were so many crystal hives,—suppose you behold in them the rapacious insects—hear their buzzing—almost see their stings,—if you cry "Wasps, wasps," men will shake their heads at you for a malicious, evil-minded fellow; but, my dear boy, clap your hands, and cry, "What a honeycomb!" and you shall pass from mouth to mouth as the "best of creatures." When you have seen something more of the world, you will know that men rarely attribute an exposure of a social evil to an inherent indignation at the evil itself, but to an unhealthy appetite for moral foulness. Then, my boy, will they most virtuously defame you—then will they, in the name of outraged virtue, call you hard, high-sounding names. The wrestlers of old, says Plutarch, threw dirt on one another that they might get a better grasp, and more successfully trip up each other's heels. In the like way, does ignorance or hypocrisy, in the name of virtue, cast dirt upon him who would trip up a giant wrong. There were, doubtless, those among the Philistines—particular and most virtuous friends of Goliah—who called David a very bitter, ill-natured little fellow.

It is extraordinary, too, how this scandal will stick upon you; how it will be used to misinterpret all your motives—to give a twist to your most heroic, most benevolent actions. I will suppose that you are crossing a bridge, or walking by the river's side. Well, a nursery-maid—thinking, it may be, of Jack Robinson, whom she is to meet when the child is put to bed—is so far buried in her thoughts that she lets the baby tumble souse into the stream. Well, although you may not swim like a dolphin, without waiting to take off your coat, or lay your gold repeater on the grass, you leap into the water, and with no small personal risk manage to bring the baby safe to the bank. Well, you think yourself entitled to at least the good opinion of the world for your heroism. Alas! you have been such a bitter person all your life, you have told such disagreeable verities, you have so constantly refused to club in with that conventional hypocrisy that has neither eyes nor nose for social blotch or social taint, that Detraction denies to you one word of praise for your ducking; but gravely insists that your sole reason for jumping into the river was this,—you *thought you saw* a silver spoon shining at the bottom.

Having obtained a name for ill-nature, or in reality having acquired a fatal reputation for using your eyes, it will be in vain for you to deal in praise of anything. No: the people who profess to know you will, like witches, read even your prayers backwards; will insist that there is some lurking mischief, some subtle abuse, in what appears to be unmixed and heartfelt eulogy. Offer what you will to the world, the world will declare you only deal in one commodity. You will be in the condition of the man who sold lemons. His history being very short, and at the same time touchingly illustrative of the evil I would warn you against, shall be set down in this letter.

There was, in a certain city, a man who sold lemons. From boyhood until forty, he had dealt in no other fruit; and with those who needed lemons, his stock was in good request. And so years passed away, and the man made a tolerable living of his merchandize, through a certain bluntness of manner, a resolution never to take one farthing less of a customer than he first asked, did somewhat keep down the profits of his calling. Throughout the city, the man was known by no other title than—the Lemon Merchant. At length, but how it came to pass I know not, lemons ceased to be in demand: no man, woman, or child, purchased a lemon—lemons seemed, henceforth, to be the forbidden fruit: crowds of passengers passed the man's basket, but no one spent a single obolus. Want, starvation, threatened our lemon-merchant. What was he to do? It was plain the fashion had turned from lemons, and had set in for nothing but oranges. Well, my son, you would think it was some good genius that whispered to the man, "Give up thy lemon basket; do not vainly strive to huckster with what is now the accursed fruit, but sell what little goods thou hast, and hieing to the market, there buy thee oranges; sweet, delicious oranges; oranges, luscious as the flesh of Venus." The lemon-merchant followed the advice of his counsellor, and selling up all he had in the world, invested the money in a box of magnificent oranges: they were the finest in the market; the mouths of emperors might have watered for them; they were a gladdening picture to the eye—a restorative perfume to the nose. Since the oranges that wooed the lip of Eve in Paradise, there never had been such oranges!

It was a grand holiday, when for the first time our henceforth orange-merchant took his customary stand at the steps of the Church of St. Angelica. His eye twinkled and his heart swelled with honest pride as he looked at the passengers who thronged by him, and then again looked at the golden fruit piled in his basket at his foot. It was very strange; but though all the orange-dealers about him sold

their stock in a trice—although he was left with the only oranges near the church, no one, albeit seeking oranges, offered to buy of him. At last, the man took heart, and cried to the people as they passed, "Oranges; sweet, sweet oranges! Buy my oranges!"

"Oranges, fellow!" cried the passengers, "what impudence is this? Isn't it clear that there isn't an orange in your basket—isn't it certain that you deal in nothing but lemons?"

It was in vain for the man to bawl "Oranges!" for there was no one who heard him, who did not laugh and sneer, and answer, "Pooh! pooh! Lemons!"

My dear son, once get a reputation (as you have done with Alderman Bilberry) for the acidity of truth, and though your lips, like the lips of the infant Plato, shall distil honey, the world will not believe in the sweetness. Offer what oranges you will, the world will repay the offering with the cry of—"Lemons."

A NEW DISCOVERY.

Who has not heard of the Clerk of the Weather, and who has not wondered where that influential personage resided? Archimedes, somewhere or the other, confesses himself puzzled to settle his whereabout; and the elder Pliny offered a thousand drachmæ to any one who would furnish him with the address of this—elder Murphy. It was reserved for Punch to enlighten the world upon this most important subject. Let the "listening millions" who have for centuries stood with their auriculars erect to learn this wondrous secret, pour forth a pæan to our illustrious self, as we announce that the Clerk of the Weather is no other than

THE PROPRIETOR OF VAUXHALL.

In proof of this assertion, we have drawn up a scale founded upon actual observation, which we unhesitatingly submit to our beloved public:—

Whenever the Vauxhall bills announce

Open to Night	*you may expect*	Slight Showers.
A Thousand Additional Lamps		Rain and Wind.
A Grand Gala		Thunder and Lightning.
A Masquerade		A Perfect Hurricane.

We were fortunate enough to be present at the

"POSITIVELY LAST MASQUERADE,"

and were highly gratified with the splendour of the aquatic scene. A wet clown in a macintosh was particularly effective, and his summersets with an umbrella elicited the most heart-felt applause that it was ever our happy lot to hear. A gentleman who represented Mahomet Ali, in a pilot coat and a pair of india-rubber galoshes, reminded us strongly of the original—with whom we had the honour of smoking a pipe some years ago. A *sylphide* in pattens sustained her character with a spirit worthy of Cerito; and a Highlander in a pair of Flushing trousers did ample justice to the hardy sons of the heather.

COMING OFF WITH A CLAW (ECLAT).

The general arrangements were deserving of the highest commendation; and the propriety of ordering the boats to take up with the heads towards Kennington cannot be too highly eulogised, as the watermen had numerous opportunities of displaying their proficiency in the management of their various craft.

NATURAL AND NATIONAL.

It has been said that her Majesty intends to visit Edinburgh once a year for the future. We have no faith in this rumour, which, we believe, originates in the fact that any one who visits the modern Athens is at once seized with a tremendous itching for going to Scotland.

Since the apprehension of O'Connor and his fellow demagogues, to so high a pitch is popular horror excited against the *spy system*, that the preventive men in the North are afraid to look through their telescopes.

COLD-WATER CURING SOCIETY.

A numerous meeting of licensed victuallers, free vintners, brewers and distillers, took place on Michaelmas day, at the George-House Tavern, to form the above Society upon benevolent principles—Alderman Bacchus in the chair.

After the usual preliminaries were over, the Chairman rose to explain the objects of the meeting. They had assembled, he said, to combine their energies for the promotion of a great national object—that of staying the frightful ravages which were daily being made upon the British constitution, by the insane use of a beverage which he could never name without a blush of indignation—he, of course, meant water. (*Hear, hear.*) The large, influential, and respectable meeting before him—(*Loud cheers*)—appeared there in self-defence; for though there are societies in existence, which had they done their duty, might have checked this evil they had met to suppress—and would, by the blessing of Heaven, eventually totally abolish—yet they had, in this instance, wholly neglected their trust. He confessed he attributed great blame to the Society for the Suppression of Vice: they had positively done nothing to put down the unnatural vice of water-drinking. But it was that for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals, which, in his humble opinion, deserved the greatest share of blame. A donkey with a well-established raw, a horse with a rubbed shoulder met with their tenderest sympathies; but what had they done for the benefit of the noblest of all animals—man? What had they effected against that inhuman mania which threatens to sweep away in one weak, washy, everlasting flood, the manly, energetic, courageous character which hitherto belonged to Englishmen?—Nothing. (*Indignant cries of "Shame."*) No, the task was left to the present meeting, and he, the chairman, knew they would perform it nobly and patriotically. The worthy alderman sat down amidst long-continued cheering.

Malton Hops, Esq., of the Giant Brewhouse, proposed the first resolution. He quite agreed with all that had fallen from the worthy chairman. Unless the public could be inoculated with a rabid hydrophobia,—with a strong dread of water,—England would soon sink in the scale of nations, in spite of Sir Felix Booth and the Income-tax. He was quite sure that water was never intended to be drank neat—he could prove it: if it were, why was barley sent to us? why were we blest with materials for mixing! Let the most deluded hydropathist answer—he defied him! (*Hear.*) Water was an excellent thing in its way; as an ingredient in brewing, or in making Punch, he (Malton Hops, Esquire), did not object to it—neither is it an unpleasant adulterate of good brandy—but in its raw, crude, natural state, nothing could be more pernicious or nauseating. In conclusion, the eminent brewer moved, that, as their efforts were to be directed to curing the public of the disgusting use of cold water, the Society should take the name of the "Cold Water Curing Association."

Mr. Tenstone, of the "Baron of Beef," seconded the motion.

Mr. Juniper proposed the second resolution. He feared that nothing short of legislative interference could strangle the Hydra which devoured the vitals of the public! (*Loud cheers.*) He would petition parliament. He would double the tax on water—abolish pumps—put down wells—stop water-works. He was for no half measures. They (the distillers, brewers, and publicans), ought to be the only purveyors of water to a misguided public. In that case the article would be supplied in a wholesome and drinkable state, properly combined with less injurious ingredients.

Mr. Brandyblossom was happy to second the motion, but he could not go quite the length of the last speaker. Parliamentary interference was unnecessary. The present society might do all that was required unassisted. In the first place let them put down temperance societies. (*No, no, no, from several voices.*)

Mr. Tape, of the "Blue Ruin," Buckeridge-street, St. Giles's would take the liberty of interrupting his honourable friend for an instant. It was quite a mistake to suppose that Temperance Societies promoted the shocking vice of water-drinking. He spoke from experience. Those of his customers who had taken the pledge were heart and soul in the cause they were met to advocate—namely, that of beer, gin, and no water! (*Hear.*)

Mr. Brandyblossom was always glad to be set right. Well, then, let them *encourage* Temperance Societies! (*Hear, hear, hear, from all parts of the room.*) He had another plan to propose. He was always thankful that he lived amongst an enlightened though often a misguided nation. The public had only to be thoroughly convinced of their errors to amend them. Now, it was not sufficiently known that water was to all intents and purposes a slow poison! (*Immense sensation.*)

Gracious Powers! when he (Mr. Brandyblossom) reflected how many venomous animals swam into a man's stomach with every draught of water he swallowed, the hair of his (Mr. Brandyblossom's) head would, he had no hesitation in saying, stand on end—if it were not that he was, unhappily, bald. The legions of devils—some of them of the bluest cast—which found a home in every water-drinker's inside quite accounted for the crowded state of our lunatic asylums! *(Deafening cheers.)* Reptiles of the most loathsome forms and destructive activity would show their disgusting forms to strike the vicious sucker-in of Adam's ale with pale affright, could he only be persuaded to drink his potations out of a microscope; and this brought him (Mr. Brandyblossom) to the gist of his second proposition, which was to engage a certain number of well-tried soakers to give lectures, all over the country, on the solar microscope. The horrors that admirable instrument reveals would turn the stomach of the hardiest waterman, and drive him impetuously to unnumbered glasses of brandy to keep his feelings down.

COLD WATER CURE.

"Something desperate," continued the speaker, much excited, "must be done! The water-works of Hydropathy are doing their worst upon us. The waters are fast gathering around us—the deluge threatened by Pressnitz and Claridge will be more overwhelming than that of Noah or Deucalion—it will be a moral deluge, washing away our brains, cooling and thinning our blood, and sweeping the very decanters from our sideboards. But fortunately, drowning as we are, there is something more than a straw to catch at. Yes, I say it with triumphant confidence—missionaries and microscopes will be our salvation!" *(Enthusiastic cheers.)*

A subscription was immediately entered into to carry the last speaker's proposition into effect, and enough was speedily collected to fit out one missionary with a complete apparatus.

The chairman having most handsomely stood glasses round, the meeting separated.

THAMES GAZETTE AND RIVER CHRONICLE.

Two old barges on the Thames have been raised to the Peerage by the titles of Lambeth and Blackfriars. The latter takes the second title of Barren of Paint.

Several Watermen have been promoted to the rank of Captain; and Jack-in-the-Water is to be Mate, without purchase, vice Gibbins, who is removed to the Coast-Guard station at Battersea.

There was a desperate affray with smugglers, last week, off the racks at Chelsea. Two men endeavoured to run ashore at the Old Swan Pier, when the pass was demanded; and in the scuffle a cigar fell from the hand of one of them, which led to a suspicion that everything about them was contraband. A general affray was commenced, in which the preventive-man—who takes the checks—was much harassed. The suspected smugglers were at length secured, and taxed with having in their possession a cargo of rum, which on a search being made was found to consist of several copies of "PUNCH," which were being imported for Chelsea consumption.

THE VESTED RIGHTS OF DEATH!

THE *Times* of the past week contains a most affecting and heart-stirring appeal (in the way of advertisement) "to the Rectors, Vicars, and Incumbents of England, the proprietors of vaults; *also*, to the Parish Clerks and Sextons, &c., of the Burial Grounds in England!" This address issueth from the office of "Fitch and Son, 17, Union-street, Southwark," those champions of the metropolitan interred. They say—and we can easily imagine the big tears rolling down their cheeks as they sob forth the syllables—

"Gentlemen,—Your attention should be particularly directed to a BILL introduced into Parliament last Session for the benefit of the proprietors of the new cemeteries, but under the *plausible* title of "A Bill for the Improvement of the Health of Towns, and which, if passed into a law in its present shape, will be one of the *greatest attacks on private property that was ever known*, and the greatest outrage on the feelings of human nature, by *closing those time-hallowed spots where our forefathers have rested for centuries.*"

This desecrating bill enacts—

"That from and after the 31st day of December, 184—, no burial or interment of any dead body shall take place in or within the distance of two miles from the precincts or boundaries of the cities of London or Westminster, or the borough of Southwark, or within one mile of any other city, town, or borough, in England," &c. &c.

Now, if this bill pass, will it not peril the fees—the burial fees—of Messrs. the Rectors, Vicars, Incumbents, and also of Parish Clerks and Sextons? Do we not hear the Death's Head, at No. 17, Union-street, Southwark, crying, with truly sepulchral voice—"*Fees!—fees!—fees!*"

THE MAN FOR MY MONEY.

Not but what we give Messrs. Fitch and Son credit for higher, for more solemn motives. They doubtless feel that the "time-hallowed" custom of burying the dead among the living, keeps a perpetual lesson of mortality before otherwise unthinking man. Besides, when seated in our pews, the preacher saith—"*I have said to corruption, thou art my father: to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister*,"—are not our religious sympathies wondrously quickened by the charnel-house effluvia reeking from the vaults below? Do we not arrive at a closer affinity to corruption, when *another sense* is appealed to from many things around us? And then, what perpetual mementoes are tombstones erected in the highway of London life! How do their solemn enunciations smite the breast of mere money-getting selfishness! How many an attorney, perched on the outside of an omnibus, as the vehicle lingered by a London church-yard, has caught an assurance that he was only a son of dust, a thing of worms, that might be stark to-morrow; and, touched by such assurance, how has he refused to do the harsh bidding of some reckless client, and has wrought an amicable and all but costless arrangement between creditor and debtor; when, had no tombstone stood in his path 'twixt Brompton and the Bank, he had never thought of his dust—had had no suspicion that by any possibility he could die to-morrow!

We are convinced of it, it is for the precious sake of these humanising influences, that Messrs. Fitch and Son appeal to "Rectors, Vicars," &c.—and no—*not* for fees!

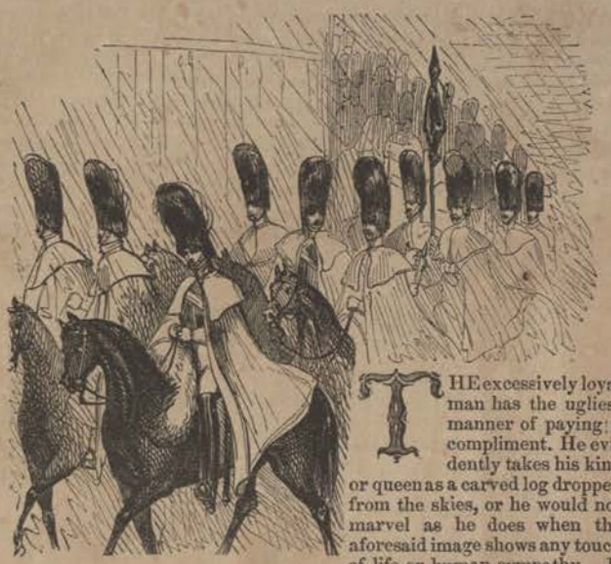
THE ELECTION FOR LORD MAYOR.

THE Alderman next on the list for the office of Lord Mayor, has been passed over on the ground of his not having a fortune sufficiently large to keep up the dignity of the City's chief magistrate. It is evident that a Lord Mayor is now looked upon generally as so rich a treat, that anything like a suspicion of poverty is considered a fit ground of exclusion from the office. It would seem, that a candidate for the mayoralty is chosen, not for his deserts, but his dinners.

THE LINEN TRADE.

THERE have been a few transactions in rags at three-pence a pound, and an extensive bone-grubber caused considerable excitement by bringing a quantity of waste-paper into the market which turned the scale in his own favour.

"NATURE" AT WINDSOR.



THE excessively loyal man has the ugliest manner of paying a compliment. He evidently takes his king or queen as a carved log dropped from the skies, or he would not marvel as he does when the aforesaid image shows any touch of life or human sympathy. If his idol perform the commonest act of social courtesy, he roars—"what condescension!" If it display the influence of affections, he screams—"a miracle!" Her Majesty, on her arrival at Windsor from Scotland, has her babies immediately brought to her: whereupon, says *the Atlas*—

"The woman and the mother *for a moment* proclaimed the *supremacy of nature* over the etiquette of a court, and the *splendour of a diadem!*"

What very ill-breeding on the part of "nature:"—but then, we presume, she is such a stranger at courts! Was there no Gold Stick in waiting, to show the baggage to the door?

SONGS OF THE FLOWERS.

No. IV.—THE SONG OF THE CONVOLVOLUS.

I'M a playful Convolvolus twisting about;
My movements are graceful—my actions are free;
I turn where I wist—now I'm in—now I'm out;
But who can predict where to-morrow I'll be?
I'm the flirt of the garden. One moment I press
In my delicate tendrils the Sunflower's stem;
Then I hold the young Lily in ardent caress:
To me it is sport— though 'tis bondage to them.

The Jasmine will often with ardour entwine
Round the trellis to which they have coax'd it to cling;
But, ah! to fall off it will ever incline,
Unless its attachment is guided—by string.

VENETIAN BLIND.

And thus it is ever with many a flower—
Unless they have train'd it, its constancy fails;
It coldly drops off from the desolate bower,
Unless they've resorted to hammer and nails.

Oh, they cannot the playful Convolvolus charge
With conduct so cold and so heartless as this;
Though embracing the *belles* of the garden at large,
'Tis constant where once 't has imprinted its kiss.
For e'en though its victim should languish and die,
The Convolvolus still to the ruin is true:
Where once 'tis entwined it continues to lie,
Till decay shall have reach'd the Convolvolus too!

"CONSCIENCE MONEY."

IN the *Times* of two or three days ago, may be read these startling words:—

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges the receipt of the sum of £400, *conscience-money*, from an individual signing himself "Aliquis."

We would give—yes, the two volumes of PUNCH—to have half-an-hour's chat with "Aliquis." Who, of the modern sneerers, shall after this say conscience is not thought much of in these days, seeing that a man renders back the sum of £400 for it! We have a great mind to attempt an imaginary life of "Aliquis." Was he a smuggler? If so, most ignorant has been his compunction, all writers on free trade holding the greatest smuggler to be the greatest benefactor to his country. Is he a retired M.P., who—having touched the public money for what, in the new wisdom of his heart, he now deems corrupt practices—would make a clean pocket of it? Is he a superannuated actor, smitten with a sense of undeserved genius? This is by no means an improbable case. We can believe that Mr. CHARLES KEAN, for instance, will, when "years shall bring the philosophic mind," send a very considerable amount of "conscience-money" to a future Chancellor, in atonement of the large subsidies he has levied upon his fellow-subjects. This we know—if he would die easily, he *ought*.

Would that Conscience could be universal in its touch upon the breeches' pockets of the rich and well-to-do! Great would be its subscriptions to the State—great its tardy justice to the wants and injuries of others! If Conscience, by its ten thousand emissaries, would peep between the bed-curtains of the placeman, the sinecurist, the o'er-fatted bishop, the Crœsus of costs, the lawyer, and with unceasing voice bid each social evil-doer, each snug brigand, render back his misbegotten earnings to the poor, Sir ROBERT PEEL might dispense with his Income tax, and twenty other taxes into the bargain.

OPENING A BANK.

Oh, for a Conscience tax! 'twould be so abundant, and then so easy of collection. Why do not the Bishops originate a bill in the House of Lords—why not preach the justice and benevolence of the measure from their every pulpit?

SOMEBODY has advertised for an imbecile old lady, who requires to be treated with care and kindness. Surely this is a card of invitation to the Editor of the *Morning Herald!*

ABOUT TO ENTER THE BRIDLE STATE.

RINGING A BELLE.

OUR facete friend, George Stansbury, has been literally running over with jokes at the Surrey this last week, prompted by the situation in *Blanche Heriot*, which, he says, is but fair, inasmuch as Mrs. R. Honner has borne the belle there so long, it is but right that the bell should now bear her, and return the compliment. He also adds the idea of thus deadening the curfew is not original, but was evidently suggested by the recent success of the proprietor of Waterloo-bridge in *lessening the toll!*

PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS.——No. XLVIII.

SOCIAL MISERIES.—No. 11.

THE PLEASURES OF FOLDING-DOORS.

Hearing "The Battle of Prague" played, with a running accompaniment of—One, and Two, and Three;——and One, and Two, and Three;——and - - - - - -

OBJECTS OF ART IN THE METROPOLIS.

No. 3.—The Boccius Light.

NTERPRISE has triumphed. After much trouble we have discovered that the "Modern Sphinx" * is nothing more nor less than the Boccius light. It is not the light itself that is the immediate object of the present article to immortalise, but it is our aim to give to the public some faint idea of the magnificent architectural structure that the Boccius is mounted on.

From four common street posts, there run perpendicularly to the height of about four feet no less than four pieces of straight wood, after the fashion of the well-known uprights in the Temple of Jupiter Gammon at Trinchinopoli. Here the architect seems to have abandoned the severe and got into the playful style, for he has skilfully arched four iron crow bars, which meet in a rosette of tin at the top, which is elaborately arabesqued into the shape of a coronet. This tasteful tribute to the peerage, placed as it is exactly opposite Northumberland House, and almost flush with the Lion's Tail looking in a slanting direction from the North, with your face towards the sky, does infinite credit to the vigorous imagination of the architect. The great post in the centre is framed partly on the model of a cannon taken from the French in one of the Duke's peninsular campaigns, while the upper part is designed on the plan of something between the modern walking-stick and the ancient javelin. The ground beneath is paved in a circular form, but it is an open question whether the idea of making it perfectly round was suggested by a wooden hoop or the moon, both of which were equally accessible to the apprehension of the architect.

It is to be regretted that the art of painting has not been laid under contribution, to add its attractions to this pleasing triumph of architectural skill; but we must freely confess, that the single coat of salmon-colour which at present is all that the brush has done for the Boccius, is what our Gallic neighbours would call *mesquin*, but to which the old British epithet of shabby, would be more appropriate.

Taken as a whole, the light and its architectural accompaniments do credit to the public spirit of the nation in general, and the rate-payers of St. Martin's may point to it with pride, as a proof of what may be done by the mere energy requisite for doing it.

A SONG.

WRITTEN AT THIRTY-NINE, BY MR. WAKLEY.

O what was it made me in boyhood so gay,
Though the cash of to-day could not last till to-morrow?
What was it that turn'd ev'ry night into day,
And extracted a balm out of subjects for sorrow?

O was it the tremor that followed each lie—
(That "I ever was out" was unknown to my mother)—
That cheer'd up my "parlour, the next from the sky,"
Where I drank through one quarter, and *cramm'd* through the other?

O was it the pilot coat, mark'd ten and-six,
In which in the station-house often I've rolled?
Or was it the goss that I'd jauntily fix
The more on one side, as the more it got old?

O was it the half-and-half found in the pot?
Or the balls that so merrily roll'd o'er the baize?
That makes even Bow-street a hallowed spot,
And lights up with sunshine my hospital days.

AN ESCAPE FROM NEWGATE.

It was rumoured last week that there had been an Escape at Newgate. The civic authorities were immediately on the alert, and the sheriffs repaired in the greatest haste to the prison. On making inquiries, our own reporter discovered that there really had been an escape, at six o'clock in the morning, when one of the turnkeys, to use his own expression, "smelt something wrong." It turned out that there really had been an escape, from the lower ward—*of gas!*

* Vide Punch, No. 60.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED BODIES.

THE CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

The learned gentlemen composing this Society have been for some time engaged in the analysis of Thames water, and have now furnished us with the result of their labours, dated Greenwich:

A TIDE (A TIED) WAITER.

Tide running down, in 100 parts.

Fleet Ditch	75
Spring water	20
Corks	2
Extractive and vegetable matter	1
Residue, chiefly mud and broken glass	2
	100

Tide running up:

Nearly the same, with the exception that the corks had got out to sea, and traces of whitebait may be discovered.

THE STATISTICAL SOCIETY

Has been occupied for some time past with their usual diverting indefatigability in a discussion as to *What becomes of all the umbrellas?* It appears, upon an average, that, in bad weather, one umbrella in every three is left behind by the owner at some spot never recollected. Eleven persons out of twelve who borrow umbrellas on wet nights never think of returning them; and out of this said eleven, seven lose the safeguards thus kindly lent them by their friends, which finally come out after dusk, on other wet nights, at a shilling a-piece in Leicester-square and Tottenham Court Road. It is calculated, that if all the lost cotton umbrellas could be got together, a tarpaulin would be formed, in the shape of a vast dome, sufficient to roof-in Vauxhall Gardens, and thus give the Royal property (so called from never having been the least use to anybody else) an ultimate chance of succeeding. The silk ones, rendered air-tight by varnish, would form a balloon, capable of landing a thousand troops in China in 24 hours. The direction of the wind would be of little consequence, as the balloon could either go over Europe, or circumvent the brothers of the Moon by the North American line of clouds. By this means, although the Chinese are up to various kinds of peculiarly cunning dodges, we could be down upon them at once, in the most conclusive manner. It is worthy the attention of Government.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

Has been chiefly occupied in arranging an expedition to discover the beginning and end of Marylebone-lane—a point, we believe, never yet made known. Their researches at present prove that the thoroughfare in question runs in the direction of every point of the compass, and that it is presumed to go from the neighbourhood of the New Road to some point in the city not yet ascertained.

They have also discovered, that the singular optical delusion in going down the river below Greenwich, which gives the large ships the appearance of sailing in the fields and gardens behind the various houses on the banks, is owing to the convolutions of the Thames, which twists about here like a lobworm with the colic.

APROPOS.

Sir Robert Peel and the Earl of Liverpool are stated to have had good sport with the black game in the Highlands. We admire the consistency of the two ministers, in making their sport in the field characteristic of their occupation in the senate. Their game is black in every sense—whether a sporting or a political meaning be attached to the expression.

THE FEAST OF REASON AND THE FLOW OF SOUL.

(Scene, *a Snuggery at the Magpie and Stump. Present* Dick Bradshaw, Ned Tidmarsh, Tom Thornton, Will Jenkins, *and* Jack Adams.)

1.

BEFORE SUPPER.

Dick. It has been rather cold to-day.
Ned. Do you think we shall have rain?
Tom. I hope Mrs. Adams is well.
Jack. Thank you; she is tolerably well.

2.

AT SUPPER.

Ned. Well!—I was almost famished.
Will. I was going to ask if my eggs had been *laid* yet.
Jack. What eggs are best for poaching?
Tom. Why, the biggest and freshest, I should think.
Jack. *I* should think a *game*-fowl's.
Omnes. Oh! oh!
Dick. That's what I call quoting Josephus.
Will. Tidmarsh; how you are taking in those unlucky natives!
Ned. They invite it. They are so soft and sweet—as Cordelia's voice was.
Tom. That 'll do for the Shakspeare Society.
Ned. Waiter, take these things away, and bring me a go of whiskey

3.

AFTER THE THIRD GO.

Tom. I say, that Peel's confounded Income Tax is an unconstitutional, inquisitorial—
Old gentleman in a corner. I agree with you, sir;—it is a *most* inquisitorial measure; very true, indeed; a very true remark: most inquisitorial!
Will. I say, Tom, you must pay something considerable.
Tom. Don't be absurd. We are surrounded, sir, by a chaos of violated principles, tottering institutions, and trampled rights! (Hear.) I say, trampled rights! (Hear, hear.) The Duke of Wellington.
Will. The Duke of Wellington 's a trump.
Tom. The Duke of Wellington may be all very well in his way;—but—
Dick. As to Sir James Graham and Lord Stanley—
Jack. Well, then, but what do you say to Lord Melbourne?
Ned. Look at the Penny Postage.
Old gentleman. Sir, it was a boon to the country.
Will. My opinion is that the New Tariff, when it comes fairly into—
Tom. I say we must come to Universal Suffrage and Vote by Ballot.
Will. I'm for bribery and corruption.
Dick. Bravo, Paley! Bigotry and Intolerance for ever!
Ned. Ignorance and Superstition!
Jack. Moral Prostration and Universal Despotism.
Will. The Emperor of Russia's good health!
Omnes. Hurrah! (Much applause and rattling of glasses.)
Dick. Never mind. (Sings) "Britons never, never, never, never."
Omnes. A song, a song from Dick Bradshaw!
Dick. Nonsense: I can't sing.
Tom. He's got a cold, or he would be "most happy to oblige the company;" wouldn't you, Dick?
Dick. Ahem!

At the siege of Belleisle
I was there all the while.
I was there—

Omnes. Come—that 'll do.
Will. If you won't sing, Dick, give us a toast.
Dick. Well, if I must, I must! Gentlemen, I rise to propose a toast ahem! (looks pointedly at Will) which I am sure you will all respond to unanimously; it is the health of a gentleman—
Tom. A *gentleman?* (A laugh.)
Dick. 'Tisn't you!—(Much laughter, and "Had you there, Tom?")—a gentleman whom I'm sure every gentleman here present will respect; although perhaps we may differ on some points with him; but "May difference of opinion never alter friendship!"—a gentleman who (name, name.) Well, then, not to trifle with your valuable time—need I say that I allude to Mr. William Jenkins? (Hear, hear! and Jenkins on his legs.)
Will. Unaccustomed as I am (Oh! Oh!) Gentlemen, I am no orator, as Bradshaw is; if I were, I should seek some worthier field for the exercise of my talents than the Magpie and Stump; some more deserving subject of panegyric.
Ned. Paregoric? (Order, order!)
Will. Stop his mouth with another cigar—some one whose health would be of more importance to the community than that of your humble servant. However, gentlemen, I am highly indebted to Mr. Bradshaw for the very flattering manner in which he has proposed my health as a toast. Mr. Bradshaw is a gentleman (hear, hear!) I don't know whether he keeps a gig or not; but I am sure he lives "respectable." He is a man who wears a decent coat (hear, hear!) and pays his tailor (oh, oh!) He is one of those who *do* pay (oh, oh!) You are of those who don't pay (hear, hear, and laughter.) Gentlemen, allow me to apologise for engrossing your attention as I have been doing (No, no, and Bravo, Jenkins!) I am much obliged to you for the honour you have done me, and I beg, in return, to drink all your very good healths.
Tom. Our noble selves. Hurrah!
Omnes. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah! Waiter, bring another go of whiskey.

4.

AFTER THE FIFTH GO.

[*All asleep except* Bradshaw, Jenkins, *and* Thornton; *the latter in the third heaven of tobacco, silently gazing on "incorporeal air."*]

Dick. The fallacy (*hiccup*) lies in the major.
Will. How so? (*hic.*)
Dick. You stated (*hic*) that incomphensibil—(*hic*)—ity (*hic*) and unintel—(*hic*)—igibility (*hic*) were in the same cat—(*hic*)—egory (*hic*).
Will. No, (*hic*) no; that's erroneous. What I meant to say was, that (*hic*) when we consider (*hic*) their respective predic—(*hic*)—ic—(*hic*)—icaments (*hic*), we find that they (*hic*) have mutual relations, (*hic*) limited by (*hic*) the intrinsicality of boundless extent (*hic*).
Dick. Well, but (*hic*) how do you make that out? (*hic.*)
Will. Look here; (*hic*) mutabil—(*hic*)—ity and variability (*hic*) are convertible terms (*hic*).
Dick. Yes; (*hic*) but you don't mean (*hic*) to say that they are entities. (*hic.*)
Will. No, no, (*hic*) no; I don't mean that; (*hic*) certainly not (*hic*).
Dick. Very well then, (*hic*) you must admit my inference (*hic*).
Will. That's a gratuitous assumption (*hic*).
Dick. Well, never mind; (*hic*) here's "the land we live in!" (*hic.*)
Will. That's a *non sequitur*.
Dick. You're another.
Will. What do you mean (*hic*) by that?—Incomprehen—(*hic*)—sibility—(*Falls under the table.*)

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

The fourteen-shilling Zephyrs are now all the rage, and the light Clarence boot is giving way to the stout Oxonian. The Macintosh is a good deal adopted as a drapery for the arm, and is thrown over the shoulder in cases of sudden showers. Pockets have entirely superseded gloves, but an odd Berlin is sometimes carried in one hand by those who wish to adopt the very extreme of gentility. On fine days, when the day before has been wet, the bottom of the trouser is shot about as high as the calf with dry mud, which has a very *distingué* appearance.

Ladies' fashions are much the same as last month, but the Imitation Chusan is looped up in wet weather with the hand, so as to show a *sous-jupe* or petticoat of white calico, and in some instances flannel may be seen; but this is only the case when the dress is scolloped to a height that is far from usual.

FAST COLOURS—WARRANTED TO WASH.

The jointed clog is also a good deal worn, and it is sometimes found with a break in the middle, when it comes off at the toe, and has an effect not altogether agreeable.

JUVENILE BIOGRAPHY.

No. I.—LITTLE JACK HORNER.

In searching through the enormous mass of materials which were soon placed at our disposal when it was understood in literary circles that we were about to write a biography of this illustrious youth, we were struck by nothing so much as by the utter want of connection between the rich resources thus placed within our reach, and the renowned individual of whom we have resolved to furnish the world with a history. Scarcely had our intentions been intimated in those brilliant coteries of wit and learning, at which a second Boswell might find half-a-dozen Johnsons, and reap a harvest of lettered chaff—scarcely had the secret been breathed in those dazzling *reunions* where the lightning of wit plays round the conductor of genius, or forks itself out at the expense of all around,—scarcely, we say, had the secret become known, than it was universally spread about, and the whisper of the initiated few was echoed in the shout of the multitude. It was then that the name of Horner was regarded as a passport to fame, and each who could boast of bearing it came forward with family records purporting to throw a light upon the history of their alleged ancestor; and many a wealthy burgher, who would have left "little Jack" to eat his "Christmas pie" in silence and solitude, crouching in that corner to which, by the neglect of those around him, he was in his lifetime doomed,—many, we repeat, of those "heartless parasites of present cheer" crowded our study, and assailed our bell (the third from the bottom), for the purpose of claiming kindred with the boy, to whom we were about to award immortality in the form of a biography. But it is ever thus,—and, as the seven cities which refused to Homer the coarse crust of charity, contended after his death for the honour of giving him birth, so have the Horners of modern times come forward to claim relationship with Jack, to whom when living they would have denied an extra piece of that pie, his devotion to which was perhaps the most salient point of his extraordinary character.

In tracing our hero's genealogical chart, we are met at the threshold by one of those difficulties which are not easily overcome, for history has been altogether silent on the question of his parentage. That the Horners of Hampshire came over with the Saxons, and shared the fortunes of Cedric in his hazardous adventures, is at least a matter of doubt; and, even if the fact were clear, to connect little Jack with the Horners of Hampshire would be utterly impossible. We know from Stowe that the Horns at Kennington are of ancient date; but even Camden, who never allows probability to interfere with an ingenious hypothesis, has not hazarded a conjecture that the Horners and the Horns are the same thing,—so that the two antiquaries leave us just as we were on the subject of our hero's family.

Rejecting, therefore, the lofty regions of surmise, let us descend to the level of facts; for it will ever be found to hold good in the literary as in the physical world, that if we would reach a certain point it is better to follow the road than to endeavour to mount into the

WHEN THINGS COME TO THE WORST THEY MUST TAKE A TURN.

air—at least until atmospheric railways can be adapted to the purpose of traversing the atmosphere.

"Little Jack Horner," says the historian who combined also the office of a poet—a proof of the remoteness of the age in which he lived, for it was only in an early century that the bard and the chronicler were identical—"Little Jack Horner," says the historian "sat in a corner," a position he seems to have retained throughout the entire portion of his life, which forms the subject of the verse from which we derive nearly all the knowledge we have of him.

It would appear to the superficial reader, that at the particular moment when little Jack Horner starts upon the page of history, he must have been undergoing punishment for some grievous offence, since the very fact of his sitting in "a corner," could only be the result of an error for which he was made to undergo a not uncommon penalty. It is true that "a corner" has, from time immemorial, been regarded as a place of punishment for juveniles, but the extraordinary circumstances under which we find the youthful Jack, not only eating a Christmas pie, but taking credit for moral excellence in the beautiful burst of nature that follows, must preclude us from supposing that his position in the corner arose from any thing but that waywardness which is common to the young in every grade of society.

The second line brings us to the eating of the Christmas pie; and we must here pause for a moment to inquire how it came to pass that it should have been a pie, and not a pudding, which little Jack Horner was partaking of. The period of the event is not necessarily fixed (as some writers have erroneously presumed) by the fact that the pie was a Christmas pie; though we admit there is nothing to warrant a belief to the contrary. It is, however, possible that a Christmas pie may have been eaten in June, or, at least, on New Year's Day; or, indeed, at any other time within the twelvemonth. The real difficulty lies in the pie itself rather than in fixing the exact season at which little Jack was eating it; for though it has escaped the acumen of the accomplished editor of Mr. Harris's last illuminated edition of the poem, we cannot but observe that there is, after all, no such thing as a Christmas pie, and that Christmas pudding would have been the reading of the schoolmen in the days when the revival of learning had led to a correctness of interpretation, which, if it pleased by its exactness, could only offend by its severity. It is true that there is a pie peculiar to Christmas which is distinguished by the quaint epithet of mince; but at the early age when Horner flourished, we believe that mince pies were wholly unknown; or, at least, had not become a part and parcel of our greatest annual holiday.

To go on, however, with the narrative, which we have been tempted to overlay, with, perhaps, too much learning, for we have been unwilling to omit an opportunity of holding the flambeau of erudition over the page of history, and applying the snuffers of criticism to the long-burning and extensively wicked candles of the early chroniclers.

"He put in his thumb and pull'd out a plum,"

says the bard in a burst of simple eloquence, which nothing in Froissart can equal for its clearness; while we look in vain to the irregular jottings of Diderot or Grimm, for any thing that can compete with its truthful perspicuity. The character of little Jack Horner is completely developed in the line we have quoted, and that which immediately follows it; nor is it without strong emotion that we denounce him to future generations as an idle braggart, and a disgusting epicure. That he was the latter no one can doubt, who views in its proper light the gluttonous process of pulling out a plum; and the

BOARDING A MAN-OF-WAR.

former part of our accusation is borne out by the egotistical ejaculation which concludes his degrading history. No one can be told that an urchin used the vain-glorious words which form the last line of the ballad, without feeling the truth of the verdict we have thought proper to pass; and the mere exclamation of "What a good boy am I!" was sufficient to write braggart on his tomb, and give him the word "humbug" as his appropriate epitaph.

Having summed up the mental attributes of Horner, we have nothing but his person to describe, which, from his having gained the appellation of "Little Jack," we may infer was rather diminutive. His features are still preserved to us in a painting prefixed to the edition of 1841, in the Harrisonian Library at the corner of St. Paul's Church-yard, where it is sometimes exhibited publicly in the window, though, we believe, there are no stated days for the exhibition, which is entirely dependent on the caprice of the shopman.

What kind of spirit was the Flying Dutchman?—*Hollands.*

MR. MUFF'S INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE TO THE MEDICAL STUDENTS.

It will be perfectly useless to give any minute report of the oration delivered by Dr. Wurzel to his pupils, because all introductory lectures, at whatever school they may be given, always end in the same thing, viz., persuading as many students to enter to the classes as can be talked over. He told them that they had made choice of a very harassing profession, in which the pleasure derived from alleviating the sufferings of their fellow-creatures would be far beyond any pecuniary recompense they might expect, which of course he mentally agreed in, as well as in the following confession, that he and his colleagues, who formed the teachers of the school, were actuated solely by a love of their noble calling, and no affection for common-place coin. Moreover, he indulged his hearers with an history of all the eminent medical men down to the present time, from the very celebrated people who never existed except in museum portraits and Lempriere's Dictionary. And having said all this, and a great deal more which our reporter cannot recollect, inasmuch as he had been fast asleep for the last half hour, the worthy professor concluded as the clock of the hospital struck three, to the great relief of his audience. Of course there was violent applause, although, generally speaking, medical students are quiet young men, averse to anything like noise; and then a violent rush took place to the dissecting-room.

When they had collected therein, Mr. Muff sent Randall round with the top of an earthenware jar, to collect filthy lucre for half-

MAKING A DOUBLE CHARGE.

and-half; and then, having publicly announced his intention of saying a few words to the new students, he commenced as follows:—

"Gentlemen!"

"Don't call names," interrupted Manhug.

"Order!" bawled out Mr. Rapp, thumping the table with a stick which he snatched from a new man standing near him, until a glass preparation-jar danced off upon the ground, and broke to pieces, when it was immediately concealed in the flue of the fire-place. "Order! and hear Mr. Muff."

"Gentlemen," continued our friend, by no means disconcerted, "you have heard a very vivacious discourse from Dr. Wurzel, in which he told you all he thought necessary for you to attend to, in your wish to become leading members of the agreeable and not-by-any-means-over-done-by-numbers profession you have decided upon choosing. Now, I have to beg you will forget everything he said, and listen to me; for I am about to tell you what will be of a great deal of use to you in your future career. Jack Randall, be good enough to poke the fire, put on the leg of a stool to make a cheerful blaze, and pass the fermented."

These orders being obeyed, Mr. Muff continued.

"The knowledge you will gain, gentlemen, during your studies, will be useful, inasmuch as it will enable you to pass the hall and college; but these points once achieved, you will be anxious to forget all you have learned as soon as you can. Your grand study must then be *human-nature*, and the *habits of society*. Be assured that at all times a ready tact and a good address will bear down all the opposition that can ever be offered in the shape of professional knowledge and hardly-earned experience. You will do well to take a few private lessons of the nearest undertaker in the necessary art of fixing your looks and assuming a grave demeanour; and your spare half-hours may be well passed in learning the most abstruse names of the most uncommon diseases; by the display of which you will flabbergaster other practitioners whom you may be, from time to time, called upon to meet in consultation. Leave vulgar common-place affairs, like measles, hooping-cough, croup, and colic, to monthly nurses and small apothecaries; but when you have once written a treatise on the exhibition and beneficial effects of Sesquicarburet of Sawdust in the early stages of Megalanthropogenesia, be assured your fame will soon extend. Gentlemen, I beg a moment's pause in order that I may indulge in a modest drain of the commingled, to wash down that last hard word."

The example set by the lecturer was speedily followed by his hearers, and when he had recovered his breath, after a protracted deglutition, Mr. Muff went on again.

"You will find depreciation of brother practitioners of immense service, but this must be carefully done, to avoid ever being found out. When you are shown their prescriptions, shake your head, and order something else; which take care to make of a different colour and taste. In the great world, the term making one's fortune, implies ruining somebody else's; and, as we all attain eminence by clambering over one another's shoulders, do all you can to push down those above you, for stepping-stones. An illustration of this theory may be seen in the Chinese collection at Hyde-Park Corner, only it is half-a-crown to go in. Wait until it comes to a shilling, and then imbibe the philosophy there taught. There is a picture of a duck-boat, and we are told that the ducks are called in every night in an incredibly short space of time, hustling over one another like the pittites of a theatre on grand nights. This race for superiority is rendered thus animating, because the last bird who goes in is always beaten by the owner. My beloved bricks, recollect that the world is a large poultry-boat, and be careful, even to cracking your fibres and heart-strings with exertion, *never to be the last duck!* Should this happen, the beating will probably maim you, and you will never be able to recover your lost position.

"I shall now bid you adieu until next week, when I propose to continue this important subject."

RATIFICATION OF THE GREAT TREATY.

We are happy to be able to announce, by an express which left the district half an hour in advance of the overland omnibus, that the great boundary question between the authorities of Brompton and Chelsea is at last satisfactorily settled. Chelsea cedes the whole of the kerb-stone on the southern frontiers of Sloane-street, and by reviving an old convention with the Hans-place authorities, it returns to the full enjoyment of the Hanseatic districts. Brompton, on the other side, sacrifices the extensive range of levels lying between Knightsbridge and Brompton-square; but the Chelsea flats, beginning at $\frac{9}{16}$ north latitude from the Observatory on the roof of the County Fire-office, are to maintain their independent character. It is mutually agreed that the beadle's staff on both frontiers is to be reduced one inch in thickness and six inches in length; and the cab-stand, which has caused so many heart-burnings, is to be attended by a permanent waterman, who is to be appointed alternately by the two governments.

Brompton has magnanimously relinquished the spout and body of the pump; but, with a reluctant fondness that is hardly blameable, still keeps its grasp upon the handle. The swamp in front of the watch-house is to continue neutral ground, and the boundaries are to be beaten four times a year in the usual manner.

It will be seen from the above sketch of the principal contents of the treaty, that the right of search is still left untouched, and it is intended to leave it, for the present, in the hands of the bone-grubbers, who are most interested in its exercise. The right of visit is to be taken from the Chelsea Apothecaries, and given, under restrictions to the Brompton Surgeons, who have undertaken to exhibit the usual red signal with a bottle placed in front of a lamp, which is shown in cases of railway slaughter, between which, and a regular surgical operation, there is very little difference.

A BULLETIN.

A fire broke out in the property-apartment at Sadler's Wells Theatre; and though not much mischief was done, the fire must have been very bad while it lasted, for the papers say that it was *confined to the room*. It is to be presumed that upon finding itself better it went out, which was extremely fortunate.

HESSE-CASSEL, *v.* BABYLON!

The Elector of Hesse-Cassel—magnanimous potentate!—would not suffer Spohr to visit Norwich, to preside at the performance of his *Fall of Babylon*. The Elector has, with proper spirit, followed up this measure with a decree that, upon pain of death, no nightingale is to listen to its own music within his vast dominions.

A COMMERCIAL COUNTRY.

Chimney-sweeper (in a cart.)—I say, cabman, cut away, will you, there's a good un; or let me afore you?

Cabman (looking behind, and driving more slowly.)—Certainly; you're in a urry, no doubt! Got bills, I 'spose, to take up in the City?

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

LETTER XII.—ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF BORROWING.—HOPKINS'S UMBRELLA.

You ask me to supply you with a list of books, that you may purchase the same for your private delectation. My dear boy, receive this, and treasure it for a truth: no wise man ever purchases a book. Fools buy books, and wise men—borrow them. By respecting, and acting upon this axiom, you may obtain a very handsome library for nothing.

Do you not perceive, too, that by merely borrowing a volume at every possible opportunity, you are obtaining for yourself the reputation of a reading man; you are interesting in your studies dozens of people who, otherwise, would care not whether you knew A, B, C, or not? With your shelves thronged with borrowed volumes, you have an assurance that your hours of literary meditation frequently engage the thoughts of, alike, intimate and casual acquaintance. To be a good borrower of books is to get a sort of halo of learning about you not to be obtained by laying out money upon printed wisdom. For instance, you meet Huggins. He no sooner sees you than, pop, you are associated with all the Cæsars; he having—simple Huggins!—lent you his Roman History bound in best historic calf. He never beholds you but he thinks of Romulus and Remus, the Tarpeian Rock, the Rape of the Sabines, and ten thousand other interesting and pleasurable events. Thus, you are doing a positive good to Huggins by continually refreshing his mind with the studies of his thoughtful youth; whilst, as I say, your appearance, your memory, is associated and embalmed by him with things that "will not die."

Consider the advantage of this. To one man you walk as Hamlet; why? you have upon your shelves that man's best edition of Shakspere. To another, you come as the archangel Michael. His illustrated Paradise Lost glitters amongst your borrowings. To this man, by the like magic, you are Robinson Crusoe; to this, Telemachus. I will not multiply instances: they must suggest themselves. Be sure, however, on stumbling upon what seems a rare and curious volume, to lay your borrowing hands upon it. The book may be Sanscrit, Coptic, Chinese: you may not understand a single letter of it; for which reason, be more sternly resolved to carry it away with you. The very act of borrowing such a mysterious volume implies that you are in some respects a deep fellow—invests you with a certain literary dignity in the eyes of the lending. Besides, if you know not Sanscrit at the time you borrow,—you may before you die. You cannot promise yourself what you shall not learn; or, having borrowed the book, what you shall not forget.

There are three things that no man but a fool lends—or having lent, is not in the most hopeless state of mental crassitude if he ever hope to get back again. These three things, my son, are—BOOKS, UMBRELLAS, and MONEY! I believe, a certain fiction of the land assumes a remedy to the borrower; but I know no case in which any man, being sufficiently dastard to gibbet his reputation as plaintiff in such a suit, ever fairly succeeded against the wholesome prejudices of society.

In the first place, books being themselves but a combination of borrowed things, are not to be considered as vesting even their authors with property. The best man who writes a book, borrows his materials from the world about him, and therefore, as the phrase goes, cannot come into court with clean hands. Such is the opinion of some of our wisest law-makers; who, therefore, give to the mechanist of a mouse-trap, a more lasting property in his invention than if he had made an Iliad. And why? The mouse-trap is of wood and iron: trees, though springing from the earth, are property; iron, dug from the bowels of the earth, is property: you can feel it, hammer it, weigh it: but what is called literary genius is a thing not ponderable, an essence (if, indeed, it be an essence) you can make nothing of, though put into an air-pump. The mast, that falls from beech, to fatten hogs, is property; as the forest laws will speedily let you know, if you send in an alien pig to feed upon it: but it has been held, by wise, grave men in Parliament, that what falls from human brains to feed human souls, is no property whatever. Hence, private advantage counsels you to borrow all the books you can; whilst public opinion abundantly justifies you in never returning them.

I have now to speak of UMBRELLAS. Would you, my son, from what you have read of Arab hospitality—would you think of counting out so many penny-pieces, and laying them in the hand of your Arab host, in return for the dates and camel's milk that, when fainting, dying, with thirst, hunger and fatigue, he hastened to bestow upon you! Would you, I say, chink the copper coin in the man's ear, in return for this kindly office, which the son of the desert thinks an "instrumental part of his religion!" If, with an ignorance of the proper usages of society, you would insult that high-souled Arab by any tender of money, then, my son—but no! I think you incapable of the sordidness of such an act,—then would you return a Borrowed Umbrella!

Consider it. What is an umbrella but a tent that a man carries about with him—in China, to guard him from the sun,—in England, to shelter him from the rain! Well, to return such a portable tent to the hospitable soul who lent it,—what is it but to offer the Arab payment for shelter; what is it but to chaffer with magnanimity, to reduce its greatness to a mercenary lodging-house keeper? Umbrellas may be "hedged about" by cobweb statutes; I will not swear it is not so; there may exist laws that make such things property; but sure I am that the hissing contempt, the loud-mouthed indignation of all civilized society, would sibilate and roar at the bloodless poltroon, who should engage law on his side to obtain for him the restitution of a—lent umbrella!

We now come to—MONEY. I have had, in my time, so little of it, that I am not very well informed on monetary history. I think, however, that the first Roman coin was impressed with a sheep. A touching and significant symbol, crying aloud to all men,—"Children, *fleece* one another." My son, it is true, that the sheep has vanished from all coin: nevertheless, it is good to respect ancient symbols: therefore, whatever the gold or silver may bear—whatever the potentate, whatever the arms upon the obverse, see with your imaginative eye nothing but the sheep; listen with your fancy's ear to nought but—"fleece"—"fleece!"

I am aware, that a prejudice exists amongst the half-educated, that borrowed money is as money obtained by nothing; that, in fact, it is not your own; but is only trusted in your hands for such and such a time. My son, beware of this prejudice: for it is the fruit of the vilest ignorance. On the contrary, look upon all borrowed money, as money dearly, richly earned by your ingenuity in obtaining it. Put it to your account as the wages of your intellect, your address, your reasoning or seductive powers. Let this truth, my son, be engraven upon your very brain-pan. To borrow money is the very highest employment of the human intellect: to pay it back again, is to show yourself a traitor to the genius that has successfully worked within you.

You may, however, wish to know how to put off your creditor—how to dumbfound him, should the idiot be clamorous. One answer will serve for books, umbrellas, and money. As for books, by the way, you may always have left them in a hackney-coach. (This frequent accident of book-borrowers, doubtless, accounts for the literary turn of most hackney-coachmen.) Still, I will supply you with one catholic answer.

Hopkins once lent Simpson, his next-door neighbour, an umbrel'a.

You will judge of the intellect of Hopkins, not so much from the act of lending an umbrella, but from his insane endeavour to get it back again.

It poured in torrents. Hopkins had an urgent call. Hopkins knocked at Simpson's door. "I want my umbrella." Now Simpson also had a call in a directly opposite way to Hopkins; and with the borrowed umbrella in his hand, was advancing to the threshold. "I tell you," roared Hopkins, "I want my umbrella."—"Can't have it," said Simpson, at the same time extending the machine dedicated to *Jupiter pluvius*. "Why, I want to go to the East-end, it rains in torrents; what"—screamed Hopkins—"what am I to do for an umbrella?"

"Do!" answered Simpson, darting from the door—"do as I did; BORROW ONE!"

FIDDLE-FADDLE AND CHARITY.

THE following advertisement appeared the other day in the *Times*:—

"New Church, in the parish of St. George the Martyr, Southwark.—A Bazaar in aid of the funds for the above object will be held this day at the Bridge House Hotel, London Bridge, under the patronage of (we need not mention names). The sale to commence at 11 o'clock."

This announcement suggests several ideas to the thinking mind. The first and most obvious is—that manners are moving, and style is looking up in the city; that civilisation is brisk, and refinement at a premium in the vicinity of the Mansion House. One is next led to speculate on the display of Eastern magnificence which this grand bazaar must have afforded—the "brooches, pearls, and onches"—the watches, bracelets, feathers, and fetters of gold, which must have bedecked the fronts, encircled the necks, adorned the bosoms, crowned the brows, and manacled the limbs, of the plump and lovely stall-keepers. Then the lips are involuntarily smacked at the idea of coquetting at one and the same time with a basin of turtle and the fair confectioner—for it cannot be supposed that on such an occasion, and in such a neighbourhood, the Pride of Cornhill could have lacked a representative. But these exercitations of the fancy are less profitable than amusing; whereas, PUNCH has a proposition which occurred to him from the perusal of the above notice, to submit; whose adoption, he verily believes, would have doubled the proceeds of the Bazaar in question, and will those of any other. Nay, he considers his plan especially calculated for the more polite meridian of Westminster.

Bazaars for purposes of charity have hitherto been conducted exclusively by ladies; and business, in consequence, has been done with gentlemen only. Now PUNCH would press the shaving sex into the service; whereby an attraction, which, up to this time, has been offered to individuals of one gender only, would be provided for persons of either. Let any one, during the height of the season, take a walk, between the hours of three and five, through the establishment of Messrs. Swan and Edgar. Let him mark the row of elegant youths lining the counters on one side, and the galaxy of loveliness extending along them on the other, from Regent-street to Picadilly; and if he be not at once illuminated as to the value of the suggestion now advanced, he must be fast asleep.

It is clear that if the young ministers in this Temple of Fashion wore smock-frocks in lieu of their clerical costume; if they grinned like yahoos or hyenas, instead of smiling, with mien politely sweet, their acknowledgments to their pretty customers; and were wont to blunder out "Aything else, Miss?" in place of whispering "Is there any other article to-day, Ma'am?" or, "Allow me, Ma'am, to tempt you with this pattern?" it would not be long before a "tremendous sacrifice" would be announced in its magnificent windows.

NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FARE.

But, mainly owing to their address, its shrine is enriched from day to day with the contributions of the rich and the noble. Now, such being the importance of manner in an appeal to the female pocket, what an influx of wealth into Charity's lap would be derived from the attendance of the high-bred aristocrat at the counter of fashionable philanthropy!

This train of reflection set PUNCH to sleep—as it has, perhaps, some of his readers. He dreamt, naturally enough, of what he had been thinking about; but could never have dreamt (if he had remained awake) the extent to which his idea was amplified. In particular, he now with astonishment perceived what an enlarged variety of trades might, were his notion acted on, be made subsidiary to the cause of benevolence.

He found himself (in a twofold sense) at a fancy fair. The whole scene displayed that combination of daring imagination with exquisite taste which is characteristic of the exclusive circles. At a handsomely-carved desk, with a richly-bound embossed and illuminated day-book, gilt-edged, before him, sat Lord Egerton Villiers, with a gorgeously-inlaid steel pen behind his left ear, and the star of the Order of the Garter on his breast. His Lordship's counter, which was of black oak, and tastefully panelled with quatrefoils (that in the centre bearing the arms of the family), was piled with small parcels of tea and sugar, figs, prunes, raisins, and other light articles of grocery, which were dispensed by his diminutive tiger (his Lordship being short-sighted), who officiated very cleverly as shop-boy.

Sir Dudley Knatchbull, in an extremely smart blouse, with his trusty steel by his side, had stationed himself at some singularly elegant shambles, and, in faithful but refined mimicry, was delighting the passers-by with his glibly-repeated cry, "What d'ye buy, Ma'am? what d'ye buy?" His wares consisted of delicate kidneys, dainty sweetbreads, nice lamb chops, and the more spiritual varieties of butchers' meat.

The Duke of Hungerford, assisted by his eldest son, Lord Henry Congers, did the honours at the stall of a mitigated costermonger. His Grace's pines and melons came from his own nursery, as also did the infant Lady Ianthe, whom the Duchess, who also accompanied her liege lord, was carrying, in picturesque imitation of the less exalted ranks, in her maternal arms.

The Honourable Sutton Tollemache was for the nonce a son of Crispin. Emulative of the proprietors of the "Red Boots," "Noah's Arks," and "National Shoe Marts," he had caused each variety of *chaussure* to be duly ticketed; as thus—"Best Sutherlands, 3s. 6d.," "Victoria Kids, 4s." "Superior Almacks, 4s. 6d." "Cerito Bronzes, 5s.," &c. &c.

Viscount Wemyss presided at an oyster-shop with native dignity. Sharpe Neville, Esq., hard by, served out potatoes all hot on silver. Colonel Beresford, his next neighbour, with half-a-dozen of his officers, had set up as a hair-dresser; while, opposite, a masquerade warehouse had been established by Sir Nathan Levi.

By several of the distinguished traders much taste and judgment were evinced in the choice of vocations. Two Right Reverend Bishops were stationed side by side; one dealt in fancy bread, the other condescended to play the fishmonger. The former disposed of very nice loaves to an amount that was surprising; the other drove as thriving a fish-trade, and his stock of soles in particular was got rid of almost in no time.

Mr. Saunders Mackenzie, the great political economist and metaphysician, was a fashionable cheesemonger, and sold many slices of gammon, cut remarkably fine. His countryman, Sir Andrew Toadie, the celebrated physician, appeared as a perfumer, and vended an amazing deal of soap.

Mr. Serjeant Spry was a poulterer, and made much by his geese and pigeons.

CHICKEN HAZARD.

The scene, which was crowded with rank, beauty, and fashion, to such an extent that it seemed if one could hardly move without jostling an Earl, treading on a Countess's toe, or running against

the nose of a judge, was one of extreme hilarity, owing, principally, to its somewhat masquerade-like character.

"What is the price of those muslins, my Lord?" demanded Miss Arlington of Lord Powerscroft.

"Eighteen and six," replied his Lordship, leaning with his thumbs and forefingers on the counter as naturally as if he had been a shopman.

"Oh! come, my Lord," said the pretty flirt; "you *must* throw me off the sixpence."

"Could n't do it, Mem," responded the sprightly peer, "at this establishment."

"Captain Tyrwhitt," said Lady Ashwood, "oblige me with that love of a Cardinal."

"Shall we send it for your Ladyship?" asked the gallant officer.

Other amusing proceedings were taking place here and there; some of them rather pretty. For instance, at the young Earl of Middeton's stall, there was Miss Fanny Leslie fitting herself with a glove; the said Earl helping her to try it on. The Lady Clara de Vere was engaged in a similar experiment, at the booth of Mr. Sutton Follemache, with respect to a certain sandal; and Major Fitzgerald, at Colonel Beresford's, was officiating *coiffeur* to the fascinating Lady Janet Strathallan.

At length PUNCH's vision, as all bright things must (worse luck!) faded, but the impression of it will never be effaced, neither from his mind, nor, he hopes, from his country's. The church may want more fancy fairs for its support, and we know that the lower classes are occasionally rather short of the necessaries of life, which is very unpleasant, especially in the winter. The needful subscriptions might be raised at once, it may be said, but Charity requires a little variety in her indulgences, which otherwise are apt to pall. Some people, also, may maintain, that, to coax Vanity into parting with her money by flattering her that she is Benevolence, is telling a little fib on a side which can dispense with such assistance; but this argument involves an unfounded insinuation. A modest exhibition of our virtuous deeds is one thing, ostentation another. And really, if Goodness were not sometimes to whisper "See how pretty I look!" she would be thought as ugly as sin. How can she look pretty without being fashionable! and how can she be fashionable without accommodating herself to *Ton?* Then, Hurrah for Fiddle-faddle and Charity!

Literary Intelligence.

By the Observer's Correspondent.

COMING IN FOR HIS SHARE.

WE have been favoured with a glimpse at the MS. of a sonnet by a gentleman not as yet at all known in literary circles, though we predict that he soon will be, if we are not very much deceived, as we sometimes are, and indeed so may any one be, but we do not think we are, at least in this instance, though we have had as much confidence before in other matters, when the result has shown that we were mistaken. The new act extending the copyright of all works to forty-two years will of course make the descendants of a dramatic author extremely comfortable, provided he writes anything that will live long enough, and be played often enough to support his family. But this is by no means sure to happen, for few authors in these days write anything that will be remembered beyond a season or two; though if they can get more money, they are right; but if they get less money, they are wrong: at least if they can do any better, but it is probable they cannot, and whether they can or not, they are the best judges, at least they ought to be, and if they are not, we, who only speak for the good of all parties, would not take the responsibility of advising them.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

THE freedom of the City of London, and indeed of England generally, was presented last week to Mr. Jones, on his emerging from the Fleet Prison. He received it with becoming pleasure, not having enjoyed anything like freedom for some months.

THE "LUXURY" OF ASSAULT.

MONEY is the prime joy of life; the greatest blessing invented by man for the enjoyment of his fellow. It is the one thing which imparts to its possessor a will of his own—which insures to him what certain people, in their affectation of gingerly terms, call the despotism of cruelty—the sovereignty of wickedness. Profound and untiring have been the studies of law-makers to invest the man of money with this high privilege; which, to the self-complacency of the man with a purse, and to the confusion of the rogue without it, is illustrated every day and every hour in happy, independent England! Great should be the gratitude of the subject towards a government that proffers so many sweet inducements to become a holder of "property"—that preaches from a thousand places, and in a thousand different accents, the surpassing loveliness of ready-money.

Reader, we will assume it for granted that you take not an unseemly pride in the structure of your nose—in the whiteness and regularity of your teeth. Your nasal promontory may, in reality, be first cousin to a note of interrogation—your teeth may be mis-shapen straggling bits of ebony; no matter for that, it is our good pleasure to slit your nose in twain; and for your teeth—there!—do you not feel two of them sticking in your windpipe, and, look—there is the third fallen on the pavement!

"Shameful!"—"infamous!" cry the mob. "Here, police, take charge of the ruffian—away with him to judgment!" Confidently slapping our pocket, with a somewhat gladsome trip, we hasten to the magistrate. We are in the awful presence of justice—the whole history of what is called "the assault" is affectingly narrated—and great is the silent indignation of all around; when, with one movement of our hand we rebuke the mob, for we show that we have had nothing we cannot settle for, and that, if it has pleased us to slit a man's nose, and knock out three of his teeth, such luxury is in no way beyond our means, for we have the money to pay for it. Hence we calmly take out our purse, and blandly inquire of the magistrate —"*How much?*" Whereupon Justice weighs the mutilated nose and extracted teeth of the complainant in her golden scales, and answers —"So many shillings." Well, like a gentleman, we pay for what we have had, and, adding the inch to our height—allowed to every man who can really pay his way—we swagger from the office. It is true, if we had no money, we must take our seats with vulgar paupers in her Majesty's van for Tothill-fields or Clerkenwell; but not having committed an assault "beyond our means," we are quite free—if we can afford it—to begin again. Now, is this not a delightful "right of property?" Is not this a most exquisite philosophy of the law of fines that makes assault purchasable?—that classes "slit noses" with pine-apples, to be duly bought by those who can afford and have a taste for them? Is not here an inducement to obtain money, when it shall award to a man full despotism over the eyes, noses, teeth, of his fellow-countrymen? Marylebone affords a recent case of the fine privilege invested in five pounds:—

"*Elizabeth Bond* (a respectable female), stated that on the previous night, as she was passing by Marylebone-lane, she was accosted by the prisoner (*William Raines*, a boot and shoemaker, living in Marylebone-lane,) who told her that he had been looking for her for some time, and that having at last met with her, he would tear her liver out and do for her; he then kicked her three times with great violence, and also struck her some severe blows. She screamed out 'Murder' as loud as she was able, and on a constable coming to her assistance the prisoner was conveyed to the station-house.

"Mr. Rawlinson *inflicted a fine of* £5, and in default of payment two months' imprisonment. The penalty was paid in the course of the afternoon."

William Raines has, doubtless, been imprudent. The assault in the present case is a luxury a little beyond his means. He has very foolishly incurred an expense only to be borne by his betters; nevertheless, as like an honest man, he has duly paid for what he has had, there can be no ignominy, no positive shame in any transaction for which mere money is considered an ample equivalent.

We would, however, for the convenience of those inclined to assaults, have a table of charges published by the Magistrates, and duly exhibited in a conspicuous place in every police-office. Thus, no man of limited means might, so to speak, commit an assault in the dark; but, knowing the exact cost of every injury, might first consult his pocket, that the liveliness of his temperament should not betray him into unexpected pecuniary difficulties.

Let us, for a moment, assume a list of prices, published under authority:—

A pair of black eyes	£0	10	0
With broken nose	1	10	0
For every tooth knocked out, up to four * .	1	1	0
A broken skull	2	2	0
Kicking a woman in the abdomen, with sundry other blows	5	0	0
A dislocated arm	3	0	0
Ditto leg	3	10	0
Miscellaneous, from . . £1 0 0 to	1	10	0

N.B.—No trust. VIVAT REGINA!

* (A handsome allowance if extracting a greater number.)

A simple, straightforward notice like this, would enable the lovers of assault to know what they were about. As it is, we must confess it, they are shamefully at the mercy of the magistrates—all of whom differ from time to time in their valuation of eyes, ribs, arms, legs, and noses.

We have, besides this, an idea which might be profitably worked upon. In London there are Benefit Clubs of every description: clubs for portraits—for hats—for beds—for blankets—yea, for coffins! Now, why should there not be an "Assault Club?" It might be called—

"THE UNITED BROTHERS' BLACK EYE AND BLOODY NOSE CLUB."

Let us assume that the club shall number, say fifty members; that the subscription shall be not higher than sixpence a-week. Well, this gives one pound five—we will say a clear one pound per week, deducting all expenses of officers. This sum will allow the drawing of at least one handsome assault per week. Now it is hard, indeed, if among fifty men there should not be every seventh day one man, at least, desirous of committing an assault upon some man, woman, or child of his acquaintance. It may be argued, in opposition, that the man drawing the prize may at the moment have his hands clear of any injury, real or fancied. Well—what more easy than to transfer his right to any "United Brother," who may, at the moment, burn to blacken the eye, or smash the nose of his neighbour?

In the vanity of our heart, we really think this hint worth attending to. Might not also the magistrate of the district become an honorary patron of every such institution! Q.

THE RIVER.

CITIZENS IN THE STATE OF MAINE.

WE understand it is in contemplation to make Lambeth a port, and we really see no reason why a place to which nature has been truly bountiful should not have all the advantages to which its situation entitles it. Placed at the corner of a bay, and connected at the back with the main land, we do not see what is to prevent it from commanding the whole commerce of Kennington. As a watering-place it already stands high, and its mud-baths are thicker—and of course, therefore, more salubrious—than those of Germany. It is true that invalids seldom find much benefit from drinking the waters, but we have seen the process performed by boys on the bank, who take up the liquid in vessels made from oyster-shells.

THE TALLOW MARKET.

DIPS have gone downwards, and a glut of fours has thrown the dealers all at sixes and sevens. There were a few transactions in fat; and an influential holder is said not to have come out entirely with clean hands; but this is mere surmise. The enormous quantity of dripping damped the market at the close of the day; and a well-known cook lowered prices to a frightful degree by throwing an enormous collection of miscellaneous fat into the scale, which was completely turned by the desperate measure she resorted to.

MR. MUFF'S INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE.

THE diffusion of useful knowledge which Mr. Muff placed at the disposal of the pupils of his own medical school was felt to be so useful by the students at large, that he had a wonderful audience on the following Saturday, when, pursuant to his announcement, he continued his lecture.

Jack Randall was by this time quite at home, and firmly established in the good opinion of all his companions, who looked upon him as an Artesian well of drollery, from the depths of whose inventive genius a spring of unadulterated mischief was constantly gushing. He had somewhat added to his popularity by a bold *coup* on the last board day, when, in the face of all the old governors, who were standing about the hall of the hospital, he drove up to the door outside a hack cab, holding the whip and reins in one hand, and playing "Jim along, Josey," upon a second-hand cornet-a-piston with the other—an instrument which stood very high in his notions of surpassing excellence, because it made a great deal of noise with a very little trouble.

AN UTTERER OF BAD NOTES.

"Hurrah, Manhug!" he exclaimed, seeing our friend at the door' "I've nailed a victim—capital case—two ribs fractured and dead-drunk."

The porter came to the door, and by their united efforts, the patient, who was the real driver of the cab, was taken out.

"How did you contrive to catch him?" asked Manhug.

"Coming through Seven Dials, I saw a row—a fight between two Cabbies, one of whom had thrown a paving-stone through the other's window. The aggressor had just been picked up from his last round, and was beaten to blancmange. They were going to take him into a doctor's close by."

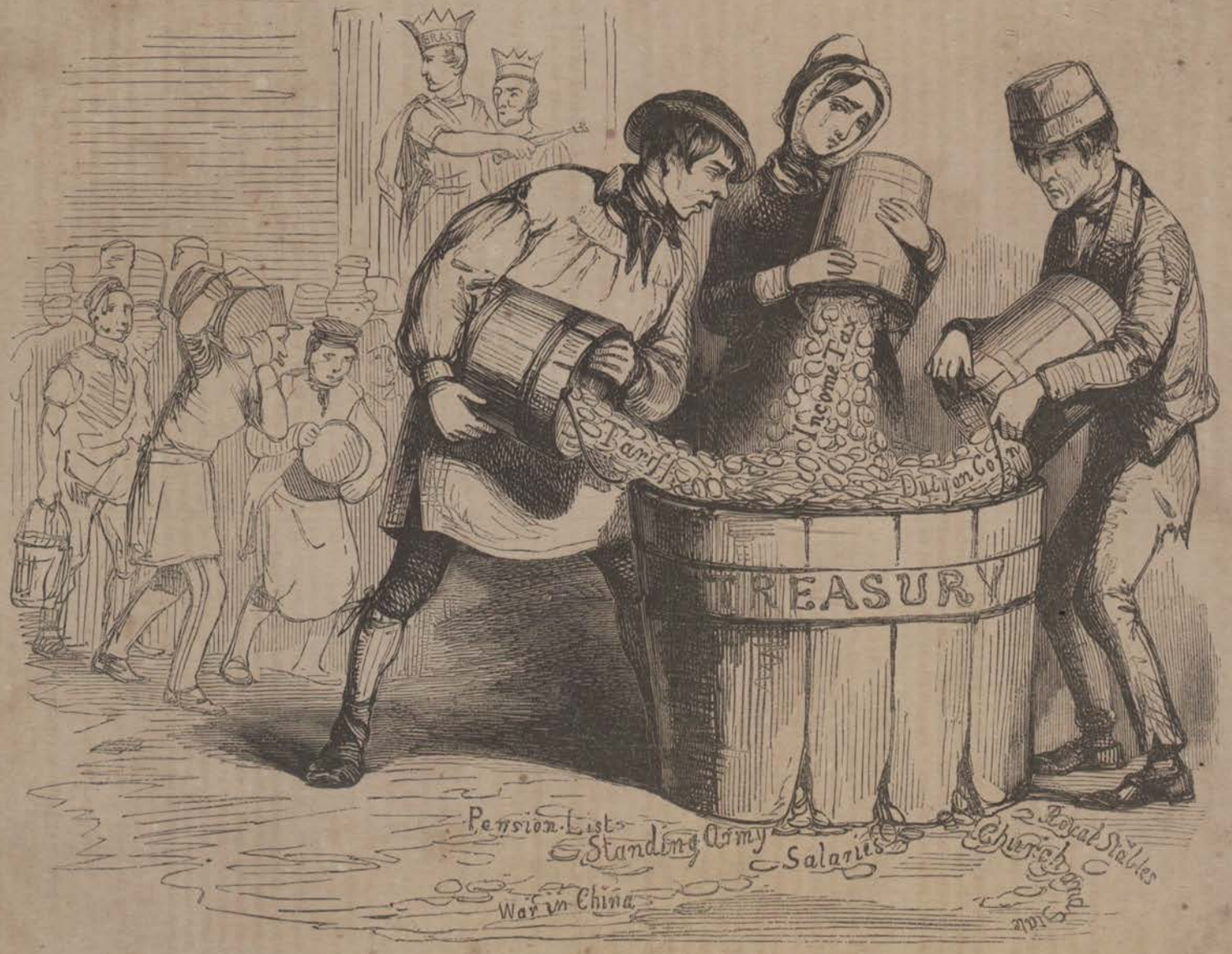
"And why didn't they?"

"Because I prevented it. I said, Don't take him there—blue-bottle shop and flag-of-distress lamp over the door—sells soda-powders, horse-balls, pitch-plasters, lucifers, and penny periodicals. Hospital's the place, you know, for men of high reputation—accidents admitted day and night, without letters of recommendation. So I boxed him up all right in his own hutch, and here he is."

The man was soon settled in a bed of the accident ward; but being still too much overcome by beer and beating to give any account of himself, the next point was, how the horse and cab should be disposed of—a question which Jack Randall soon made all right by putting Rapp and Manhug inside, and driving off to Hampstead for a little air.

But all this is an idle digression: we must return to Mr. Muff, whose stay in town is necessarily limited from his rapidly-increasing business at Clodpole. This ingenious gentleman, then, resumed his post of last week; and, having tapped the ashes from his short pipe, which he returned into a tin box and put into his pocket, he indulged in a modest imbibition of the equally-commingled, and recommenced as follows:—

"GENTLEMEN,—There is a portion of your curriculum of study which carries with it a subject of such vital importance that it deserves especial notice. I allude to the two courses of lectures upon *Botany* which, by the politeness of the Apothecaries' Company, you are permitted to attend. You must be deeply impressed with the importance of thoroughly understanding the physiology of a stinging-



A POLITICAL PARALLEL.

"The Danaides were said to be condemned to fill with water a vessel full of holes, so that the water ran out as soon as poured in.—their labour was, therefore infinite."

nettle in a case of fracture of the skull; and you cannot but laugh at the pretension of a medical man who would attempt to unite a broken bone without first being able to distinguish a daisy from a chamomile. Nor, I am certain, if thrown upon your own skill, would you willingly attend a case of croup or cholera, unless you were clearly aware that the proper name of a *buttercup* was *Ranunculus bulbosus*—an imposing title, well calculated to raise the importance of such an humble vegetable production, and make it think no small sap of itself.

The lecturers upon Botany—with their diagrams of large green leaves that never grew upon any tree in the world, and collections of half-dead garden-stuff which induces a lament that no rabbits or guinea-pigs are kept to devour it—may be looked upon as scientific Jacks-in-the-green. When summer comes and their sessions begin, you will find they will tell you in their first lecture that "the productions of the teeming vegetable world furnish us with an inexhaustible fund of scientific and gratifying amusement." This is their idea. Between ourselves, a man must be exceedingly hard up for friends to find recreation in the society of a cowslip; and whenever I hear the lecturers affirm, with respect to vegetables, "that they rivet our attention by their admirable combinations," I cannot divest myself of the idea, that they allude merely to lobster-salad and spring soup.

I believe, in the partially-unexplored regions on the banks of the Thames in the neighbourhood of Chelsea, there is a large garden of botanical curiosities. I think I have seen its trees from the steamboat, when I have been going to the "Bells" at Putney to eat stewed eels. I have been told that lectures take place here—at Chelsea, not at the "Bells" at Putney—at 8 o'clock in the morning. Possibly, if any of you should ever be sufficiently enthusiastic to get up in the middle of the night and go and hear them, you may be talked into a love of "puff-aways" or "what's-o'clocks," (I give the vulgar names,) and return perfect enthusiasts. But as medical students do not generally go to bed at half-past nine, I fear you will never get there. They like to retire to rest with a lark, better than rising with one. But connected with these gardens there is one point of great importance, which I wish you to bear in mind. Should you ever find your way there, do not forget to cultivate acquaintance with the gardeners. A few pots of half-and-half will be well distributed in this cause; for you may possibly find out, before you go up to "the Hall" for your examination, what plants have been ordered up for the purpose of testing your botanical capabilities. You have then only to go home and study them well: the examiners, without doubt, are, like thistles, sharp and downy—but medical students are sometimes downier still.

FASHIONABLE ARRIVALS.

Mr. Moses Levi, at the Police-office, Bow-street, from a tour of investigation on Saffron-hill. Mr. Manhug, at Evans's Hotel, from the pit of Covent Garden Theatre.

DEPARTURE.

Mr. Snooks, from his lodging in Amwell-street, to some point with which his landlady is perfectly unacquainted.

FLIGHT OF FANCY.

SLEEP AT WILL.

Having, from the incessant joking to which we are condemned in the pages of "Punch," been entirely deprived of rest, we applied to the late Mr. Gardiner for advice, and for the "usual fee" bought his secret. His own long sleep releases us from our pledge, and we proceed to divulge it to the readers of "Punch," otherwise the public. In ordinary cases he recommended either

A joke from the *Morning Herald*; or,
A leader from the *Chronicle*; or,
A ride in one of Hansom's cabs; or,
An expected visit of the Queen to Edinburgh; or,
A jocular critique in the *Athenæum*.

In obstinate cases the hypnologist prescribed one speech of Charles Kean's *Hamlet*—the first soliloquy being always a dose. But should that prove ineffectual, and the patient's constitution be in a condition to stand it, the whole part proves much more efficient. As this remedy, however, many might consider worse than the disease, one column of Joe Hume's speeches (including the calculations) we have ever found an infallible mixture.

THE THAMES AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

Having warmly taken up the Cold-Water Cure, for the benefit of its deluded advocates and disciples, in furtherance of the objects of the "Cold-Water Curing Society" (reported in our last) we proceed to give some account of the great river which forms the *materia medica* used in the modern practice of physic followed by the Hydropathists:—

As the author of a work from which we borrow the above title observes, the Thames is the most important member of the fluvial—or more properly effluvial—system of Great Britain. The peculiarity and variety of its effluvia, arising from the various tributaries that feed it during its course, chemical analyses of which have been already given in "Punch."* The earliest and most considerable of these consists of decomposed vegetation supplied to Old Father Thames by the Berkshire and Surrey marshes; and that this vegetable confluent may be agreeably mixed with animal matter, a large number of drowned kittens is daily added by the inhabitants of both banks of the river.

But it is just below Richmond that the most considerable tributaries of the Thames commence their supplies. The Soap Works at Brentford send in their emollient streams, and help to give to Thames-water that peculiar softness so favourable to those industrious classes who take in washing. Indeed Brentford may be looked upon as the most important feeder of the Thames above bridge. Fell-mongers, gut and gin spinners, brewers, and gas-makers here abound, and unite their energies and their offal to enrich the consistency of the water. As it passes Chiswick, the fluid is improved by large additions from the Ale Brewery; and a little lower, so thick and strong is it rendered by the confluence of the Hammersmith drains—so materially is its specific gravity increased by the powerful ingredients they supply—that it possesses the astonishing capability of holding the iron bridge in suspension.

When these tributaries have been properly amalgamated and stirred up by the piles of Putney and Battersea bridges, the water is considered in a fit state to be supplied to the public, and for this purpose the Chelsea Water-works were established.

Vauxhall contributes lime, Lambeth pours forth a rich amalgam from the yards of knackers and bone-grinders, Horseferry liberally gives up all its dead dogs, Westminster empties its treasures into the mighty stream by means of a common sewer of uncommon dimensions, the Fleet-ditch bears in its inky current the concentrated essences of Clerkenwell, Field-lane, Smithfield, Cow-cross—and is, by means of its innumerable branches, augmented by the potent ingredients of St. Giles's, Somers-town, Barbican, St. Luke's, and the surrounding districts. The fluids of the Whitechapel slaughter-houses call in their transit through the Minories for the contributions of Houndsditch, Ratcliffe Highway, Bevis Marks, and Goodman's-fields, and thus richly laden pour their delicious slime into the Thames by means of the Tower-ditch. Finally, the Surrey side yields the refuse of tar-works and tan-yards, and it is allowed by all, that the people of Deptford, Woolwich, and those situated in the lower course of the stream, get the Thames water (which here

SUSTAINS SIX DIFFERENT CHARACTERS)

in the highest perfection.

With this account of the Thames and its tributaries, we for the present take leave of the hydropathists, and beg to add that, should the editor of Priessnitz's work apply to us for leave to re-print this article in his second edition, we shall have no objection to grant him permission.

THE UGLINESS OF "CHARITY."

We have rarely perused a more touching remonstrance than the subjoined, which we have picked from a letter, addressed by "A Pedestrian" to the *Times*, on the "Hoop Nuisance:"—

"I have at this moment a large scar on one of my shins—the legacy of a severe wound—which festered, and was very painful for an entire month, inflicted a year ago by the iron hoop *of a whey-faced, cadaverous charity boy from Tower-hill*, who, on my remonstrating with him on his carelessness, added impudence to the injury, by significantly advancing *his extended fingers and thumb to his nose*, and scampered off."

We can sympathise with the "Pedestrian." Had the hoop been trundled by a young gentleman, with a fine ruddy blooming complexion, from Portland-square, the wrong would have been nothing: it is the "whey-face," and the "cadaverousness," and the "charity," and the "Tower-hill," that "fester," and leave the "scar." As for the little miscreant's "extended fingers and thumb to his nose," we can pardon that. The boy felt he had done wrong, and merely wished to "take a sight" of the injury.

* See our "Lions of London," and last Number.

JUVENILE BIOGRAPHY.

No. II.—JACK SPRAT.

The Sprats of Northumberland, from whom it is possible that our hero was descended, if not in a direct, at least in a zigzag line, were settled on the border in the time of the Stuarts, and were always remarkable for their fidelity to the reigning family. In none of the records of rebellion that constitute the annals of the time in which the insurrection was at its height, do we find the name of Sprat; and we are therefore bound to conclude, that if any of our hero's ancestors were in the interest of the Pretender, they took care to keep themselves in the background—a caution for which the Sprats of Tadcaster, a branch from the family tree, were also remarkable.

There have been some attempts made to fix a martial or enterprising character on the house of Sprat, by a reference to the well-known proverb about catching a herring; and it has been said that a renegade bearing the name of Herring had actually once been caught by the energy of one Sprat; which, it is alleged by some, is the origin of the well-known proverb. Having sifted this story in the cinder-box of research, and allowed the refuse to fall into the dusthole of contempt, we find very little remaining on the shovel of truth to feed the fire of biography. We had therefore rather proceed with the poker of perseverance, and trust to the tongs of discrimination for filling the literary scuttle from which we are to draw our materials.

It is to be regretted that the early history of Sprat is enveloped in one of those November fogs in which the antiquary delights to revel. We have consulted the Heraldry of Fish, and have perused the elaborate writings of Thomas à Kempis from beginning to end; but we have been unable to strike a literary light; and even the works of Congreve, of which we have consulted an illuminated copy, leave us as much, or rather more, in the dark than before upon every point we have been eager to elucidate.

Jack Sprat, we are justified in saying, was born on the day when his mother was confined; and it is not unlikely that she died in giving him birth, for nothing more—or, indeed, we might rather say, nothing at all—was ever heard of her.

Our hero's father was a person who lived obscurely in the place where he resided, and followed the occupation to which he devoted his time, occasionally varying it with that necessary relaxation with which he was able, as well as willing, to indulge himself.

Young Jack, for such was our hero's name, must have been either a spoiled or an ill-treated child, for it is only by adopting one of these suppositions that we can in any way account for the extraordinary *trait* which forms the prominent feature of his character. "Jack Sprat," says the historian, with a bold and nervous eloquence that none but a literary giant would have ventured to use—for the coarseness of the language is only redeemed by its terrible truthfulness—"Jack Sprat could eat no fat!"—a line which we never read without a sickening sensation that can only be accounted for by the severe rigour of the rather disagreeable narrative.

Why could he eat no fat? is the natural inquiry on perusing an announcement so peculiarly inconsistent with lettered elegance; and we can only presume that Jack had either been compelled to eat fat to an unreasonable extent, or that he had been foolishly indulged in a boyish disgust for it. Whichever way it may have been, it is clear that young Sprat had fallen into unskilful hands; and the truth of the proverb of "Train up a child" was never more strongly exemplified, than in the hatred of fat which Jack, to a late period of his life—certainly until long after his marriage—was in the habit of exhibiting.

The allusion to Jack's marriage naturally brings us to the second line of the pleasing little epic, when his wife, in all the highly-coloured hues of domestic privacy, starts vigorously on the canvas of history. The woman chosen by Sprat for the partner of his joys, and the sharer of his sorrows, was distinguished by a peculiarity of taste exactly opposite to that for which her husband has become illustrious. "His wife could eat no lean," is the affecting language of the poet—for affecting it must indeed be considered, when it announces a state of appetite which we defy the least fastidious reader to contemplate without experiencing a shock of more or less violence.

If we were disposed to enter into the wide field of physiology, we should probably ask how it is possible for a woman to have arrived at such a state of hopeless hoggery as to have rendered her incapable of eating "any lean;" but as it is certain that our question would not be answered, we shall at once refrain from putting it.

It must be obvious to the reflecting mind, that an antipathy to fat on one side, and a hatred of lean on the other, must have led to a social result of no small importance in domestic economy, and we are therefore prepared for the animated burst of the bard, in which he tells us without the smallest circumlocution, that—

"Between them both they lick'd the platter clean."

The discrimination of Sprat in selecting a partner whose tastes were opposite to his own we cannot fail to admire, and there is no doubt that domestic bliss is more often secured by a happy contrast of dispositions than by a similarity of inclination which is likely to engender on both sides a feeling of competition which might be highly dangerous to wedded happiness.

The close of the career of Sprat is buried under the weight of obscurity, and though we have resorted to the crow-bar of industry in moving up the large masses of information which crowd the bookshelves of the British Museum, we lose all trace of Sprat after the licking of the platter which is the last act of his life that history has chronicled.

His wife is altogether swamped in the sea of insignificance, and Fairburn's edition of Jack Sprat is the only one in which we ever have been able to meet with her portrait. She is represented with a dab of red on the centre of each cheek, and the colour of the arm extends beyond its natural outline—an ingenious design of the artist to mark the excessive tendency to fat for which she was remarkable.

HORIGINAL OBSERWATIONS.

A PROOF BEFORE LETTERS.

1. "What a scandalous aggrawation!" as the gentleman said ven he looked in at the microscope.

2. "I hate things as isn't accordin' to Natur'," as the man said ven he seed a sweep washin' his face of a week-day.

3. "That 's plain enough," as the gentleman said ven he met the lady with turn-up nose and carrotty hair.

4. "I likes fast travellin'," as the gentleman said ven he made off for 'Merriker with the thousand pund.

5. "It 's a melancholy thing when those you depend on turn against you," as the gentleman said ven the baker asked him to pay his bill.

6. "Nothin' like exertin' oneself," as the self'-hactin' Euterpeon said ven he played a hoverture all by hisself.

7. "Whenever shall I have done with this here wexatious business?" as the hand-organ said ven he played the Hundredth Psalm the hundredth time in the day to please the nus-maids.

GARDENING DIRECTIONS.

Clear your windows of deceased roots. Empty the mould from red pots, and put them carefully away in sizes (one within the other) till the spring season. Cut down dead beanstalks, and remove string from exterior of garret wall, and carry mignonette boxes into back washhouse.

In Metropolitan gardens, your beds will now be covered every morning with a rich loamy soot from neighbouring chimney-pots. Dig in with a spade, and throw a light layer of cinders over the surface, taking care to earth-up again, which may be done on the spot with the dust-shovel.

Cut grass plats, and rake off children whenever they want to run upon the sward, which will never stand the winter without a severe, and perhaps a fatal attack of the mange, if the juveniles are permitted to play about on it.

Your indoor operations may now be begun upon. Draw your *salary* every Saturday, and bank some of it up, if you can, for future use; but if it will not keep, make the best you can of it. Take off muslin from frames; and you may now make up your beds for the winter with an additional blanket. Put in the Prussian, or rather the French *Blouse*, so that, if it remains up all the winter, you may have it for use early in the spring; and take out the thick-coated pea—for immediate service.

Foreign Intelligence.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Boulogne, October 12.—The "right of search" still continues at the Custom-house with all its accustomed chivalric vigour. Duties are levied with surprising vigilance. A young lady, arrived last week by the *Emerald*, had to pay for her red hair, it being all of English growth. A deaf gentleman, being seized with English cotton in his ears, was compelled to resort, on the spot, to oakum.

It is painful to observe that national asperities are still entertained here by many of the inhabitants. Several shopkeepers have refused to make money of the English; especially of those parties who have refused to deal with them. Master Jenkins, at Mr. Bird's English academy, was yesterday assailed by two fish-boys on the port with the cry of "*cochon*." We regret, for the sake of our country, to add, that the English Consul here has not written to Louis Philippe on the subject.

The English Tariff has had no influence upon the market; geese appearing in their usual number.

As to matters of literature, it may be especially gratifying to Mr. Colburn to know, that *Percival Keene* may already be purchased for four shillings. (Shall we forward him a copy?)

On Sunday week the cavalry of the National Guard was called out; but, we are happy to say, although considerable anxiety is manifested, no accident occurred to any of the force.

The bathing-machines have retired for the season.

UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

LORD ASHBURTON AND MR. WEBSTER, ON THE BOUNDARY QUESTION.

LETTER I.

Lord Ashburton to Mr. Webster.

SIR,—I am a very old man, and I have come out to the United States for the sake of peace and quietness between England and America. My private opinion about the Boundary Line is, that there is a considerable quantity of gammon on both sides, to say nothing of the enormous amount of *spinnage* that has been the result of the yarns which former negociators have been spinning. Diplomacy is all my eye, and perhaps, Sir, if I added Elizabeth Martin, I should not be going too far in my description of it.

I think, Sir, it would be almost as pertinent on my part to inquire of you whether your mother knows you are out, as to ask whether the mother country is to be done out of a large portion of territory, which is fit for nothing at all but to grow thistles; and as such I willingly give it up to produce food for the American citizens.

In my conference with you, I believe I distinctly stated that I came out for the sake of peace; and though I am instructed to stick up for the right of fishing for oysters in the St. John's river, I do not say I may not make a concession on this point, if the comfort of the natives is an object with your government. I must, however, distinctly declare, that I cannot resign the right of looking at the mile-stone on the boundary road; and this point I am the more resolute upon, because I think you told me it was to you a matter of indifference. If I was mistaken, pray let me know, and I will reconsider the matter; but, if I understand you rightly, and you do not object to the concession, then, Sir, let me tell you emphatically that the honour and dignity of the great nation I represent must be maintained; and I shall adhere resolutely to the right of visiting the mile-stone alluded to.

Permit me to repeat, Sir, that I am a very old man, and am determined on peace; for it would ill-become me, at my time of life, to assist in promoting warfare.

With assurances of my distinguished consideration,

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ASHBURTON.

LETTER II.

From Mr. Webster to Lord Ashburton.

THE undersigned, in the name of the American Government, accedes to all that Lord Ashburton expresses his readiness to give up, while the undersigned consents to nothing that Lord Ashburton requires.

(Signed) DANIEL WEBSTER.

LETTER III.

Lord Ashburton to Mr. Webster.

SIR,—Your note is so far satisfactory, that it agrees to my concessions on the part of England, and your obliging intimation that you consent to nothing, I am extremely grateful for. If, Sir, you will only let me know the heads of a treaty, it shall be drawn up; for I am an old man, and peace, as I said before, is my object. If I misunderstood that you would concede on the question of the mile-stone, be so good as to set me right. And believe me, with renewed assurances of rather more distinguished consideration than I expressed in my last letter, your obedient servant,

ASHBURTON.

SETTLING THE BOUNDARY QUESTION.

LETTER IV.

Mr. Webster to Lord Ashburton.

The undersigned will consider any treaty drawn up by Lord Ashburton on the basis already understood between the undersigned and Lord Ashburton. (Signed) DANIEL WEBSTER.

LETTER V.

Lord Ashburton to Mr. Webster.

SIR,—The treaty is now ready for signature, and though I must insist upon the extreme justice of all I ask, yet as I now ask for nothing, there can be no further ground for difference. I shall return to my own country with the full conviction that I have done nothing inconsistent with what, at my time of life, could have been expected; and as I came out with a determination to maintain peace, I have fully accomplished the object of my mission.

I have several books of arguments, proving the justice of all that England demands, but as these demands are now relinquished, it would be useless to trouble you with any of them.

I remain, Sir, with accumulated assurances of my most distinguished consideration, your very humble and obliged servant,

ASHBURTON.

A CANDID CONFESSION.

THE *Herald*

A WET NURSE,

boasted on Michaelmas (goose) day of its unceasing labours in the cause of lunacy. No one who ever reads its original articles can doubt the truth of the proud assertion for a moment.

SONGS OF THE SEEDY.—No. XXV.

COME forth, come forth, my Sunday shoes,
My beautiful, my black!
Thy soles defy the mountain dews,
Thy leather does not crack.
Then let me bear thee for a day
To where the sunbeam shines,
Thy polished jet reflects its ray:
Come on, my eight-and-nines!

Away, away to where the hound
Pursues the startled deer,
Or where the pointer hovers round
When game, he deems, is near;
Or to the beach at once we'll go,
Where sea-birds wildly mew,
Watching the waters ebb and flow:
Come on, come on, my shoe!

The Clarence is a stylish thing,
With trowsers well strapped down;
The Ankle-jack, with lace as string,
May suit the rustic clown;
The modest High-low many wear;
Oxonians some still use;
The Wellingtons have quite an air;
But oh! give me my shoes!

The slender Pump let others boast,
Or sport the stout Calash,
Which keeps the feet as dry as toast
While rain the pavements wash.
The polish'd leathers crack and go,
For all that 's bright must fade;
But ah, you will not serve me so,
My shoes, my Ready-made!

Marine Intelligence.

MARINERS are requested to take notice, that a bundle of straw is suspended in the 19° longitude, and 40$\frac{2}{000}$° latitude of Westminster Bridge; and all vessels of more than fourteen pounds burden are to avoid the arch corresponding with the point indicated by the ship's compass.

The underwriters at Lloyd's have caused a rushlight to be placed in the window of the toll-house on Vauxhall Bridge; and exactly the same regulations are to be observed by all Captains coming within hail as have been hitherto enforced at the Eddystone.

Part of a china cup, marked *Present from Ramsgate*, was picked up by a skipper on the sands at Battersea. It is supposed to be a portion of the furniture of the Duchess of Kent Steamer, which lurched off Broadstairs and got away with the loss of a hundred of coal consumed in being obliged to turn back again.

In future there will be driven into the beach at Chelsea, at low water mark, a ginger-beer bottle; and when it is afloat, vessels will be safe in landing their cargoes.

THE "EARTHLY PURPOSE" OF A SENTINEL.

A CORRESPONDENT in the *Times*, complaining affectingly of the noise and dirt of plebeian boys and girls in a certain part of Waterloo Place, says—"In the meantime a portly sentry walks sedately up and down in front of the Duke of York's column, for what earthly purpose I am at a loss to imagine." PUNCH can inform the gentleman: it is to keep off his Royal Highness's creditors!

BROUGHT ON THE *TAPIS*.

GO HOME.

AN AUTUMNAL LYRIC.

"Go HOME!" thus Prudence says—the breeze is sighing,
In mournful requiems over Nature's bloom;
On the hill-tops the virgin frost is lying,
Weaving the shroud of Autumn's early tomb.
The butterfly has flown—hush'd is the bee,
And LONDON now, has sights and charms for me.

The lazy steamers sleep upon the river,
Where late in crowded pride they glided on;
On their forsaken decks pale wanderers shiver,
And smoke cigars till the last puff is gone.
All Nature heralds surly Winter's reign—
Like other females, Nature *can* speak plain!

No longer cherries, twenty for a penny,
With blushing ripeness woo the passer-by;
Nor plums, nor pears, (of which if eat too many,
The young devourer oft will heave a sigh)
In tempting lots garnish the three-legg'd stall,
Now vanish'd like "thin air" their bunches all.

The gulls—I mean the birds—now think of flying
Across the Channel, to some warmer home;
On Brighton beach the swallows dead are lying,
Knock'd down by urchin boys in Ocean's foam.
All things proclaim the Autumn of the year;
Candles is riz, and butter 's getting dear.

Go Home! the lone half-sovereign in thy pocket
Will take thee thither, by the *Union* coach,
If "cold without" thou 'lt stand; or else the *Rocket*
On thy finances will not much encroach.
But if thy lucky stars can raise the tin,
Thy happier fate may compass "warm within."

Go Home! go Home! thy landlady expects thee,
Thy chambers are fresh garnish'd, swept and clean.
No ancient ghosts of last year's bills perplex thee,
No cross shall come thee and thy love between.
All—all shall compensate thy wish to roam—
Nature and Prudence whisper thee "Go HOME!"

THE TARIFF.

THE importation of foreign cattle is going on surprisingly. We saw a Jerusalem pony in Clare-market yesterday. It is distinguished from the ordinary pony by much longer ears, a black cross on the back, and a curious habit of uttering mournful sounds at irregular intervals.

We have been told that it is now common to meet with a peculiar rabbit, called Welsh, in many of the London taverns. It is said to have the flavour of cheese, and is declared by those who have tasted it to be an excellent relish. The trade of Wales will, of course, feel the benefit of this new provision of the tariff, for, from the number of Welsh rabbits said to be consumed in London, the communication with England must be of the most rapid and constant character.

The York ham trade is a good deal impaired by the new tariff, but we cannot congratulate the consumer on those scraggy black-looking affairs which appear to be stitched up in pieces of soot-bags, and are aptly denominated *West-failures*.

SONGS OF THE FLOWERS.

No. V.—THE SONG OF THE SWEET PEA.

I'M a sweet, sweet pea,
And I come in early spring
To listen to the bee,
When 'tis first upon the wing:
The roses on their stem
More beautiful may be;
But I will not envy them.
I'm a sweet, sweet pea!

They tell me I shall go
When the summer-time is past;
I'm an annual, I know,
Too sweet, perhaps, to last:
Too delicate a flower,
Rude winter's face to see,
I bloom in sunshine's hour,
A sweet, sweet pea!

There 's a thorn upon the rose,
That repels affection's press;—
I never wounded those
Who gave me their caress.
Though its beauty soon is past,
And neglected it may be,
It is grateful to the last—
The sweet, sweet pea!

ROYALTY ON RAIL-ROADS.

THE *Atlas* thus sermonises upon royalty "by the rail":—

"We are aware that every precaution is taken by the directors and managers of the Great Western Railway, when her Majesty makes use of a special train, and we are not less acquainted with the courage and absence of all fear from the mind of the Queen. But a long regency in this country would be so fearful and tremendous an evil, that we cannot but desire, in common with many others, that those royal railway excursions should be, if possible, either wholly abandoned or *only occasionally* resorted to."

There is danger by the railway; and therefore, says the *Atlas*, the Queen should be only "occasionally" exposed to it. Say the chances against accident are as nineteen to twenty, shall the Queen "take a chance!" "Yes," says loyalty, "the Queen may *occasionally* take a chance!"

A NOTE FROM SIBTHORPE.

IN order to settle the unhappy difference between this country and the celestial empire, we should recommend that Lord Monteagle should be sent out on a special mission, for such is the reverence entertained by the Chinese people for *Rice*, that at seed time they hold a festival in honour of it. *Spring Rice* would consequently be certain to conciliate the people and the government.

VERY LIKELY.

FROM the dilapidated condition of some houses in the city which are shored up—as the phrase goes—with twelve-inch deal, it would seem that the landlord must enjoy the prospect of his property *falling in rapidly*.

BREAD WIT.

COLONEL SIBTHORPE was complaining the other day to his baker of the tardiness shown in reducing the price of bread. "Why, Colonel," remarked the tradesman, "you should remember that bread is bread." "Is it, indeed?" replied the gallant officer; "I should have said, from its continued high price, it was *stationary*." The baker at once treated his distinguished customer to half-a-quartern.

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

LETTER XIII.—HOW LEARNING MAY BE OBTAINED—BY SHAVING; AND OTHER MEANS.

You tell me, I have not answered your request. You say, you feel—and I hope you do—the full force of my arguments on the beauty of borrowing; nevertheless, I have not forwarded to you the list of books that, of all others, are the first to be borrowed. You say you wish to become a reader. It is a laudable aspiration.

Readers, my dear son, are of two sorts. There is a reader who carefully goes through a book; and there is a reader who carefully lets the book go through him. Which do you desire to be?

Whilst it is necessary that you should have the mere cant phrases of literature, I would, as your affectionate father, counsel you against any unseemly pedantry. You may, without sacrificing any of the time due to the serious purposes of life, obtain a sufficient knowledge of books, whereby to pass for a man of very considerable information; and, in this world, a successful seeming is every bit as good as the real thing. Look around upon men; behold the stations they fill, and tell me if it be not so.

You shave once a day. Well, purchase a cheap copy of Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England. You will perceive that in his Preface, Sir William speaks of the necessity of every gentleman knowing something of the statutes he lives under. Now, my dear boy, I would have you learn the laws of your country, as I would have you, ere you entered an orchard to pluck the best fruit growing there, know the whereabout of the man-traps and the wires of the spring-guns. Having such knowledge, you may here pluck a pippin, here gather a plum; and cramming your pockets full of the juiciest produce of the place, return over the wall whence you came without a single scratch, and altogether shot-free. Now, you have only to consider the whole world an orchard guarded by the man-traps and spring-guns of laws; and have only to know *where* the laws are laid, that though you intrude upon them ever so closely, you are never caught or hit by them. Do this, and who is to charge you with having pilfered a single codlin? You have never been caught in the trap, the law has never fired upon you, and you have therefore your action for libel against any man who shall dare so much as to wink at you and call out "codlins!"

To return. You shave once a day*. Well, tear off a leaf, and whilst you are stropping your razor, carefully read it. This is so much time saved; and by this daily practice, you will in due season digest the whole of the Commentaries. Sometimes you will go over your beard a second or a third time,—whereupon, strop your razor again and again, and go through two or three pages. I knew a Lord Chancellor who, like Lord Chesterfield's friend, was "such an economist of time," that he went through all the Statutes in this manner.

* *Punch* confesses that he owes the idea of this process to the Earl of Chesterfield, who in his "Letter ci." to his son, suggests even a more ingenious mode of absorbing the essence of "all the Latin Poets."

Being happily blessed with a very stubborn beard, he lathered himself at least thrice a morning; on each occasion getting by heart three leaves of legal wisdom. I have known him declare that as a lawyer, he was confident he owed all his prosperity in life to close shaving.

You are to consider that the operation of shaving is singularly auspicious to study. The soul seems retired from the surrounding vanities of the world, and takes refuge in itself. A great novelist has declared that if, when he last rose from his desk, he left a pair of lovers in a quandary, had his hero or heroine at a dead-lock, wanted a lucky escape, or an ingenious discovery,—he went to bed serenely certain that the whole difficulty would be solved with the shaving soap of the next morning*. Hence, his novels may be considered as much the offspring of the razor, as of the goose-quill. I much question whether the lack of imaginative works among the modern Jewish Rabbis may not be attributed to their copiousness of beard: they never shave; hence, in a lofty, dignifying sense, they never think.

Having gone through Blackstone, razor in hand, you may then in like manner address yourself to ancient and modern history. You will know quite as much of the Medes and Persians, the builders of the Pyramids, Magna Charta, and all such shadowy matters, after a month's good stropping,—as if you had sat with your brow between your thumbs, pondering and dreaming for a twelvemonth. You will have got by heart a pretty catalogue of names; and names, not things, are quite sufficient for a man, if he will but troll them boldly over his tongue, as though he had the most intimate acquaintance with all that belonged to them. "Virtue and learning," says Philip, Lord Chesterfield, "like gold, have their intrinsic value: but if they are not polished, they certainly lose a great deal of their lustre: and even polished brass will pass upon more people than rough gold." Lord Chesterfield knew what was due to life and—the peerage.

There is also another way of obtaining the wisdom of books. You have doubtless seen the advertisements of benevolent sages who profess to cure disease by simply smelling certain drugs and simples. Nothing need be swallowed, nothing need be administered. These doctors owe nothing to the natural teaching of the ibis, to whom, if history speak truly, Esculapius was so much indebted. All they require is, that a patient shall have a nose; and that organ granted, they guarantee a cure. In like manner, do many very clever people obtain learning: they smell the volumes—nothing more. They take a good sniff of a book, and history, politics, poetry, polemics, all fly up their nose in particles, like so much hartshorn; nor is such a mode of education, in the words of the revered Doctor Busby, to be sneezed at.

If this were not the fact, do you think so many persons would purchase libraries? Do you suppose they buy the books to pore over them? Certainly not. It is sufficient that they have the volumes on their shelves; there is an aroma of learning arises from them; it is received into the system of the owner, and he is, and cannot help it, learned. If this were not the case, think you so many human asses would lay out so much money on russia-bindings? No: they carefully shelf the books, and catch learning, as they sometimes catch cold, by coming down the staircase.

Having said thus much, it is I think unnecessary for me to give you a list of books for your private study. All that is necessary, is to borrow the volumes, and those as handsome as possible, and having once secured the books, the learning in them is, of course, your own. I would, however, advise you to carefully study *The Newgate Calendar*, a work enshrining so many instances of human ingenuity, courage, and suffering; a mine of gold from which philosophic novelists have cast pocket heroes for ladies, and mantel-piece ornaments for boarding-schools. You will find in the literary offshoots of the records of the gallows, that the human soul is in its composition, very like a ball of India-rubber; the lower it falls, the higher it bounds. Or it may be likened to the Greek fire, that burns the brightest in a common sewer.

I would advise you also to take a peep into the Grecian mythology; there are some pretty names there with which you may sometimes spangle your discourse, not unprofitably. There is also much moral instruction to be gathered from the stories. Let me particularly recommend to you the tale of the abduction of Proserpine by Pluto. Proserpine has been promised a full divorce from the king of hell, if she have tasted nothing in his dominions. Unable to control herself, she has eaten a pomegrantae seed, and the divorce does not stand good. I haveno doubt (if it could be discovered) that this case has been considered in many judgments of the ecclesiastical court.

* See Lockhart's *Life of Scott*.

History has been called "philosophy, teaching by example." You may, if you will, consult it in this spirit; but the truest philosophy, teaching by example, that ever came under my notice, was in a little town in France, at a bookseller's shop.

The beautiful national song *Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre*, words and music, lay open in the window: and there stood an old French woman, holding in her hand a little Gaul of some six years old, whom like a young starling she was at once teaching words and song. What a labour of love she made of her task! How she crowed forth the air, jigging, as it does, with contempt for England, and how the child chirrupped after her!

"Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sait quand reviendra!"

"There, indeed," said I to myself, gazing on the old woman and her pupil; "there, indeed, is History,—there is Philosophy teaching by example!"

PUNCH'S COMIC MYTHOLOGY.

CHAP. I.—THE APPLE OF DISCORD.

THERE was a call of upper house in High Olympus—a greater sensation had never been produced; for, upon the absorbing question of the Apple of Discord, the strength of parties was to be tried. It was one of those extraordinary occasions when the lower house, or *Minorum Gentium*, was admitted to the discussions of the *Dii Majorum*.

Exactly at the fifth turn of Time's glass, Jupiter took the chair. The clouds were crowded in every part, except those below reserved for the Commons, who were not immediately summoned. After the presentation of several petitions,

BACCHUS would take that opportunity of putting a question to a noble goddess opposite. The fact was, his car was daily filled with petitions from the starving population of the plains, through the—he must be excused for using a strong expression—the gross and reprehensible neglect of the department over which the noble goddess (Ceres) presided. It could not be denied that the agricultural interests were hourly sacrificed, by the most reckless negligence;—the corn-growers were in despair! (*Hear.*) His own (Bacchus's) temples were, in consequence, entirely deserted: so great was the depression, that people could not even afford to get drunk. (*Shame, shame.*) He could anticipate the noble lady's answer—he could appreciate a mother's feelings—(*a laugh from Vesta.*) He was fully aware of the bereavement which would be pleaded in excuse for the utter abandonment of every branch of the corn trade. But what were the facts? The presiding duty of the fruitful earth had, for a long period, paired off with Iaachus, for the purpose of seeking her daughter Proserpine. She had searched Sicily in vain, and that every facility might be afforded for discovering her lost child, noble gods had, in the most handsome manner, voted a couple of torches for the top of Mount Etna, that the bereaved mother might continue her researches at night*. At length her perseverance was rewarded, and she learnt that it was Pluto who had forcibly abducted Proserpine; at the same time he had, as honourably became him (Pluto), offered to become her (Ceres') son-in-law. Now, it was of her protracted absence from the duties of the earth that he (Bacchus) complained. Of what avail were further delays, when it was so well known that Proserpine had gone to ——(*Loud cries of "order,"*) to—to Hades?

FACE OF THE EARTH.

* Ovid Metam.

CERES explained. She had determined not to ascend to Olympus, or to suffer the earth to bring forth, till she had seen her daughter. It was now, however, her happiness to state, that by the kindness of an illustrious personage, she had an interview with her beloved child that morning. (*Loud cheers.*) Her answer to the noble god opposite was, therefore, her presence at Olympus, and the draught of a thorough amendment of the corn laws, which she held in her hand. —Here the matter dropped.

A noble god, who spoke with a Scottish accent, seeing the Lord High Admiral in his place, begged to inquire when the navy estimates would be ready. He complained that the expenditure of the preceding cycle considerably exceeded the estimates furnished by the noble and gallant god (Neptune). He considered that the number of Tritons was considerably greater than the exigencies of the public service required; but with regard to the extravagant establishment of Nereides and ocean-nymphs, he was quite at a loss to conceive upon what principle *that* could be defended. He therefore gave notice, that should the navy estimates for the ensuing cycle include these unnecessary extravagances, he should oppose them.

NEPTUNE acknowledged the noble god's courtesy in giving him timely notice of his intention; but he was not prepared to say when the estimates would be brought forward. With regard to the increased number of Tritons, they had been found absolutely necessary during the deluge of Deucalion*.

Other preliminary business having been disposed of,

MERCURY moved that the Minorum Gentium do attend below the bar of this House. The utmost anxiety and curiosity then prevailed; and shortly afterwards the members of the lower House made their appearance, with that tumultuous disorder for which they have been in all ages so notorious. After this had somewhat subsided, the order of the day was read, and the House resolved itself *pro formâ* into committee. On Jupiter putting his thunderbolts under the table,

MERCURY rose amidst the most breathless attention. He begged the indulgence of the House on account of the difficulties of his situation. If the investigation upon which they were about to enter was looked upon as one of extreme delicacy by the House at large, what must be his (Mercury's) feelings, upon whom the task of opening it had devolved? But he never *had* shrunk from his duty, and never would. (*Hear, hear.*) He would therefore proceed at once to the subject under discussion.—It would be within the recollection of noble and honourable gods, that the marriage feast on Mount Pelion, to which they had all descended, was one of the most sumptuous splendour and magnificence. Indeed, considering the host was nothing but a mortal—a mere king of Thessaly—that entertainment did honour to his taste and liberality (*Cheers*); it was, in short, a fête worthy of a man who had gods for his guests and a lovely Nereid for his bride. On the other hand, it was a feast calculated to excite the envy, the spleen, of the uninvited. (*"No, no," from several voices among the demi-gods.*) He could well understand those cries of dissent from disappointed demigods. (*Order.*) Nay, more, it was the base, the spiteful, the malignant act of one of their number, to whom no card of invitation had been sent, which originated the unhappy differences in Olympus they (the noble and honourable gods) had met to heal. It will be remembered, when the enchanting Thetis was dispensing the hospitality of her new lord with her most fascinating smiles—when the wines, so delicately iced†, had contributed their maximum of hilarity—when Momus was letting off his best jokes in the midst of the last new song so divinely warbled by an honourable member of the lower House —this was the delicious moment chosen by Discordia to disturb, not only the harmony of Orpheus, but that of the entire assembly. Envious herself, she determined to sow the seeds of envy amongst all the female portion of Peleus's guests, by throwing an apple upon the board, inscribed with the words, *Detur pulchriori.* Now if those words meant anything, they implied that the pippin—

POMONA would take leave to correct the noble speaker;—it was a love-apple.

MERCURY was always happy to be set right in a misconception. Well, then, those words implied that the love-apple was "thrown to the fairest." "Now, I put it to noble gods and honourable demigods," continued the illustrious Hermes, "whether any expedient could have been more artfully contrived—more certain to insure the kind of success the disappointed daughter of Nox desired, than this? Here were assembled the loveliest of mortals the earth could produce, mingling with unrestrained festivity with cloud-existing immortals

* Ovid (Metam., i. 335) gives a description of Triton sounding with his conch-shell the retreat to the waters.

† This, as applied to the domestic manners of the Greeks, is perfectly correct. To preserve their wines, they kept them frozen; breaking and thawing the vinous ice as it was required for the table.

—with the *élite* of Olympus—why"—added the eloquent deity, with considerable emphasis—"even Venus herself was there!" (*Ironical cheers*). "Those opposition cheers are not lost upon me; I wish no concealment, and, to prevent their recurrence, I boldly avow that I stand here the honoured champion of the Queen of Beauty!" (*Amidst the cheers which followed this avowal Vulcan was observed to leave the House.*)

MARS, who rose with much warmth, would ask his noble friend whether he meant to arrogate to himself honours and duties which the smile-loving (φιλομμειδὴς) goddess had exclusively awarded to him (the noble commander-in-chief of the Olympian forces)!

MERCURY explained. He must admit he used the word "champion" inadvertently; but intended it to bear a strictly parliamentary signification. What he ought to have said was, that he appeared as the "advocate" of Venus.

MARS professed himself satisfied, and the noble speaker proceeded. "Here, then, at the nuptial feast of Peleus and Thetis was congregated a galaxy of beauty never surpassed for its brilliancy; but, amidst this congeries of stars, were there not many who thought, from the fancied superiority of their charms, that the apple was especially sent to them! Assuredly there were! I will not pain you, sire," continued the god, addressing the chair, "by describing the scene of confusion which followed. I need only state, that at length the mortals, whatever each thought of her own personal attractions, gave way, with becoming discipline, to their superiors; and the discord produced by the quarrel-sowing fruit is now concentrated between Juno, Minerva, and Venus. This, then, brings me to the core of my subject, namely, the rival claims of our illustrious coadjutors. Fortunately, the advocacy of these will not occupy much more of their godships' time. (*Loud cries of "hear" from all parts of the house.*) The argument lies in a nutshell. Sire, had the mischievous missile been addressed to the noblest, the most dignified, or—with all deference to Vesta—to the most virtuous, a dissentient voice could not be raised against the claims of Juno; had it been inscribed 'to the wisest,' who would have dared to withhold it from Minerva?—but it was especially directed 'to the fairest,' and I will not insult the penetration of this honourable and illustrious assembly by pointing out to whom those words directly and unequivocally apply. Future proceedings will decide, and I resume my seat with the fullest confidence as to the ultimate result." The noble god concluded by moving that a select committee, consisting of members belonging to both houses, be appointed to consider and report upon the claims of the three goddesses, with a view to awarding the Apple of Discord to one of them.

MARS, with his usual brevity, seconded the motion, and,

THEMIS* opposed the proposition upon grounds strictly constitutional. There was no precedent for such a proceeding; it had been the unvarying rule to refer questions unreservedly to the throne, and abide by its decision. (*Hear.*)

JANUS was opposed to both sides of the question, and would move an amendment. He would state his reasons for doing so. (*Murmurs, mingled with whispers of "Adjourn,"*) and he would boldly state that it would be utterly impossible to come to a sound and impartial decision on this absorbing question in Olympus at all! (*loud cries of "Order."*) He was quite in order, and would prove himself so. Firstly, he would consider the ordinary course suggested by the honourable and learned lady chief justice; that of referring the question to the sole arbitration of the throne itself. Let them (honourable demi-gods and illustrious Consentes) consider who one of the litigants is—let them reflect that she (Juno) is a power behind the throne, sometimes greater than the throne itself! (*Immense sensation, cries of "Order" reverberated from every part of the House.*)

METIS rose to order. The god upon his legs would not have dared to utter such language, except in committee. He took a mean advantage of that circumstance:—he knew well enough that the thunderbolts were under the table.

JANUS continued. Well, then, he would put it in another light. One of the parties to this dispute is the highest female personage in the realms—the proposed arbiter imperium her husband. Under such circumstances how *could* the latter decide but in her (the illustrious lady's) favour! We now come to the original proposition. A select committee forsooth! The noble mover knew what the result of such a measure would be. He knew well enough that, however carefully it was composed, the partisans of the queen of beauty would greatly preponderate, for the extensive benevolence of that illustrious lady was notorious. What honourable or noble god had not felt the power of her (the goddess of beauty's) charms—and he would add, what god, or demi-god, had felt that power in vain! (*Hear, hear.*) Was it then to be supposed, that when acting in a judicial capacity, noble and honourable deities would overlook her claims to their gratitude? It was *not* to be supposed: and the illustrious god of chicanery was right in proclaiming his confidence in the result. He now came to his own amendment—it was simply this; that *some mortal* be selected to make the award.

This startling proposal created a most astonishing sensation. THEMIS struggled to be heard amidst deafening cries of "Divide, divide," and it was only by Zeus resorting to the extreme measure of re-producing his thunderbolts, that the confusion ceased. At length strangers were ordered to withdraw for a division.

On our return we found that Janus's amendment was carried by a large majority. After some further discussion, it was agreed that the dispute should be referred to Paris, a young gentleman of Mount Ida, and the House adjourned.

* Question for the next examination of the London University Jurisprudence Class:—Why did the ancients typify law by an old woman?

THE BOYS' OWN COLUMN.

FOR the amusement of our juvenile readers we have been at the pains of collecting a few particular jokes, whereof the youthful, as well as the mature, mind, we hope, will be able to discern the wit.

FORWARD PUPIL.

These jokes are rational, because they are reasonable; and reasonable because they are cheap; they are cheap because they are made at the expense of others. The fun in them, in fact, is practical; which, to the good, sound, sterling sense that is our country's boast, will doubtless be a great recommendation. We cannot say that they are innocent, exactly; but, then, very few good jokes are so. Wit, that sort of it, at least, which makes one laugh, generally hurts somebody's feelings; and what essential difference is there between saying a sharp thing to a person, and running one into him?

The jocosity of uncivilised man, or, as some term it, native wit, is eminently practical; now, the savage and the child are on a par in point of intellect, and what is fun for one is fun for the other. The North-American Indian, it is well-known, literally roasts his fellow-creature, who, they say, takes the joke with remarkable temper, however excruciating, nay killing, it may be. As the Red Man advances in intellect and morality, the use of caustic language will supersede that of the actual cautery, and the living target of tomahawks will become the butt of ridicule. So, we hope, the child who puts stinging nettles into his sister's bed, or sticks needles in his uncle's chair, will learn, as he grows up, to wound by personal sarcasm.

For the benefit of those many worthy persons who may be slow at perceiving the point of the jests which we are about to relate, we shall take the liberty, which we hope the more acute will pardon, of pointing it out as we go on.

Master Dick Miles displayed an early turn for drollery. One day, while home for the holidays, he procured a large marrow-bone, which he filled with gunpowder, rammed tightly down, with a quantity of wet tow, by way of wadding, over it. An old woman in the town where he resided got her living by selling baked apples at a stall. While a young friend, who acted in concert with him, was laying out a penny with the dame, he contrived to introduce his firework under her cooking apparatus, and to get away before it had time to explode, which in a few minutes it did, to the destruction of her stock in trade, and great bodily alarm. What was so peculiarly laughable in this bit of fun was, the distress depicted in the countenance of the aged creature at being deprived of her property, mingled with the expression of extreme terror at so nearly having had her eyes blown out.

A juvenile wag, familiarly denominated by his associates Ned Sparrow, diverted himself very cleverly at the cost of a certain cobbler, who, being deaf and severely afflicted with asthma, was a very fit object of sport. Having first fastened up his door, he took a large tobacco-pipe, with a hot coal and some brimstone in the bowl of it, and poked its other end through Crispin's keyhole. Then, getting

an academical companion to hold it in its place, he proceeded, by driving a stream of air through it, by means of a pair of bellows, to fumigate the unlucky cobbler, whose cough soon began to afford them high glee, and whose rage, when, half stifled, and endeavouring to escape, he became aware of the trick that had been played him, absolutely convulsed them with mirth; and when his cries had at length brought some neighbours to his assistance, and he was enabled to get out, he was almost black in the face, which was very funny to behold. But the joke did not end here, for his complaint having been aggravated, by inhaling the sulphurous fumes, into an inflammation of the chest, he had to be leeched, and bled, and blistered handsomely, and, indeed, was very near losing his life.

Master William, or, as the young gentleman was more commonly called, Bill Grigg, formed, in a playful moment, a resolution to have a "lark." He therefore went out into the fields, and stole the largest turnip he could find. Then, first he sliced off the top of it, and next scooped out the inside, and cut three holes in front for eyes, nose, and mouth. After this effort of constructiveness, he nailed a stick, with an old glove affixed to either end of it, across a clothes-prop, on the top of which he stuck the head that he had carved from the turnip, ingeniously investing the body of the scarecrow with an old white sheet. Under the veil of evening, he conveyed the thing to the churchyard, and having previously fixed a lighted candle in the imitation death's-head, hoisted it up behind a tombstone, at the turning of a corner, where a passenger would come upon it suddenly. It frightened the clergyman's daughter, who was returning from the village to the parsonage house, into fits, and deprived her for a considerable period of her reason. This made the reverend gentleman and his wife nearly as mad as the young lady herself, and here was the jest; but what tickled Master Grigg more than anything else, was the idea of Miss Willoughby being obliged to have her head shaved.

That singularly frolicsome lad, Master Charles Wells, whose devotion to Momus no flogging or "imposition" has been able to damp, is in the habit of indulging in a pleasant piece of waggery, which has already occasioned the breaking of various noses, to the extreme titillation of his fancy. It consists in crouching on his hands and knees, in front of doors, so that any one entering by them may tumble over him. No doubt, he will some day have the gratification of causing a fracture. All tumblers are ludicrous enough, but these are more so than any; they look so absurd and angry when they get up, and rub themselves so ruefully; moreover, sometimes they swear, to the hearer's great amusement.

Master Watkins is of a playful disposition. Jem, or, as his mama requests he may be called, James, has a commendable antipathy to diligence and application, which extends to such young gentlemen of his acquaintance as are prone to be guilty thereof. It is a favourite amusement of his to insert, beneath the collar of the absorbed and anxious student, a paper pig-tail, the end of which he slyly ignites. The head of the good young scholar is, of course, presently in a blaze, and he starts and cries out with fright and pain; whereat the merriment which is excited is great. Our young friend also often delights himself and others by inking the seat of any schoolfellow who may happen to be wearing nice clean nankeen trousers; which piece of wit he is especially tempted to practise on subjects who are remarkable for order and cleanliness. He sometimes sticks shoemaker's wax to even the master's stool; and once handed to one of the ushers who had a knack of biting his writing implements, a pen which he had filled with mustard. He says that he likes playing these tricks, because they make people so "wild."

Tying a furze-bush to the tail of a donkey, and then setting it on fire; attaching to the same part of an individual of the canine race, a tin pot; shoeing a cat with walnut-shells, and placing her upon ice; and spinning a chafer on a pin, are other amusements of a kindred character with the above; and to youths who are humorously inclined, the antics and cries of the creatures who are made to furnish them, afford a rich treat.

The foregoing jokes are barbarous, to be sure; but so are all early attempts. We may as well, perhaps, warn any young friends who may feel disposed to crack them, that they must be prepared for retaliation, and must expect to smart occasionally for their smartness. They will now and then, in the common course of things, procure for themselves a cuffing, or a flagellation; and may chance, in consequence of some particularly sharp sally, be sent to the treadmill. But let them reflect, that they will still be administering to the amusement of their friends, who will laugh as heartily at their sufferings, as they have been accustomed to do at other people's; and, in particular, that should they, as witty rogues phrase it, ever "get three months," they will afford a theme for mirth, which will last for the remainder of their lives.

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

Fashionable Movements.

Mr. Jones and family, Policeman K 555, and Corporal Stokes, of the 1st Grenadier Guards, were among the passengers by the Iron Steamboat Company's vessel, the *Bachelor*, which left London bridge at ten o'clock yesterday, on its way to Chelsea.

Mr. Edwards has left Hampstead for the season. He arrived by the *Civility*, at Charing Cross, on Monday morning, and immediately proceeded on foot to his official residence in Craven Street. Mrs. Edwards and the children arrived some hours afterwards in two cabs, with the luggage.

Baron Nathan has left Rosherville gardens, Gravesend, and will shortly resume his assemblies at his baronial hall in Kennington. He has been

OLD ENGLISH PAST-TIME.

engaged during the summer in preparing a new Cracovienne, to be danced by himself and pupils among the tea-things, which are to be arranged on the floor when the guests have done with them. We understand that the Baron rehearses every day, and has selected for his own partner a very elegant breakfast cup. There is no truth in the rumour of his having put his foot in it.

SONGS OF THE SEEDY.—No. XXVI.

Let us haste to the mart where above us are floating,
In freshness and beauty, attention to win,
From second-floor windows large pieces of coating,
While the merchants are asking the passenger in.
O there is the place where the man that is needy
A bargain to suit him is sure not to miss;
And the broadcloth is labell'd—O joy for the seedy!—
"A suit for two guineas complete out of this."

'Tis there the gay waistcoat, in colours outvying
The fairest and brightest that Stultz could achieve,
The swell that is poor may be certain of buying,
For a sum that our ancestors could not believe.
'Tis true that it wears not—and fibres of cotton
Are freely mixed up with a texture more strong;
But while 'tis a showy affair that you've got on,
Who is there will ask if its life will be long?

The waistcoat that's made of inferior velvet
Must fade, as all velvet inferior will;
But who in his wardrobe would foolishly shelve it,
For velvet, though cotton, must velvet be still.
Then hail to the mart where the trousers are blended
With coats which fit on to them wondrously neat,
While tickets immense, to the collars suspended,
Proclaim the low price of a suit all complete.

PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS.——No. L.

SOCIAL MISERIES.—No. 12.

GRATIFYING INTELLIGENCE.

Enter CAPTAIN PERCUSSION.—Here I am, old fellow—all right—Six to-morrow morning—Wimbledon—brought the barkers—come to keep you company, and scrape some lint while you make your little arrangements in case of accidents, as it's your first duel.

GOOSE VERSUS EAGLE.

AGLES are going out of fashion—geese are on the advance. This may be sad news for the lovers of the red-coated picturesque, but are happy tidings for the great family of man. The imperial bird—CESAR'S and NAPOLEON'S pet—that swooped upon nations, growing fat on human agony and human wrong, may, like Phœnix, flutter in a poet's verse—may, poor draggled one languish in menageries, daily fed by contract butcher upon shamble garbage—but, a short time, and never again will it strike its beak at the eyes of liberty, or prey upon the entrails of a bleeding land. Its Thunderbolt is fast slipping from its talons—it is moulting all its obsolete magnificence!

Reader, a few steps with us. Thank you. Where are you? What see you?

A common—flat as a plate, and green as an emerald.

Very right; and what—there, upon your left—what do you behold?

A goose; yea, a solitary grey goose.

'Tis very true. Uncover to it. Yes; off with your hat; for we tell you, that goose—and great are the gains to humanity by the usurpation—that goose hath dethroned the eagle; yes, knocked the flesh-eating bird from its perch of bloody state, and now, serenely gaggles in its place. Yet is there no pride in the goose. Observe it; mark its movements. How gently it waddles; how its neck undulates like a snake; and now with what a meek sagacity it lays its head on one side, and gazes on you with its small grey eye. Reader, you have a sceptic look; you do not believe in the dethronement of the carnivorous emperor *Aquila*, and the accession of good king *Anser*. No; we at once interpret your emotions, as with downward gaze you contemplate the bird of benevolence—for so it is—nibbling the common at your foot. We detect your sensual littleness. Already have you spitted that goose in thought; already a dream of pungent onion, aromatic sage, steals upon your sense—a dream, not all unmixed with apples—savoury sauce! Yes, you are incredulous of the power of the goose over the eagle, for you see not its more potent weapons—its more tremendous thunderbolts!

Thunderbolts! A goose carry thunderbolts!

Look here, for you see we have caught the goose, and for all its uproar and struggling we will convince you of its marvellous power. Now what is this—what are these?

Why, that is its wing; and what should these be but its quills?

Right; the weapons of peace—the pacific thunderbolts that have well nigh killed the warlike eagle; and in due season, will leave it not a feather to fly with. Are you not a convert? Feel you not a new-born respect for the goose? Are not the standards of Cæsar but as the plaything of an ogre, compared to—

"The might that slumbers in a goose's wing?"

Be converted to the new, the strengthening faith; and, looking upon eagles as the idols of a false religion—as no more than the ibises of old Egypt—respect and venerate the goose.

At this moment the American eagle might have been at full gorge. A little while since, and it had the prettiest chance of a banquet of—Mars knows how many courses! What tit-bits did fate seem to promise it! How we might have been slashing, cutting, blowing up, knocking down, sinking one another by this time,—the devil and his ten thousand imps standing by, chuckling and rubbing their sulphureous hands at the sport. All this was promised: the eagles of war were screaming, and preparing to swoop, when lo! Lord ASHBURTON lands in the New World, and hying him to the nearest common, catches him a goose! The parchment is spread—the quills are prepared into pens—"Agreed," cries DANIEL WEBSTER, "Agreed," says Lord ASHBURTON—souse goes the goose-quill into the ink-horn, and the day is won, without a single corpse being left for the vultures. The American eagle remains with its beak innocent of human blood, and the high contracting parties, having made the noblest use on earth of quills, cook their goose in amity and peace! Reader, eschewing eagles, wherever you may meet with it fail not to touch your hat to the goose. Q.

PUNCH'S PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

AN ACT FOR THE RELIEF OF *GENTLEMANLY* INSOLVENT DEBTORS.

A MOST salutary bill was brought in by our clever and noble relative Lord Punch late last session, and hastily run through all its stages, which will have the desirable effect of greatly conveniencing gentlemen spendthrifts, and of enabling them to defraud their creditors, as in justice and equity they ought to do, without the slightest risk of being personally annoyed in return. We cannot too highly compliment my Lord Punch upon the foresight which made him keep back this *exquisite* bill until the eleventh hour of a long session, when almost anything would have passed without remark, and when those lawyers who would have op- and ex-posed it were all away on Circuit. The bill having passed, and having become a part of the law of the land, it is our duty, as public and Punchy journalists, to let our readers (the world) know its purport. The preamble recites that "Whereas it has been wisely laid down by Sheridan in the 'School for Scandal'—(no mean authority upon matters of debtor and creditor)—that 'Tradesmen are the most exorbitant fellows, and paying them is only encouraging them;'" and that "Whereas divers and sundry of Her Majesty's most agreeable, facetious, and dandy subjects are well content to run out of their fortunes and into debt, but yet are by no means desirous to suffer, nor is it genteel that they should suffer, the annoyance and vulgarity of imprisonment;" and that "Whereas it is expedient that the legislature of an enlightened country should throw every elegant protection around such persons:" Be it therefore enacted, by and with the advice and assistance of two or three of the dandies most interested in the matter, in conclave assembled, that all such parts of all such acts of parliament now in force, as can be in any way construed so as to be in the smallest degree distasteful to the said recited dandies, shall be and they are hereby repealed.

MEMBERS OF THE HIRE CLASS.

CLAUSE I. then provides, that the word "prison" shall never again be pronounced in the hearing of the said dandies, or any one of them; nor be introduced into any written document relating to them, or any one of them.

CLAUSE II. provides, that if at any time any one of such dandies shall owe money which he is either unable or unwilling to pay, and any creditor of any such dandy shall so far forget himself as to ask for payment of his account, it shall and may be lawful for such dandy as aforesaid, in the first instance, and without notice, legal or otherwise, served on such creditor, to kick such creditor down stairs, provided such application shall have been made in such part of such dandy's residence as will admit of his conveniently so doing: but if such application shall have been made on the ground floor, then and in that case it shall be lawful for such dandy to kick such creditor so applying into the street or garden, as the case may be.

CLAUSE III. provides, that upon reasonable proof that any such demand for payment has been made upon any such dandy, and that such dandy is unable or unwilling as aforesaid—which reasonable proof shall be taken to mean nothing beyond the assertion of such dandy of such demand having been made, and of his inability or unwillingness to pay—it shall and may be lawful for any such dandy, in the first instance, to call for his dressing-gown, slippers, Persian cap, and hooker; and having obtained them, to recline his body on a sofa, and his feet on an ottoman, and then and there to smoke; that while so employed, he shall despatch a messenger to one of the judges of the Court of Bankruptcy (which messenger shall be paid by the creditor who made the application) with a note written on gilt-edged and perfumed paper, setting forth the annoyance to which he has been subjected, and requiring such judge's immediate attendance.

CLAUSE IV. makes it imperative upon such judge so summoned,

to give his immediate attendance at the residence of such dandy, and to bring with him a protection for such dandy from all arrest or other possible molestation of his person; also, a blank schedule, which he, the said judge, shall fill up on the spot with such statement of the debts and credits of such dandy as it may suit such dandy to furnish. That having done this, and having handed the protection as aforesaid to the groom of the chambers of such dandy, he, the said judge, shall invite such dandy to a champagne luncheon on the day appointed for his hearing, and then respectfully take his leave.

CLAUSE V. enjoins such judge to take care that on the day of hearing no unnecessary delays take place, and that no unpleasant *questions are put to the quasi bankrupt; but that with all possible* dispatch he shall be declared entitled to the benefit of this most gentlemanly act, and have future liberty of his person, and take future liberties with his tradesmen.

CLAUSE VI. merely provides that the after-acquired property of such dandy shall be reserved for his own sole and separate use; insisting, however, that he shall give up all his property of whatever description, real and personal, in possession, reversion, remainder, or

PICTURE BY (RAFFLE) RAPHAEL.

expectancy, for the benefit of his creditors, at the time of his being so declared entitled to the benefit of this most gentlemanly act, as aforesaid—*if he likes it*—"anything herein contained to the contrary thereof in any wise notwithstanding."

SONGS OF THE FLOWERS.

No. VI.—THE SONG OF THE POPPY.

I'M a thundering poppy gaudy and gay,
I'm rollicking and red,
And in the corn-fields all the day
I lazily nod my head.

I'm not like the daisy, that closes its eye
When the shades of evening creep;
No, the poppy can openly stare at the sky
While all around it sleep.

'Tis true that my leaves in one brief hour
Are scatter'd, stripp'd, and torn;
That a strong north wind, or a heavy shower,
Will leave my stem forlorn.

But who would survive affliction's day,
When tears around us flow;
Though "yes" every other flower should say,
The poppy would answer "no."

They sneer because I'm void of scent,
And can't compare with the rose;
To please the eye the poppy's content,
Let others delight the nose.

And what does odour at last avail,
When the woodbine's fate we see?
Confined to a wall with cloth and nail,
While the scentless poppy is free!

IT will have been observed by our readers that two lunatics have recently escaped from Bethlehem. One was fortunately found; but it is understood that the other is secreted somewhere, and is now writing leading articles for the *Morning Herald*. His madness is happily of an extremely mild, and by no means dangerous, character.

THE CONCLUSION OF MR. MUFF'S LECTURE.

WHETHER it was that the subject was more entertaining, or that the circumstance of allowing pipes and beer during the oration made it more attractive, we cannot exactly state; but decidedly Mr. Muff got a better audience than the professors of the school. Not only the old pupils attended, but all the new men also; who, according to the habits of their class in general, brought their note-books with them, and put down everything he said.

He had a famous trumpeter in Jack Randall, who was becoming more popular amongst the students every day, from his great love of fun, and diverting mischievous propensities. He was in the habit of practising the cornet-à-piston regularly in the dissecting-room at one o'clock, having installed that quiet instrument in his locker on purpose that it might be always handy.

He had much increased the feeling of veneration towards him, prevalent amongst his companions, by an answer he made to Dr. Wurzel, who one day inquiring, half in joke, half in earnest, what he was about, received for a reply, "that he was trying to set Cooper's Surgical Dictionary to music, for performance at the Oxford-street theatre when it opened."

"I think," said Randall, seeing the Professor somewhat flustered, "that much good may be done in this way. I propose opening a medical theatre, where the performances shall be such as may amuse the students, and instruct them at the same time. I would open with 'Concussion,' a tragedy in five acts, to be followed by the 'St. Vitus's Quadrilles;' after which a farce entitled 'Smoke and Toothach;' the whole to conclude with a grand pantomime of action, entitled 'The Imp of Epilepsy, or Harlequin and Delirium Tremens.' I think the proposition a good one, which the Lyceum ought to jump at."

There is a tradition, also, that the matron of the hospital offended him by some severe remarks she made, in consequence of having overseen him taking hot potatoes for lunch from the trays which were

FOUR-HANDED CRIBBAGE.

going upstairs with the dinners for the patients; and subsequently chucking the servant under the chin, and telling her that she was prettier than her mistress. Whereupon Mr. Randall first stole a dead monkey which had been bought cheap of a keeper at the Zoological Gardens, to make a skeleton for the Museum of Comparative Anatomy. Next, he painted it green, and having shut it up in a hat-box which belonged to Mr. Widdy—a new man who was very particular about his clothes—sent it by the Parcels' Delivery to the matron, with the united compliments of the life governors and house apothecary—the latter being a pious young man, who had lately published a work about religion and kidneys. This waggish trick threw the poor woman into a wonderful series of fits, which occupied all the tender assiduity of the secretary for some hours—indeed there was a slight suspicion that they had a matrimonial design against each other.

Being suspected—and with some plausibility—of this frolic, everything that occurred in the school, if particularly mischievous, was placed to his account. And yet, with all this, if there was a prize or honorary certificate to be contested for, Jack Randall always got it, although not a soul ever saw him reading. The professors could not help this, although they would sooner have bestowed their rewards upon the good young men who "minded their books,"—the sober students with black frock-coats and thin legs, who puttered after them round the wards, like ducks going to a pond, with stethescopes in their hands, and big books under their arms to look learned.

Previously to Mr. Muff's again commencing his lecture, Randall went round and beat up all the pupils he could find; and then coaxing the old men, and frightening the new ones into subscribers, laid in the usual quantity of Barclay's barley-water, (as he termed the commingled), and then told Muff to begin; whereupon that talented individual commenced as follows:—

"Gentlemen,

"Having given you some wholesome advice upon various portions of the studies you have come up here to pursue, or which your friends think you have—being all the same thing, provided they have

furnished you with the money—I will now offer a few remarks upon your education, and I am sure you will feel wonderfully better after them.

Private lessons in practical chemistry you will find very advantageous, if they only enable you to watch the evaporation of nothing from watch-glasses on hot sand, or discover arsenic in stomachs where it is not. I had a course of private instruction myself; when it was finished, I could blow a glass jug almost as well as the man at the Adelaide Gallery, and poison a sparrow with chlorine gas in a manner marvellous to behold. All this must be learned to enable you to pass; but when that triumph is achieved, burn your notes, sell your books, and buy a grave morning-gown; and a brass door-plate; furnish your surgery at an expense of five pounds, and have put up

BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON.—EVENING EDITION.

a night-bell that can be heard all over the street; get some convivial friend, whose habits lead him to be about at unreasonable hours, to give it occasionally a good pull. If they sold potted assurance as they do shrimps and bloaters, you would do well to lay in a good stock: but as it is an article usually manufactured at home, take a few lessons in getting it up, from the leading members of your profession, and become great, even amongst the Tritons. But even then do not relax in your endeavours to insure a good practice; but recollect, it is far more difficult to keep a position than to attain one.

Whether you dissect or not, always tell your friends in the country that you do; and then, when the tin runs short, you can often draw upon them for the price of an extremity, varying it as occasion may require. You will not find that minute knowledge of anatomy which you are expected to acquire of any use to you. Great accidents, in London, always go to hospitals; and in the country, are always sent up to London.

Above all, never get off your beer. The archives of Apothecaries' Hall do not present one instance of a man being rejected who stood a pot of half-and-half when he was asked. And, in commencing life, do not be discouraged; for starting a practice is very like kindling a fire in a Dr. Arnott's stove—the chief difficulty is to begin. And, with all the assurance I wish you to possess, do not be too anxious to be thought brilliant. Dulness and wealth, poverty and genius, are each to each synonymous. No man ever yet rode in his carriage who wrote a poem for his livelihood; and we may estimate talents of intellect in an inverse ratio to talents of gold; namely, that whichever way you take them, as one predominates, the other sinks.

In conclusion, I beg to drink all *your* good healths, and the perpetual indisposition of your patients—if ever you get any.

Literary Intelligence.

We have heard whispers of a new work of a very eccentric character, and of startling interest. It is to be called "*Life and Remains of a Welsh Rabbit.*" The author, it is supposed, would not have undertaken so arduous a task, had he not felt himself to be what is technically called "The Cheese" in every particular.

The accomplished author of the unpublished sonnet alluded to in a recent number of our work, has been circulating in private circles a pun of much brilliancy. When it assumes a paragraphic shape, we shall perhaps be enabled to lay it before our readers. We may, however, go so far as to say that it involves a JEU DE MOT of a most ingenious character.

CONUNDRUMS OF THE SEEDY.

Why are my trousers like Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer?—Because they want to be *recreated*.

Why do I wish I owed my landlady a grudge? Because I should like to *pay her off*.

Why is my tailor like my waist? Because he's dreadfully *taken in*.

The Poor Law Commissioners and the Commissioners of Design live nearly next door to each other in Somerset House. Couldn't the latter derive incalculable benefit from this lucky proximity? For instance, what invaluable suggestions might they not borrow from their Poor-law neighbours, whenever they were in want of a first-rate design of *base'o relief'o* (basso relievo).

JUVENILE BIOGRAPHY.

No. III.—PETER PIPER.

Peter Piper.—The subject of our present biography was a person of strong mind, but eccentric habits, and presents an extraordinary instance of what may be achieved by perseverance, however misapplied, for while Hannibal has cut his name upon the Alps, and Napoleon has signed the Simplon with his initials (N. B. or *Nota Bene*, which when Buonaparte is in question must always be the result)—while we say one great man has done this, and another great man the other; Peter Piper has chosen a peck of Pepper as the imaginary pyramid that forms his monument.

In the columns of the *Biographie Universelle*, we find mention of a certain Piper *né dans une condition obscure*, who afterwards raised himself to the post of Swedish minister. This was not Peter who picked the Pepper, though there is another Piper whom we find lengthily treated of in Chalmers, as a humourist of excellent wit, and there is no doubt he was one of those "ryghte merrie and welle

NOT WORTH A *RUSH*.

conceited varlettes" that we now and then find mentioned in the Elizabethan Chronicles. But still we have a difficulty in fixing the picking of the pepper, even upon this "myghtie pleasaunte wagge;" and we are thrown as usual upon the resources of conjectures, aided by the "oulde balladde" for all the particulars that can be relied on of our hero's history.

The age at which Peter Piper accomplished the task that has put his name into the mouths of old and young, has never been even guessed at by the scholiasts, most of whom were not backward in hazarding conjectures of the vaguest sort upon every subject they treated of. In the writings of the old schoolmen we have searched in vain, and though Mr. Catnach has invited us to the perusal of his literary treasures, we have declined availing ourselves of an offer that could only lead to further bewilderment. That "Peter Piper picked a peck of pepper," is plainly enough indicated in the first line of the ballad that is left to us, and we are therefore at a loss to account for the ungenerous doubt conveyed in the second line, where it is insidiously asked, "*Did* Peter Piper pick a peck of pepper?"

If the questioning had stopped here, we might perhaps have been satisfied with answering the second line by a reference to the first, but the bard insidiously carries us on, from affirmation to doubt, from doubt to investigation, and from investigation to a painful suspicion that the pepper was not picked as we had at first been led to suppose it was. "If Peter Piper," continues the crafty chronicler, "picked a peck of pepper,—Where," cries the poet, rising in his malice to a height of critical acumen that is almost sublime—"Where is the peck of pepper that Peter Piper picked?" Echo might well answer, "Where," to such a cruelly subtle query, but are we to set down Peter as an impostor because the peck of pepper is not forthcoming, on the picking of which rests the foundation of his celebrity? As well might we throw doubt on the story of Columbus and the egg, by asking "Where is the egg?" or deny to Ramo Samee the credit of having swallowed a stone, by obstinately insisting on its production. Are we not to believe that Wellington routed the foe, until we have asked where *is* the enemy, or shall we refuse to give credence to the story of Regulus and the spikes, because we have not now before us the identical beer-barrel? "Where is the peck of pepper?" indeed! Our blood boils as we write down a query so insulting to a great man's memory, for great indeed was he, who could pick a peck of pepper as Peter Piper did.

We should imagine that our hero had been in his lifetime a man

of wealth, for his name is mixed up almost to a proverb with transactions of a pecuniary character. We have all heard of having to "pay the piper," and the allusion to a certain old custom of "borrowing of Peter to pay Paul," shows that Peter at least had the necessary funds to render such a loan possible. If the Peter here alluded to was Peter Piper—which, if everybody paid *the* piper, was not at all improbable, the subject of our biography must have been one of the wealthiest men, not only of his own, but of any other æra.

Foreign Intelligence.

We have heard of another rupture in China, but it is said that the power of Poo Loo will be resorted to for cementing it. It is rumoured that an attempt will be made to rivet the different fractions into which the service of China is now divided, but this, we think, is impossible. The great

A WEAKNESS OF THE WRIST.

Khan wants a handle, and until this is found there can be no reasonable hope of adjustment.

Our Indian letters put us in possession of Indian ink to the 22nd, and our news is consequently of the same dark complexion as before.

Our Seville correspondent sends us oranges to the latest moment at which our express was made up, but we are very sorry to say that we find considerable asperity in every quarter.

Our letters from Egypt have not arrived; but on inquiring at the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly, we ascertained that affairs in that quarter were going on as smoothly as the best friends of the land of the pyramids had any reason to anticipate.

THE DECREASE IN THE REVENUE

Has been a general matter of surprise, and various reasons have been assigned to account for the unexpected deficiency of £434,831. In order to set the public mind at rest upon a point of such importance as the ways and means of this great kingdom, we have determined to lay aside everything like false delicacy; and, though it may subject us to something like animadversion, we have resolved to make any sacrifice to relieve an anxiety that must be doubly painful, from the unexpected cause which has occasioned it—a cause, it is true, that the next quarter will remove, but which, in the interim, cannot fail to be prejudicial, in some slight degree, to the commercial and financial reputation of this country, which, unfortunately, from a combination of adverse circumstances, has of late years been upon the decline. We trust, however, that what we are about to state will have the effect of replacing England on that proud pre-eminence which our own thoughtlessness has endangered—the decrease in the anticipated amount of this quarter's revenue arises solely from the fact that Punch has not paid his Income Tax.

PRICE OF BUTCHERS' MEAT.

Boiled beef commanded eightpence the large plate, and there were some small transactions at sixpence. Mutton in pies (sinking the offal) was to be had rather sparingly, at twopence the patty; but there was a decided mixture of inferior animals.

VERY AMUSING.

The Royal Stables at Windsor have just been completed at an expense of—"say 30,000*l*."—Who dare maintain, after this, that Prince Albert is not a munificent patron of the *Meies* (Muse)?

"Rents collected," as the darning-needle said to the poet's pantaloons.

"Such a bed as this is a perfect luxury"—as the pig said when he rolled amongst the tulips.

"This is a difficulty that can't be got over"—as the bull said when he tried to leap the five-barred gate.

FOUR *versus* FIVE.

We have received the following letters connected with the great topic which now agitates the East End of the Metropolis, and having no bias of our own (from the simple fact that we never had, and never can, have any thing to do with a banker) we readily give insertion to the arguments upon both sides of the question.

LETTER I.

DEAR PUNCH,

I take in your paper every week—couldn't name a stronger inducement for you to support us. Help us Clerks to shove up the shutters at four—Grandmother will have me in at ten. Love billiards—you know—an hour lost every day—mental culture—moral improvement. Can't say more—quarter past eight—here's the bus—stick to us, old brick.

Your's, P— P—.

LETTER II.

MR. EDITOR,

It is with feelings that can be better imagined than described, that I have read the numerous letters in the daily papers in advocacy of the proposed alteration in the hours of business in the various metropolitan banking establishments. I consider any innovation of the kind a tyrranous invasion of the rights of *habit*.

For 40 years I have been connected with the house of Messrs. ——, ——, and Co.

FOR FORTY YEARS—

I have risen	at 7 o'clock.
Shaved	„ 5 m. p. 7
Dressed	„ 20 m. p. 7
Commenced Breakfast	„ 25 m. p. 7
Finished ditto	„
Opened the street-door	„ 5 m. p. 8
Compared watch with Islington church clock	„ 19 m. p. 8
Bowed to the driver of "The Telegraph," at the Angel	„ 30 m. p. 8
Passed the Bank of England	„ 49 m. p. 8
Taken my seat at the desk in Messrs. —, —, —, & Co.	„ 5 m. to 9
Eaten a biscuit	„ 3 sec. to 12
Nibbed my last pen	„ 2 m. to 5
* * * * * * *	*
Put out my chamber candle	„ 1 sec. to 10

I have always advocated vested rights, and whatever changes may be effected by the agitation of junior clerks, I will never close my clearing-book one second earlier than I have done for these last forty years.

Yours, AN ENEMY TO INNOVATION.

LETTER III.

DEAR NOSEY,

Just hint in your next the folly of closing the doors of banking-houses at 4 o'clock. What use is an hour at that time of the day? None of the Harmonic meetings begin until 9 o'clock, and the Eagle is never animated before 8, at the earliest. Now, an hour in the morning would be worth something. Open at 10, and I will be one of the first to support the amendment; for, living as I do just three cheroots and a half from our place of business, I find it deuced hard work in the mornings to turn out in time.

Yours,

EARLY PURLY.

CONUNDRUMS OF THE SEEDY.

When are my nutcrackers not my nutcrackers?—*Ans.* When they are my teeth.

When is my poker not my poker?—*Ans.* When it's my walking-stick.

Why *was* my watch like the Tories?—*Ans.* Because it *was* out.

Why *is* my watch like Sir R. Peel?—*Ans.* Because it *is* in.

Why is my account in my tailor's book more encouraging than it used to be?—*Ans.* Because it has just turned over a new leaf.

Why am I like Waterloo Bridge?—*Ans.* Because I never did pay, and never shall.

Why is a bill drawn by me like a present that no one will receive?—*Ans.* Because nobody thinks it worth acceptance.

Why am I like a person that has gone down the passage between Leicester-square and Coventry-street?—*Ans.* Because I've just passed through the court.

If I were a Catholic, why could I not purchase absolution from the Pope?—*Ans.* Because I have not a shilling to bless myself with.

Why am I like a hat that has been freshly lined?—*Ans.* Because I'm done up!

Why is Mr. Young's Patent Composing Machine like punning?—Because it is a *play upon words*.

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

LETTER XIV.—THE EVIL OF SENSIBILITY.—STORY OF THE BANKER'S CLERK.

A MAN who would thrive in the world, has no such enemy as what is known by the term—sensibility. It is to walk barefooted in a mob: at every other step your toes are crushed by the iron-shod shoon of crowding vagabonds, who grin from ear to ear at the wry faces you make, at the cries that may escape you. "Why didn't you stay at home?" asks one; "Put your toes in your pocket," counsels another; quite unconscious of the deep philosophy enriching his advice. Yes, my son; difficult as it may appear, the only thing for the man to do—that is, the poor man born with sensibility—is to put his toes into his pocket; in plain words, to smother his sensibility in the place where he hopes some day to carry his money.

Many are the martyrs, my son, whose lives will never be penned. Many the victims who, in garrets and in cellars, have vindicated what is called the heroism of human nature, and by the awful magnanimity of suffering, given assurance of the ethereal temper of the human spirit. How many, even with earthly famine whitening their lips, have smiled in lovely patience, thinking of immortal tables! How many, in the tatters of beggary, reeking in the nostrils of their fellow-man, have apparelled themselves for God! The looks of angels have made bright the darkness of a dungeon; and the odours of seraphic wings sweetened the vapours of a vault.

But no, my son, I must not pursue this theme. Who would think that I could talk thus? I! a mountebank—a mummer—the buffoon for halfpence? Oh, my son, it was shallow philosophy; it was worse; it was a wicked want of charity in Dr. Johnson, to exclaim, "Punch has no feelings!" The world, I grant, gives me but little credit for such possessions; and, therefore, I am prone to wrap myself up in the pride of mystery, and to affect insensibility, that I may escape the charge of hypocrisy. Who would believe in the tears of Punch? Who, though he saw them trickling down my nose, would believe they came hot and bitter from my heart? A heart! Said I a heart? Who would believe I had such an organ? Albeit I were laid upon the surgeon's table, the crucial incision made in my breast—nay, the heart itself plucked out—who would believe in its ventricles? A heart! A cushion—a thing stuffed with bran, to stick pins in: for so the world has used it. My son, Punch is not the only creature thus libelled, because inwardly unknown. The Poverty of the world is but a pale-faced, melancholy Punch; a creature denied sensibility, that it may be made to bear the harder buffets. Allow to Poverty all the fine moral organisation—the same susceptibility that makes the system of the rich man delicately melodious as a musical snuff-box,—and we should give ear to the utterance of human wants as to a flood of holy song; as to the most plaintive, yet most sacred music of the habitable earth. But no: the organisation is disallowed, and therefore such music is possible. Thus is it with Poverty in the ears of Worldly Pride; and thus to Worldly Ignorance is—Punch!

However, the purpose of these letters is to fit you for a prosperous career in life; and therefore, I charge you, by all your hopes of larder, wine-cellar, banker's account, and carriage—I charge you put down, smother every rising of sensibility. You might as well take a voyage to the North Pole in your shirt, as hope to live, as a poor man, comfortably in the world, if endowed with sensibility. Had you been born to a golden pap-spoon, it might have been otherwise; but you, a child of the gutter, the spawn of the highway—you to talk of sensibility—you might as well talk of the family jewels.

Beware of sensibility. If it become morbidly affected, the result is—

But I will narrate to you a history, my son, illustrative of its perils: a true history—true as my hunch. How I came by it, it matters not. Suffice it to say, it is as true as the sunbeams.

STEPHEN GLADSTONE—for that shall be his name—in his 17th year, was placed at a banker's desk. His gentleness, his almost feminine tenderness of manner, made him the favourite of all who knew him. He was endowed with a most fatal sensibility. His cheeks would redden at the sudden accost of a stranger; and when his employer, as would often happen, spoke in commendation of his labours, the tears would gush from his eyes, and he would tremble from head to foot, like a detected culprit. For three years Stephen remained in the employ of Messrs. ———; and every year, such was his assiduity, such his exemplary conduct, his salary was increased. Already the oldest clerks began to predict that "Stephen Gladstone would soon be a junior partner."

When Stephen had attained his twentieth year, a sudden alteration was visible in his features—his manner. Day by day, he became haggard—care-worn. His face was pale and juiceless; and his eyes, ordinarily dull and filmed, would suddenly flash with lustrous brightness. The slightest sound would make him start as at a thunder-crash. His employers speedily noticed the change; and again and again desired Stephen to forego his duties for a month or two, to have change of air and scene; but every such desire seemed to inflict inexpressible torture upon the clerk. He would declare he was very well; if he looked ill, he knew not why he should do so, for he was in excellent health; never—never better. And still day by day he seemed to waste and wither; and day by day the weight upon his spirits grew heavier.

At length, Stephen's employers resolved to address themselves to a physician; who, having heard their story, managed to obtain what seemed an accidental meeting with the clerk.

"Why, Mr. Gladstone, you are not well. Come, come! I see what this is."

"Indeed, sir, you mistake: I am well—quite well. Surely, sir, I should know best," said Stephen, a little irritated.

"Never tell me," said the physician, whose cordial tone and benevolent manner would have gained the confidence of a misanthrope; "I see your case plainly; it's love—nothing but love."

Stephen looked a look of misery in the physician's face, suppressed a groan, and broke from him.

A week elapsed, and Stephen suddenly appeared before the doctor. His face was distorted with anguish; he reeled, and fell into a chair; and sat gasping with the brain's agony. Instantly, the physician was at his side—soothing, comforting him.

"I can endure it no longer: you shall know all, doctor—all, though the hangman be at the door. Listen! you know not, for these six months, what scorpions have been stinging me. To-day again—this very day—my employers raised my income: they reward me—*me!* Doctor, look at that hand! It is a thief's—I tell you it is a thief's! But I said you should know all. My masters—kind souls! have praised me for my zeal—have desired me to seek recreation—to absent myself from the house! Oh, God! late and early I was at the desk; it was that my books might escape detection! And they call this zeal, and they reward me for it—me, who have robbed, have pillaged them."

Long and kind was the speech of the physician, who at length charged himself to break the business to the masters of the wretched youth, and with heavy heart departed on his mission. His tale was soon told.

"Ha! ha! ha! Impossible," cried the bankers. "Gladstone embezzle money! why, he couldn't take a farthing—not a farthing: all his books have been regularly balanced." It was indeed so. His morbid sensibility, worked upon by the possibility of the act, had, in his own sickly terrors, made him a criminal.

"This is a mistake, quite a mistake:" and the physician sought to soothe the mind of the excited clerk.

"Then I am no thief!" asked Stephen, as if awakened from a horrid trance.

"You've been unwell—nothing more; a little unwell," said the physician.

The discovery of his innocence was, however, too much for the young man's reason: from that moment it was utterly shattered. The banker's clerk—alas! poor human nature!—died a maniac.

THE LOVE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

INTRODUCTION.

WHILST all the daily papers teem with stories of starvation,
The corn-laws, chartists, income-tax, and general stagnation;
And each one strives to show the world how very bad all trade is,
Not one has ventured to take up the cause of the "young ladies,"
Their case they state as desperate—the young men seem demented,
And with a bachelor's estate are horridly contented;
So since this anti-marriage whim now passes all endurance
They've plann'd a ladies' union, to form a *Love Assurance*,
Buy buy, buy buy, buy buy! who'll buy some shares?

DESPERATE SALLY.

AIR———

The committee have found that the gentlemen's offers
Are usually ruled by the state of their coffers;
And though, in rare cases, a few pretty girls,
With naught but their bright eyes and dark silky curls
Have gone off at once, like a dry Congreve match,
Yet with most of the others the flame will not catch;
But in spite of all efforts refuses to light,
Like a Catherine Wheel on a very wet night.

The rules they have made are drawn up with much care,
And nought is left out that the beaux can ensnare!
They can boast—to o'ercome this sad state of affairs,
A flourishing capital, raised by the shares;
With adequate portions each class to enhance
The most desperate spinster may still have a chance,
As some fierce half-pay captains are settled with pensions,
To bluster, and ask timid youths their intentions.

These qualifications the *first class* demands,
Dark eyes, chesnut hair, figure good, and small hands.
Her features expressive—a brilliant complexion—
With a perfect *tournure*—little feet no objection.
She must waltz—and (of course) have an exquisite waist—
Sing and play, when she's asked, with professional taste.
The suitor in this case must look for no help,
Such a *belle* "is a fortune you know in herself."

Class two—rather plain, both in figure and face,
But of course "very amiable,"—always the case.
As attractions are few, and inducements not great,
The portion assigned to this class is *first rate*.
She can play some quadrilles—they're a rather old set,
And remembers one waltz, from the air of "We Met."
And deeming her voice more expressive than strong,
Has been known, with much pressing, to chirp a faint song.

Class Three—plainer still: every plan has essay'd,
Yet not much inclining to die an old maid,
Is waiting to see how the next system acts,
Of teaching the poor, and distributing tracts.
Her temper 'so so'—thinks waltzing 'not right,'
But four hundred a year may some suitors invite.
Wears her hair in plain bands tightly pull'd round her head,
To look intellectual—the colour is—*auburn!*

Horticultural fêtes will be given in shoals,
With archery meetings, and balls for the Poles.
In fact, every species of man-trap e'er known,
Will be set, for the use of subscribers alone.
Then, fair ones, no longer give way to despair,
But rush to our office, and purchase a share,
Or Hymen, a bankrupt, will sell off his chains,
And husbands be class'd as *organic remains!*

THE THEATRICAL ORACLE.

WE were exceedingly gratified by purchasing a number of a work bearing something like the above title, published on the 15th inst., partly on account of the delight we felt at the beauty of the style, and the bold disregard of all those grammatical rules to which we have hitherto so slavishly adhered; and still more, because it was a clue leading us to the rightful owner of a MS. lately discovered by us in the neighbourhood of the Cat and Mutton, and which could not be the work of any other than the independent and original genius who conducts the powerful dramatic organ just referred to.

Let our readers judge for themselves. The following is an extract from "The Theatrical Oracle," and alludes to the reception of Madame Vestris and Mr. C. Mathews at Drury Lane:—

"Their reception was enthusiastic and vehement, and relieved from their recent managerial cares, gave a force to their acting, and a buoyancy to the animal spirits that are nightly imparted to the crowded audiences who lavish their applause on their spirited exertions in return. Madame Vestris's superb soprano tones are richly circulated in no less than three ballads that are warmly welcomed by her admirers, and disarms the severe critic and cynic by her inimitable archness and bewitching grace of manners. The Follies of a Night is an adaption from the French, and is one of those bustling pieces of intrigue for which the French vaudevillists are so justly celebrated. To map down its plot would be as difficult as tedious; its incidents rise in rapid succession, and are as difficult to retain as the light flashes of a sunbeam. Sufficeth it, then, that Charles Mathews is a young provincial coxcomb and fortune-hunter. Madame Vestris the charming representative of the Duchess, in which she develops the grace and vivacity of the French stage, which is so justly eminent for reflecting the habits and piquant elegance of the drawing-room. Hudson and Compton also display the talents of genuine comedians. The scenery is extremely beautiful; and altogether, a very pleasant entertainment has been afforded. It has been the running afterpiece from its first night, and promises to be an especial favourite for a long time to come."

We cannot omit another little extract from a notice of *Semiramide*:—

"Of the gems of this sublime opera we must particularly direct attention to Mrs. Alfred Shaw's manner and divinely expressive way of singing her Cavatina, 'Ah! that day I well remember,' where her sublime contralto, controlled by the most scientific skill, and whose soft diapason tones fall like seraphs' harmony and penetrate the heart with chastening ardour and inspiring effect. Again the contralto and soprano duet, 'Dark day of sorrow,' between Miss Kemble and Mrs. Shaw; what deep pathos! what eloquence discoursing! Mark the clear brilliant towering sublimity of expression as Semiramide holds on the C in alt., while the thirds and fifths of Assaca's deep mellow notes from D to G in a full octave and a half are filling in a sublime harmony of melody of the most touching and refined order."

The following is our MS., and who but the author of the above could have written it?—

"ARCADIAN SALOON."

"This beautifully fitted-up concern, which is nightly resorted to, by fashionable amusement, and respectable householders, and where the charms of a fragrant cigar and beautiful spirits is completely overthrown by the sweet singing of Miss Miggs, is now open. The beautiful notes of this young lady, which strike our ear at least an octave and a half, as well as her force, which was educated in Italy, gives a new richness and volume to the sublime creations of Donizetti's muse, as well as to the applause of the audience, who returns it accordingly. He (Mr. Snibbs) did perfectly right in engaging so much talent, when there is so little which must realize a fortune, and thus doubtless their coffers will be filled, without flattery, which the austere critic says is to be avoided. Her voice reminds us of the action of Mad. Catalani, which, we regret to say, we never heard. Notwithstanding which, we advise all our readers to go to the Arcadian Saloon, where he will find a pleasant retreat for his care-worn countenance."

WE read in the *Times*, October 18th—

"Mr. Hill, of Draycott, aged 90, rode to Chafford fair, on his mare, aged 36. The united ages of the two amounted to 126 !!!"

There must be some mistake here.

SOME curiosity has been manifested to know how the servants in attendance on the Queen were paid during the royal progress to Scotland. We are authorised to state, that the *suite* while on board were on board wages.

"I'll let you know when I come back again"—as the rheumatism said to the leg.
"I am certainly *dun*"—as the celebrated cow said to Guy, Earl of Warwick.
Have you improved in riding?—not exactly; I have *fallen off* a great deal lately.
"We part to meet again"—as the Field-lane Jew said to the Bandana.

PUNCH'S COMIC MYTHOLOGY.

CHAP. II.—THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

FAIREST! my brandy flask."

"Where is the 'meet' to be this morning, love?" enquired Œnone of her husband as he buckled on his hunting sandals.

"At the Idalian cover in the royal preserves," replied Paris. "I hope we shall have some sport, as I promised the governor a haunch. By the bye, did he call yesterday with the cash for those beasts he bought of us?"

"He came; but left a message stating that he had transferred the amount to your account with the governor and company of the Trojan Bank."

"All right. Good bye, darling!" By this time Paris was at the door with his hand on the bridle.

"Good bye, dearest," returned the wife reluctantly. "But,"—she continued, following the young farmer very closely—"but, is that all?"

Paris turned with the suddenness of a person detected in an unpardonable piece of forgetfulness. He dropped the bridle and kissed Œnone with all his might, she returned the salute with rustic *empressement*. With this exhibition of unfashionable fondness, they separated.

Determined to bring his nag down to cover fresh and eager for his work, Paris descended Mount Ida leisurely, and could not help pulling up to admire the ox he was fattening for the royal Trojan cattle show, which was to come off in the spring. As he surveyed the fine proportions, and well distributed fat which lined the sides of the beast, he all at once became aware that he was not the only spectator. An individual appeared as if by magic, leaning over the fence, and viewing with intense admiration the well-bred bull. By a kind of involuntary fascination, Paris kept his eyes riveted on the stranger, who had all the appearance of a Greek, with the jaunty careless air of a man about town from Athens. His costume was slightly eccentric. His hat had a bowl crown with a broad brim, pleasantly contrived to appear turned up at the sides like a pair of wings. His tunic was short and looped at the shoulders; to his sandals a pair of spurs of pure gold were attached, also shaped like pinions. He flourished, with the adroitness of a confirmed *petit-maître*, a walking stick fantastically betwisted with a couple of withy branches carved in the semblance of serpents.*

On entering into conversation with him, Paris found him a complete connoisseur in cattle.

"Ah," exclaimed the stranger, "the owner of that bull is as lucky a master-shepherd as ever flourished a crook."

"Unlucky you mean," retorted Paris. "The brute belongs to me."

"Ha, ha, you speak of the past, I of the future. But that I may be the better judge of your former luck, good, bad, or indifferent, suppose you tip us your history, old fellow," rejoined the individual, playfully poking the horseman in the ribs with his strange-looking stick.

At the touch of this walking-cane, Paris felt imbued with a strong friendship for and confidence in the stranger. He sprang from his horse, tied it up to the gate, and shook his companion heartily by the hand; declaring himself delighted to comply with the request. As to the hunt, that might go to Styx for what he cared—he should cut it.

Feeling himself somehow inoculated with considerable dignity, and determined to astonish the stranger by the extent and classicality of his education, he delivered himself in blank verse, thus:—

> "My name is Paris; on the Idalian hill
> My gov'nor pens his sheep—a thrifty swain,
> Whose constant cares were to get all he could—
> To keep whate'er he got, and me, a shepherd.
> But I had heard of hunting—and I longed
> To follow to the field some sporting squire:—
> The gods soon granted what my gov. denied.
> One night a band of gristly wolves rushed like a torrent
> On our bleating sheep. I alone with pipe and tabor
> Frightened them away!*
> Returning home in triumph, I disdained
> The shepherd's weekly wage, and went
> In business for myself—can now go hunting
> When I like. My governor——."

"You frequently mention your governor," interrupted the auditor, "but do you happen to know who your father was?"

"I regret to say I am not so wise a child. The old man who brought me up, tells a cock and bull story about child-dropping, and my being found by him, wet-nursed by a bear."

Upon this, the lively stranger crossed his legs, and leaning against his stick, looked Paris steadfastly in the face for some minutes. "Don't be alarmed," he said at length, "but I'm going to astonish you!"

"Are you? Only tell me that I am the indiscretion of some nobleman, or member of parliament, and I'll embrace you."

"I *could* a tale unfold," was the reply, "but upon that, I must for the present be silent. The fact is, if you will borrow it, I can lend you a talisman by which, eventually, you will discover your birth and parentage." Upon this the stranger drew from under his robes a golden apple, placed it in Paris's hand and disappeared.

Now, if up to that moment there was a good natured, contented, devil-may-care fellow in the kingdom of Troas, it was Paris. But now he felt querulous and ill-tempered. As his views became suddenly expanded, he looked upon himself as an injured man—no doubt he was the offspring of some country-gentleman in easy circumstances. Why then should fate have made him a second-rate grazier? He felt exceedingly ill-tempered, and punished his horse: which, in return, enlivened its canter back to the homestead with a few spirited kicks. The moment he encountered his wife he began to quarrel with her.

"Really, my love, you need not be so cross about it," expostulated the spouse, after stating that three ladies had been to see him. "I merely said that they did not seem a whit better than they should be."

"Well, and what if they are not?—you need not have sent them away."

"Pray do not let that distress you; for see, they are returning."

Paris looked through the window, and despite his ill humour, could not help agreeing with his wife as to the appearance of his visitors. They were as scantily clad as the chorus of a Greek opera, or the choryphées at a feast of Bacchus.

"Well, madam!" shouted Paris, savagely, perceiving his wife still remained in the room; "have you nothing to do in the dairy? The business of these ladies with me may be of a private nature."

Œnone retired slowly, with that sobbed-out sentence about having her "heart broken," which married ladies when deprived of their own way have in all ages felt bound to utter.

The moment the three ladies entered the room, Paris trembled from head to foot, for he knew by instinct that he was in the presence of deities. In spite of his awe, however, he felt mightily inclined to quarrel with them.

"We have come," said the tallest of the figures, "for an apple in your possession."

"Do you mean to say I did not come by it honestly?" inquired the shepherd, seeing a good opening for a row, which he was dying to have.

"By no means; all we wish is, that you would be good enough to hand it to its proper owner."

"A likely story. Why, it is pure gold: besides, by its aid I am to find out a valuable secret! You surely do not expect me to give it up without a suitable reward?"

Here all three ladies spoke at once, and the sounds they uttered were, Paris thought, more delicious than he ever heard in his life; for they embodied promises of the most extravagant good fortune. One offered him a kingdom—the second, that she would place him at the head of a powerful army, so that he might, if he pleased, conquer an empire or two. The third claimant simpered, and declared that he should have the loveliest woman upon earth †, if he would only be good enough to give her *her* apple; for if he would read the inscription upon the article in dispute, he would soon see that she was the rightful owner. The voice of this deity was so musical, her smile so enchanting, her figure and face so beautiful, that Paris exclaimed, "What a lovely creature!" At this moment Œnone was heard to upset a pan of cream in the dairy.

* See Intaglio of Mercury, by Dioscorides, figured in Keightley's Ancient Mythology, pl. vi. No. 3.

* From Paris's exploits with the wolves, he got the name of Alexander—helper and defender.

† "Unaque cum regnum; belli daret altera laudem;
Tyndaridis conjux, Tertia dixit, eris."—*Ovid Heroides*, 17. v. 118.

Having read the inscription ("To the fairest"), Paris, boiling over with causeless rage as he was, the moment he again touched the apple of discord, determined to decide upon moral grounds. For it will be readily observed, that people when in a passion pretend to extravagant virtue. He cared not a fig, he observed, for a throne—not he. Give him his pipe and his glass—provided the first were a genuine meerschaum, and the latter filled with champagne—he was content. As to a generalship, he would rather be without it; fighting was not much to his taste. Finally, as a married man, he dared not entertain the tempting offer of a divorce and a second bride, however his inclinations might wrestle with his virtue. No, he would decide the case upon its merits, and award the apple to the loveliest woman mortal eyes had ever beheld.

He said, and kneeling, gave the apple to her who played "third lady" in the drama. Venus seized the prize, and exultingly disappeared, her companions vowing vengeance against the rustic judge. Paris felt the serenity of his disposition return the moment he got rid of the apple, but without, the elements became disturbed; thunder rent the air. The house shook under him. Œnone declared the milk had curdled, that the beer was turned sour, whilst a cowherd ran in and announced that a party of horse-guards had just driven off the prize bull by the order of the King of Troy.

Here, then, endeth the history of the apple of discord, and beginneth that of the siege of Troy. The sequel whereof hath been written in choice Italian by one Ovid *. How that the bull was destined as the prize in a tournament given by King Priam for his sons, as challengers against all comers—how that Paris resolved not to be done out of his beast, but went into the ring and won. How he was discovered to be the son of Priam and Hecuba. How that he went to Sparta and eloped with the fairest woman upon earth, as promised by Venus—no other than the celebrated Helen. How that the friends of that young lady took up the matter warmly, and laid hot siege to Troy—but for further particulars inquire of Homer's Iliad.

SONGS OF THE SEEDY.—No. XXVII.

Away, away! no matter where;
But onwards I must go.
The piercing winds I cannot bear,
Which round me keenly blow.
The well-dress'd man may walk at ease,
Close button'd to the throat;
The seedy wretch must run or freeze
In threadbare body coat.

Then onwards, onwards let me rush,
Along the crowded street!
Aside the passengers I push,
For I *must* warm my feet.
Then do not stop me on my way;
My speed let none control;
I catch my death if I delay,
In shoes without a sole.

VERY AWKWARD GAIT.

The reindeer takes an active bound;
The lamblings lightly skip;
Fleet is the footstep of the hound;
And gay the goatherds trip.
Then who would wish to interfere
My liveliness to quell?
Running alone can warm and cheer
The light-clad seedy swell!

* "Strongly recommended for family use"—as the Yorkshire schoolmaster said of the pickled birch.

There is a dramatic author in Paris of such prolific powers, that every morning whilst he is shaving, he *brings out a new piece*.

What periodical paper has the greatest circulation?—The Income-Tax Paper.

* Hero. 17.

THE ZOOLOGY AND ARCHITECTURE OF LAWYERS' CLERKS.

The Lawyer's Clerk is zoologically speaking, one of the lower class of animals; and if we follow the arrangement of Cuvier, who divides the animal kingdom into vertebrata, articulata, mollusca, and radiata, we think we can succeed in bringing the Lawyer's Clerk partially within every one of the four sub-kingdoms alluded to. He belongs to *vertebrata* by virtue of his backbone, which ought to be tolerably strong, when it is considered how heavy are the burdens put upon it; he may also frequently be considered as coming under the class *articulata*, the peculiarity of which consists in having the bones outside (and the bones of many Lawyers' Clerks are almost coming through their skin); while their claim to be sometimes regarded as *mollusca* consists in their extraordinary softness; and they may be said to partake in some degree of the *radiata*, for as this class often obtain nourishment by absorption, so does the Lawyer's Clerk occasionally obtain a dinner by standing near a cook's-shop, and absorbing the steam from it.

COOK'S DISCOVERIES.

There are almost as many orders of Lawyers' Clerks as there are in architecture. There is the *Corinthian*, or London articled clerk; the *Gothic*, or provincial, who comes to finish his articles in a London office; the rich *Composite*, who hopes to form a part of the firm, and who is sometimes taken in as a pillar for the sake of his capital; and (to say nothing of various intermediate orders) there is the Doric or *Daric*, the clerk who opens the door by the old nursery contrivance, "of pulling the bobbin that the latch may come up"—a process which is very likely to end in walking into the jaws of the wolf, when a client pays a visit to his lawyer.

PUNCH'S COURT CIRCULAR.

"Brighton, Wednesday.—There is no longer any doubt of Her Majesty's intention to visit Brighton at a very early period. Several extra hands have been put on. One of the clerks of the kitchen arrived this evening."

The above paragraph, of course, excited the most intense curiosity in the Metropolis, and *Punch* immediately sent down his own reporter to learn the latest particulars. The following may be relied upon:

A new heater has been ordered for the royal urn, and the potato steamer has been placed in the hands of an experienced tinman, who has been instructed to spare no expense in soldering wherever it may be required. The royal sweep has also arrived, and has had a long interview with the laundress, which terminated in his operating on the wash-house flue with a quarter of an ounce of gunpowder.

CHIMNEY ORNAMENTS.

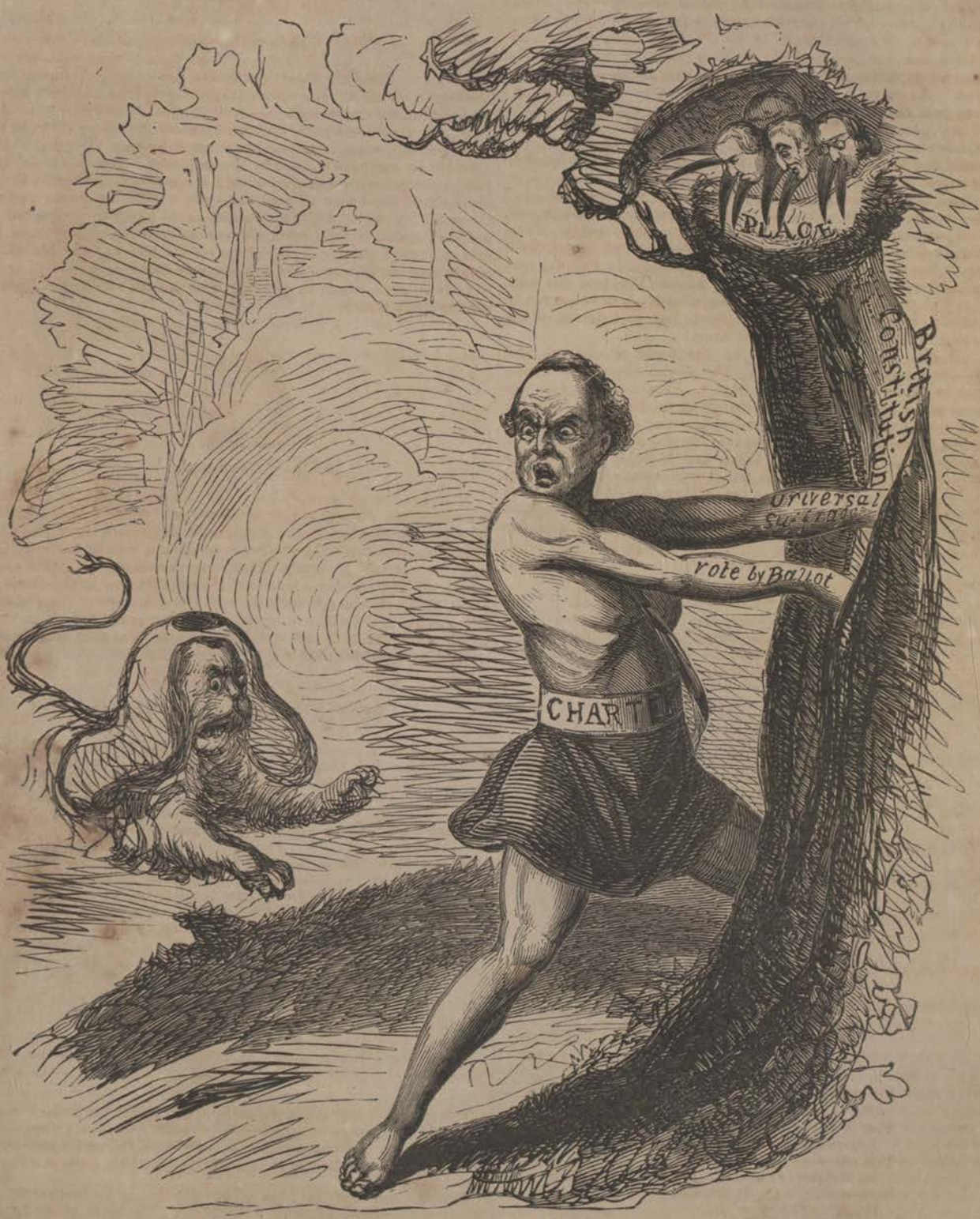
It is quite true that one of the clerks of the kitchen has arrived, and it is also a fact, that the comptroller of the scullery has been for some days upon the spot, and has presided at a review of the plates and dishes, when he was pleased to express his approbation of the state in which he found them.

Basting-spoon in ordinary has taken possession of his apartments, and deputy-spit is expected down in a day or two. The clerk of the rolling-pin is already superintending the details of his own department, and the lord-high-skewer has sent down the necessary instructions to deputy-assistant bottle-jack.

A JOHN BULLISM.

There is a mute attached to Kensal Green Cemetery that has so lost the faculty of speech, that if any one was to offer him a pot of beer, he couldn't say "No" to it.

PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS.—No. LI.



THE MODERN MILO.

Vide—"The Life and Times of Feargus O'Connor."

THE

CHINESE EXHIBITION AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

IT is well known to every Englishman who loves tea and his country, that the East India Tea Company have latterly got into hot water with the Chinese, and that the memorable O. P. row at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, is likely to be eclipsed by the *O. P. urn* row at the Imperial Theatre of War, Canton. A line of demarcation has been drawn, and the Celestial soldiers are ordered to fire upon the "Company" who come, without being invited, to tea. In other words, the line is to be strictly guarded, and if the Company attempt to cross their teas, the troops are to dot their eyes with sugar-of-lead. The Chinese themselves, who are universally admitted to be nice men for a small tea party, use no sugar—and, judging from the above order, we should say very little milk—of human kindness. The attempt to shoot their lead at us, although they have not the courage to follow it up by a charge, has naturally excited the anger of the great men of Leadenhall Street; and the tea-dealers, on both sides, are trying which is the strongest. Which side of the quarrel is the just one, it is beside our purpose to inquire; but it is clear that, even if we are wrong, still we are strong, and therefore, although our conduct may be black, theirs is green. It is no consolation to us that they cut their own throats by endeavouring to prevent their tea from cutting ours. We are used to the beverage, and cannot submit to be deprived of our tea totally. As long, therefore, as the war party, or rather tea party, in China, think fit to keep up their fire, so long must we send war-steamers with large boilers, and give them pound for pound. These strange little people, many of whom are sorcerers, are said to fight best in their cups. Be that as it may, our sea-chests hold as good gunpowder as their tea-chests; and we make no doubt that our sailors and soldiers will see all properly served out. To them, therefore, we commit the management of the mess. With these few introductory remarks we take, for the present, our (tea) leaves of the Chinese in their own country, and request our readers to accompany us to a most interesting exhibition now open at Knightsbridge, of which we will endeavour to give them some account. Passing through this populous suburb the other day in an omnibus, our head filled with conundrums, *de omnibus rebus*, &c., we espied a Chinese-looking building which suited our fancy to a T, and observing a number of people pouring out, we called to the caddy to stop, trusting that we should not be looked upon as a spoon if we put in and helped to fill up.

Almost the first thing which strikes the intelligent visitor on entering the building (and, indeed, the dullest cannot fail to observe it, for the proprietor, regardless of expense, has placed a person there to make them), is the absolute necessity of paying half-a-crown before you go any further. This done, the incredibly small additional sum of one shilling entitles you to be accompanied round the gallery (and home afterwards if you like it) by one hundred and fifty pages! each charged with an explanation either of the

HISTORY OF CHINA,

or of some portion of this exhibition. Well, indeed, may the

POPULATION OF CHINA

consist of "three hundred and sixty millions of human beings," when one hundred and fifty pages can be spared to accompany each visitor round a mere Chinese exhibition; and well may such pages present but a small type of so numerous a people.

ORIGIN OF CHINA.

The exact period at which China was first made, is a question involved in considerable obscurity; but we have reason to believe that it is much older than Staffordshire ware. It partakes of those doubts which hang round the earliest history of all earthen subjects; and indeed, were it not for this, the accounts of China include so many and such extensive breaks, that the wisest men are often puzzled by them. Like riddles, they are easy of solution to those who know them, but difficult to those who do not, even though these last be better educated people; and again, like riddles, these breaks can generally be better explained by inferiors who caused them than by superiors, who often find themselves obliged to pay forfeit. China is said to have taken its place as an empire about 2247 years before the Christian era. Whenever it took its place, it is quite clear that it was booked for an outside one among nations; and, to prove its consistency, it has hitherto resolutely refused to come in. Some authorities say that the name of the first Emperor was Fuh-he, but not a Few-he left behind him deny this. It appears certain that some centuries after him a virtuous sovereign reigned for 102 years; and so extraordinary and outlandish was such a reign considered, that he obtained the appellation of Ya-o or Ya-hoo! After him Confusion seems to have reigned for 1500 years (longer even than George the Third). The iron reign of Confusion was at length softened into that of Confucius; and from that that time we know something, though not much, more about them than we did before.

THE TARTAR DYNASTY.

MONEY OF CHINA.

In the twelfth century the Chinese anticipated the "Old Lady of Threadneedle-street," and issued bank notes—but in consequence of the invader Ghengis Khan having put millions to the sword, (which of course with a paper currency he could easily do,) the great body of the people were obliged to submit to a metallic currency thus rudely thrust upon them.

ANTIQUITY OF CHINA.

A resolute antiquary, who resides very near to Chelsea, has contended for the superior antiquity of England to China. He asserts, upon the authority of some of the very oldest men who go about the streets and cry oranges, that the word "China" is a corruption of "Chaney;" and assuming this as a fact, he goes on to state, what nobody can reasonably deny, namely, that Cheyne walk, Chelsea, is considerably older than the oldest of these men. Antiquaries are known to be amongst the boldest of the sons of Britton, or Britain; yet is there more plausibility about this theory than many they have advanced; and it may fairly receive some confirmation from the universally known fact, that a *long, long* time ago *China was made at Chelsea*.

ARISTOCRACY OF CHINA.

Persons possessing any degree of consequence in China are divided into nine classes, which in the language of the country are denominated "*Kew Pin*," *i. e.* the nine ranks—or, more properly, nine pins, for the Emperor, or "Golden Ball," knocks them all down at pleasure. Rank may be purchased of the Emperor; which proves that rank corruption exists there, as elsewhere.

(*To be continued.*)

ENTOMOLOGICAL NOTICE FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

THE common moth is now to be met with in muffs and tippets that have been laid by for the winter. The Pater-Longipedes (Linnæus) or Daddy-longlegs, may be seen of an evening, and is easily captured by permitting it to burn off its wings in the candle, and then despatching it with the snuffers. Flies have quitted the kitchens, and gone to Brighton for the benefit of the sea-air. The Sphynx Atropos or Death's-head moth, makes itself scarce this month: there is a fine specimen of this insect in the British Museum, but, as it is placed in the private collection, the public cannot take the opportunity of inspecting it. Skippers are numerous on the Thames, and may be discovered settling on the Lily, Rose, Jasmine, &c. The Drinker still rejoices in October; but a great many have already gone over to the Continent. Swallow-tails have long been of rare occurrence, and common Whites will not appear again till next spring. Camberwell Beauties have returned from the sea-coast, but are not to be secured without a remarkably good fortune. Greylings are not met with in any cabinet. The Entomologist must now secure his grubs for the winter, and we doubt not that he will eventually obtain his desert:—and so we bid him farewell.

SOME BORROWED FUN.

We are not often guilty of plagiarism; but there is an article in the last number of Colburn's New Monthly Magazine and *Humourist*, which it has been enriched with, we apprehend, in the latter capacity, so irresistibly droll, that we cannot refrain from transferring its more requisite points to our own pages. The "New Monthly" will, we doubt not, overlook our delinquency; we belonging to a community which a writer in it denominates the small fry of literature:—himself, of course, being one of its Leviathans.

DOUBLE STOUT.

The paper in question is one of a series entitled "Reminiscences of a Medical Student." It is not, we believe, a production of the editor's: but it is almost as funny as anything that he has ever done. It embraces a confession made by an individual who has been brought into an hospital in the south of Ireland, with his body crushed to pieces, to the house surgeon; and the patient's death concludes it, like the pop of a squib. How such a subject can be treated with jocosity may at first sight appear puzzling; but there is a region adjoining the sublime, on which the horrible as closely borders. Who does not laugh at the atrocities of Punch?—(we do not mean our own jokes): and is not even the innocent mirth of infancy excited by the fate of "Humpty Dumpty?"

This remarkably rich "confession" is the story of a Mr. Erris, whose pecuniary prospects and domestic bliss have been blasted by a rogue of the name of Ormond: and who revenges himself on the author of his wrongs, by dragging him at a cart's tail. Mr. Erris himself is in a sort of retributive pickle.

"I found his whole body," says the 'Medical Student,' "to be one mass of injury, shattered with many fractures. His spine was so much bruised that he had lost all power and sense in his body and extremities. Not a muscle could he move save those of the head and face, and he lay upon his back, every now and then giving his head a sudden jerk accompanied by a twitching grin, half ludicrous, half fearful, but at any rate singularly unnatural in its expression. The bones of his lower limbs were completely smashed, and his haunches had been crushed together."

This, we imagine, is what Jonathan would call "an immortal smash." The sufferer must have looked like Pantaloon after Mr. T. Mathews has shot him out of the cannon. Presently, with pantomimic fidelity to nature and common sense, he is made so far to recover, as to relate his history, which he thus jauntily commences.

"Well," said he, in a ruminating way, "I don't care if I do tell you a thing or two for a change: . . . so come near, and I will give you a report that will bang e'er a one in your writing-book."

One is here reminded of the équivoque, "Lord Lovat walked and talked *half an hour after his head was cut off*." Patients with *serious* compound fractures are usually brought to an hospital in a state of collapse. But the above case is a *comic* one.

He goes on to describe himself as "having been a wild young slip of a lad," the son of a distiller, always drunk, and having, indeed, "no recollection of perfect sobriety." His father was "a strictly moral person." How his son must have preyed on his spirits! He falls in love with his father's house-maid, who was possessed of beauty which rarely adorns the kitchen. It "was that of a Circe, tempting to evil: there was something mystic, unholy in it." He "resolves on her ruin;" but he has met with more than his match. "Alas!" he exclaims, "it was like a wolf resolving on the destruction of a constrictor serpent." He might have said—like a Yankee trying to grin down a rattle-snake; though perhaps he would therefore scarcely have altered the simile for the funnier. He is "the ruined party." He robs his papa's desk for her benefit, *and* (!) to please her, turns Catholic: not, as afterwards appears, that she is *particularly* anxious for his soul's welfare. "*A whispered sentence, a smile and a kiss* overturned all the arguments of Calvin, Knox, and Zuingle." He marries her; and his father being likely to disapprove of the connexion, he begins to think seriously of murdering him.

At this ingenuous acknowledgement,

"I was much horrified," says the writer; "and had unconsciously made some gestures indicative of this feeling." These, we suppose, were an eversion of the lower eyelid, and a conclusive movement of the extended fingers, the thumb being applied to the tip of the nose; perhaps, also, the hand was jerked over the left shoulder.

Through the treachery of Ormond, he is turned out of his father's house; not, however, without first having a "a regular fight" with the old gentleman. Afterwards, Mr. Ormond taunts him in his misfortunes; and he *bites Mr. Ormond's throat*; in return for which, that person chastises him. Further, he suspects the said Ormond of undue attentions to his wife. His worst suspicions are confirmed; and he encounters his wronger in the street, on which occasion he indulges in behaviour most divertingly eccentric.

"Would you believe it? all I did, was to stand and grin at him—make faces at him—upon my soul."

First stealing the money, he goes and buys a pistol, wherewith to assassinate the seducer. He watches his opportunity; but just as he is about to draw the fatal trigger, it occurs to him that shooting is too good a death for such a villain. He is at length happily enabled to murder his enemy in his own way. He has joined a gang of illicit distillers, and Ormond consummates his injuries by destroying the stock-in-trade of Messrs. Erris and Co.; Mr. E. looking on at a distance, and *praying to the devil* for revenge.

"Then, in the silent thoughts of my own heart, I prayed to the fiend, that I felt was there at the time, that he would glut me to the teeth with vengeance, though I should perish with the surfeit." (!)

His orison is heard. Mr. Ormond, in trying to catch Mr. Erris, after having destroyed his property, has the misfortune to be caught by him; at least, by his associates, who bind him hand and foot, and thrust him into a vault. The narrator proceeds:—

"Let me see him, cried I; let me be sure of him. Two of them immediately jumped into the vault and pushed him up through the trap. He struggled much to avoid the sharp edges of the stones. As his head and chest appeared through the aperture, Quin rushed to him and dashed his fist with his whole force into his face."

This must have spoiled his beauty a little, and probably favoured the production of the under-mentioned phenomena, which his countenance exhibited on his beholding the injured Erris.

"As soon as he saw me standing before him, his face, which had before been pale with fear, grew actually *greenish-yellow* in colour. Presently a flow of blood gushed to his face, *and the red mingling with the yellow produced a livid lurid hue*, a satisfying indication of the thoughts that were passing in his mind."

Here a slight mistake, however, is made; and an opportunity for a good joke lost. Red and yellow make *orange*; a cast of countenance which would by no means have commended its possessor to the mercy of wild Irishmen. But now for a capital passage.

"I stood and glared at him with all the luxury of triumphant animosity, then going close to him—"

We should like to see a portrait of Mr. Erris as he appeared when glaring at his victim. Next comes, perhaps, the finest instance of the *aposiopesis* comical that we ever had the pleasure of laughing at:—

"Now! I cried, now you"—(Here the narrator came out with a torrent of imprecations altogether unsuitable for any pages).

This beats "*Quos ego*" into smithereens. But a part of the invective is preserved; the language is tolerably strong.

"Now whose hands are you in! Whose turn is it now! How have you served me! Hearken, now, you black-hearted Judas—think over what you have done to me, and reflect that *with help from the devil*, I will take the full equivalent of it out of your body! Before another sun rises, you will be *murdered*."

MORE FREE THAN WELCOME.

Mad wag! Mr. Ormond is very near escaping, and his attempt so to do gives occasion to the following comic incident.

"On darting across the vault to where the aperture gaped, we found within it the body of our prisoner. His head was outside the wall, and his shoulders had stuck fast in the outer opening. With a wild shout of joy we caught hold of his heel, and drew him gradually in."

After some trouble he is retaken, and,

"At last, flushed and covered with perspiration, his eyes wildly glaring, his heart beating, and his breath panting, he lay on the floor of the vault, his ankles and knees bound firmly together, and his hands twisted and tied behind his back."

"Poor felleh!" as the afore-mentioned Mr. Mathews ejaculates when Harlequin is sawn in two. By-the-by our "Medical Student" would supply that gentleman with several very telling "hits." For instance—

"As we stood, Quin, *wiping the moisture from his brow*, whispered me, '*Hadn't we better do it here?*"

This is a stage whisper, of course; for the prisoner overhears it, and roars out "Murder;" but, says his captor,

"*Kicking the iron-shod toe of my brogue into his mouth (!)* I put an abrupt stop to this."

"By putting your foot in it," the "Medical Student" might have added. But the story is almost too funny as it is.

"No," said I, in reply to Quin, "I have a plan of my own. Let's hoist him out of the vault."

"Thereupon seizing him, we dragged him, vainly kicking and wriggling his corded limbs, up through the trap."

The trap! More pantomime. But, to proceed.

"Now," said I to my comrade, "go and fetch me, first the cart, and put it here, then bring out his horse."

Away goes Mr. Erris with his victim, who, finding himself alone with him, struggles to get free.

"When I saw this, taking out my knife, *I gave him a small cut in the throat (!)* and told him that the next struggle he made *it should go deeper (!)*

Mr. Ormond begs for mercy. "This is a nice horse of yours, Jack," says Mr. Erris. The prisoner redoubles his entreaties. Mr. Erris works himself into a fury.

"Did you not—did you not scheme to ruin me, when I had been the making of you?—did you not mock me?—did you not lash me?—did you not take my birthright? Did you not take the wife of my bosom?"

"Here passion deprived me of the power of speech, my voice ending in a fierce guttural cry."

Such a noise, we conceive, as we once heard Mr. Wieland make, when, in the character of a stage brigand, he knocked out the brains of an imaginary infant on the boards of the Adelphi Theatre.

It has been observed by philosophers that the expression of extreme terror is remarkably ludicrous. Of this fact our author is evidently well aware. Ormond yells and shrieks for pity.

"In these last words his voice rose to a wild maniacal cry of agonizing terror, while he *twisted about and danced on his knees (!)* in the extremity of his dread and anxiety."

Mr. Erris now serves Mr. Ormond as Achilles did Hector, only that he improves upon the hero's joke, inasmuch as his victim is alive and able to feel it. Away dashes the cart (the Medical Student *might* have called it a "*drag*"), Mr. Erris driving. He says—

"*I heard his head and face, as hanging down they were dragged along, go knock, knock, on the stone hill-side; (!)* whilst his shrieks rang and echoed far away across the untrodden moorland."

At last the cart breaks down, and Mr. Erris makes a *post mortem* examination—Ormond's

"Face and head were completely gone—knocked off; *only a small shell-like fragment of the back of the skull remained, attached to the neck.* The forepart of his chest was torn open, and the body being still quite warm, *a thin vapoury steam ascended from it into the cold night air.* But I see I have horrified you too much—*I will not go on with the details.*" *(!!!)*

Perhaps the joke is carried a little too far: as is that of the catastrophe, Mr. Erris's own death-scene.

"'Oh the weight—the murderous weight of these mighty stones, crushing my very bones to powder.—I feel them now—they are hot—red-hot—Ah, Ormond, you hell-hound, will you keep them on me—will you—ah—a—a—ah—.'

"*A quantity of fluid bubbled from his mouth!!* a convulsive grin passed across his face, an indefinable change came over his black staring eyes, and I knew he was dead."

One word of advice to our entertaining author. In future, unless he is writing for the "Penny Sunday Times," or "White's Universal Broad Sheet," by whose readers his lucubrations will perhaps be regarded as serious, let him borrow the "Doctor," with his "Elixir Vitæ," from the ancient dance of "Father Christmas." To render his jokes perfect, and ensure their being universally appreciated, his dead men should jump up on their legs again with, "Here we are, all alive—how are yah!" But have we,—can we have—mistaken the "Medical Student's" meaning? Can he really, after all, have been aiming at "powerful writing"? Is it possible!

HOW TO TELL THE WEATHER FOR 1000 YEARS.

If you desire to know whether the day will be fine, take a walk of a few miles into the country, until you come to a field where cows are grazing, and if the animals turn their tails to the wind, be sure it will be stormy. If they turn their faces it will be fine, but if some stand one way and some the other, you had better toss up, and accordingly as the coin gives you heads or tails, you will be able to solve the problem.

There is an admirable plan for ascertaining the state of the wind, which may be discovered even in neighbourhoods where there are no weathercocks. Take a pocket-handkerchief and wave it in the air, at the same time looking at a pocket compass. The compass will give you the north, and the action of the breeze upon the handkerchief will give you the point from which the wind blows, and thus you get at a very important fact by a short and simple process.

LOCKE ON THE HUMAN UNDERSTANDING.

This experiment is better adapted for windy days, but by waiting for a gust we have known it successful in nearly all weathers.

PUNCH'S DOMESTIC COOKERY.

The following valuable hints are the result of a lengthy experience in one of the first Metropolitan kitchens. A life of painful research into the mysteries of the culinary art has however been well repaid if one social or festive moment is sweetened by one of the dishes which we have given instructions for preparing.

FRAMED AND GLAZED.

TO DRESS COCKLES.

Purchase your cockles, and throw them rather smartly into a saucepan. Place it on the fire, and gently agitate by shaking it about, so as to get out the liquor from the fish, when having flavoured with common salt, you may serve up in a salad bowl.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.

First take your bubble and place it in a frying-pan. Now throw in your squeak, and stir gently with rolling-pin. When the whole is done, you may serve up with the usual concomitants.

GOOSEBERRY FOOL.

Take your gooseberry, and having carefully pared off the stalk and the husk, wash it gently for four hours in cold water. Having done this with the gooseberry, the fool is perfect.

HOW TO COLLAR SALMON.

When you have chosen a salmon of a fishmonger at your door, be careful that he does not substitute an inferior fish for that which you have selected. Now is the time to place your hand firmly round the gills, and you will find that you have collared your salmon.

HOW TO DRY A HERRING.

Take your herring and wipe it with a coarse cloth, but if the object should not be achieved, hang the fish before a brisk fire; and if you permit it to remain there long enough, you will have dried your herring.

HOW TO JUG A HARE.

GET a jug and cram a hare into it.

PRESERVED GOOSEBERRIES.

PUT them out of the reach of the children, which is the shortest and surest way of preserving your gooseberries.

MELTED BUTTER.

TAKE a lump of butter, and put it in a plate. Lay it down before the fire, and the butter will be melted immediately.

ANOTHER WAY.

PUT your butter in the sun on a hot day, and it will melt readily.

TO MAKE A TRIFLE.

Go into the market and purchase a peck of peas, taking care to choose those of which the pods are fullest. Carry them home and sell them to a neighbour for a penny more than they cost you, and you will have made a trifle.

AN AGREEABLE DRINK.

TAKE a can and fill it with fresh spring water from the nearest pump. Serve up in a clean tumbler, and drink only as much as may be agreeable.

DRY TOAST.

MAKE a round of buttered toast two or three hours before it is wanted. Place it on a brass footman before a brisk fire, and your toast will be thoroughly dry by the time it is required.

POTATOES A LA MAITRE D'HOTEL.

Go to the nearest hotel, and ask how the master of it has his potatoes cooked—when you can have your own done accordingly.

COMMISSION OF ENQUIRY.

WE hasten to lay before our readers some extracts from the recent report of the Committe for Enquiry into the state of the Banking Districts—the disclosures made—while calculated to transfix the heart of shuddering humanity—throw much light on the subject of the No-hours-and-as-few-minutes-as-possible bill now before the house.

Examination of A. BOGNY, ESQ.

By the Chairman. Are you acquainted with the manners and treatment of the people employed in the banking districts?

A. B. I am. The greater part of the labour is done by men called in that part of the country "clerks," but the more fitting name would be "slaves."

Q. Why do you apply the term, "slaves!"

A. B. Their situation, restraint, and the coercion of their taskmasters, make that a fitting term.

By Mr. Brute. Do they not become "clerks" of their own accord?

A. B. I should say not.

Q. Explain yourself.

A. B. I am a penny-a-liner.

Q. I mean explain your meaning.

A. B. I do not know what you refer to.

Mr. Brute. Give the reasons for this belief.

A. B. The occupation is very generally disliked. They are entrapped into it at an early age, by parents and guardians. Few would choose it for themselves.

By the Chairman. What occupation would have been generally chosen?

A. B. Many would have preferred being independent gentlemen.

Q. What would have been the object of the rest, if left to their own inclinations?

A. B. Some would have been leading tragedians, some authors of celebrity, while many would have devoted themselves to the practical sciences, under Professor Waterford, M.A., R.Q.U., I.S.

By Mr. Brute, Cannot they leave the employment if they do not like it?

A. B. Not generally.

Q. How do you mean?

A. B. It depends on circumstances.

Q. Upon what circumstances?

A. B. Upon their circumstances.

By the Chairman. Have you known of an instance of a clerk making his escape from his employer?

A. B. Yes, several.

Q. Name one.

A. B. James Thompson escaped from his employers. He went off in such a hurry that he forgot to balance his books; and the cash was either over or short I forget which.

Mr. Brute. Was he retaken?

A. B. Yes, he was found by a Bow Street officer at Boulogne disguised as a gentleman. He had undergone great hardships during twelve hours in the steamer, and had lost the use of his whiskers through fear of recognition.

Q. Do you know what became of him?

A. B. He was transported for fourteen years.

TAKING TO HIS HEELS.

Examination continued.

In answer to a question of the Chairman,

A. B. stated that the work is performed in rows or gangs of from three to ten.

Mr. Brute. Stop a minute. Does one gang work till relieved by another?

A. B. No, they do not relieve each other. The practice is I believe for each to give the other as much to do as possible. * * * * the work is often performed in very painful positions.

Examination of DR. TREBLEX.

Q. Are you a medical man?

Dr. T. Yes, I'm a medical gentleman.

Q. Have you seen the working-places or "houses" where banking is conducted?

Dr. T. I have not.

Q. Are you ready to give evidence on the present matter of inquiry?

Dr. T. I am. * * * * I have examined carefully a pint bottle of air which has been worked in for six hours. I found that a mouse would not live in the bottle twenty minutes, unless you prevented him from running out at the neck.

By the Chairman. Pray attend to this question. Is the air there as healthy as on Hampstead Heath?

Dr. T. I do not know—I never tested the latter—I should say not.

Q. Or as that of the Cigar Divan?

Dr. T. Decidedly not.

By the Chairman. Where these unfortunates have been compelled to work till 5 P. M. what appearance do they offer the next morning?

Dr. T. Frequently a very seedy one. The skin is often hot and feverish—a slight nausea is felt—a heavy pain presses over the eyes, which are dull and swollen; in severe cases one or both the eyes may be observed puffed up and discoloured—violent fits of yawning cannot be resisted—the pulse, in these cases, is often high, the pocket invariably low.

MR. A. BOGNY re-called.

By the Chairman. Have you heard that certain clerks called "houtdors," or out-doers, are compelled to walk about the city with a chain fastened round the waist?

A. B. It is a fact—moreover a very heavy amount is frequently attached to the chain.

Q. Did you ever hear of a young man of high feeling unable to bear up against the disgrace and hardship of this brutal system, pining under the affliction until disease and misery brought him to an early grave?

A. B. No, I never did.

We are prevented from extracting more, from want of room, and respect for the feelings of our readers. We trust that we have given enough to raise the warmest sympathy for the hardest-worked, the worst paid, and the most polite body of men in the metropolis.

SONGS OF THE FLOWERS.

No. VII.—THE SONG OF THE PRIMROSE.

I'M a meek little primrose, and early in spring
When flowers far statelier dare not appear,
I peep from the ground and glad tidings I bring,
For I tell that the triumph of Flora is near.
There are roots that are taller and stronger in stem,
Much sweeter in odour, and fairer to see,
But the sunshine which later glares hotly on them,
With its earliest warmth gives existence to me.

Though I bloom in the garden, I scorn not the field,
And oft in the humblest of hedges am found;
But beauty is beauty, where'er 'tis conceal'd,
And fair is the primrose though weeds may surround.
I'd sooner with plants insignificant blend,
Than with flowers more brilliant be thrown in the shade,
A charm to the former I rather would lend,
Than be by the latter contemptible made.

"I've just looked in to see if you are doing well," as the cook said to the lobster when she lifted the lid up.

"Do you ever play at whist?—" Not exactly—for everybody laughs at my having such shocking bad hands."

London: Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

LETTER XV.—WEALTH AND ITS USES. STORY OF THE SLIPPERS. "JUST ENOUGH."

One of the best and most satisfactory uses of wealth, my dear boy, is to dazzle with our riches the eyes of our neighbours. Your dear mother once hit this point to a nicety. We had long expected the payment of a small legacy bequeathed to her by a distant relation, whose exact degree of kindred I cared not much to inquire into. It was enough for us that your dear mother's name was down in the will; and that the executors—two unexceptionable attorneys—promised some day or another to faithfully perform the injunctions of the dear deceased. "And when we get this money," said your mother to me in a moment of connubial confidence, "I'll tell you what we'll do with it—I'll tell you, my love, what we'll do with it." As I knew she would proceed no further until I begged to know her intentions, I at once put the question. "What, my dearest, what will you do with it?" "Why, my love," answered your parent, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, "we'll take the plate out of pawn,

and give a party." Yes; the great gratification to be gathered from the legacy was, that we might flash our four tea-spoons and pair of tongs in the eyes of people for whom we had not the slightest esteem; and to one of whom your mother had, I know, on three occasions captiously refused the loan of her bellows.

You will find, as you know more of the world, that your mother's tea-spoons and tongs are, albeit the humble, yet the true representatives of whole *buffets* of plate. You will possibly find yourself invited to feast with a man who cares no little whether you have a dinner or not; his only object is to show you your envious face in his golden salvers, to make your mouth water with his Dutch fruit-pieces; in a word, not to fill your belly with his turtle and venison, but to possess your mind with a prostrating sense of his wealth. He takes possession of your admiration, as a feudal chief receives the homage of his vassal. And this you are to consider the true use—the real dignity of wealth.

There are some enthusiasts—that is, the generous mob of philanthropists with empty pockets—who vow that wealth is only given to the rich in trust for the poor. Whilst you remain a pauper, remain of this religion—when you obtain money, read your recantation before Midas.

Philosophers have held that the *aurum potabile*, if taken into the human system, tends to refine mortal clay of its inherent grossness, and by degrees to assimilate the flesh of earthly man to the flesh of the gods. Whether gold be swallowed, or a sufficient quantity of it be merely carried in the pocket, the grateful result is precisely the same. Consider hundreds of the heavy-purse-bearers of the world, and tell me if it be otherwise with them. They have the lineaments of men; they are bipeds like the poorest beggar: but their moral and physical systems are so coloured, so permeated with the precious metal, that they are creatures quite apart from the ordinary race of mortals. Do their daily acts betray their affinity with them? Are they not as far above the pauper who quenches his thirst at the brook, as the pauper above the frog he disturbs.

I think I have heard you say, you love the face of Nature; the open sky—the fields, the trees, the shining river, all are glorious to you. My dear boy, whatever may be your present delight in contemplating these objects, as yet you know nothing of their value. Look upon them with the eye of a proprietor, and what a bloom will come upon the picture! Every bit of turf will be an emerald to you; every grasshopper will chirrup—a very angel to your self-complacency; every tree, moved by the wind, will bow to you as you pass by it; the very fish in the river will

"Show to the sun their wav'd coats dropp'd with gold,"

reflecting these *your* wealth, and not *their* beauty. Nay, that portion of the sky which rains and shines its blessings upon your land, you will behold as yours; yea, human pride, strong in its faith of property, will read upon the face of heaven itself—"Meum!" Every sunbeam will be to you as tangible as if it were an ingot. How delicious and how entrancing must have been the feelings of Adam when he awoke in Eden, to find himself—a landed proprietor!

If you can walk the fields and look upon the sky with these ennobling emotions, then, my son, you will know the real merits—the true uses of wealth. You will then own that it is only the man of money who can worship Nature as she ought to be worshipped; inasmuch as it is only he who can truly estimate her thousand beauties; who can feel his heart rise and glow as he surveys her charms; and, putting his hands in his pockets, can love her with a lover's kindness.

This man, rejoicing on his own land, meets something in shape like himself plodding the sod. This two-legged animal envies the squirrel in the wood—the hare he has startled from its form: he has nothing; his very hands are useless to him; he is denied a spade to delve with, a plough to guide. Poor wretch! he is encrusted with ignorance; covered like a tortoise. What eyes, what thoughts has he for the loveliness of nature? Let the gracious gentleman who owns the soil and the pauper cumbering it, sit them down upon two hillocks and discourse on the loveliness of life.

Well, they have talked there three hours; for see, the sun is blazing in the west. What have you heard from the man of wealth? Has he not spoken of Nature as a benignant goddess—has he not painted life with the bloom of Paradise still upon it? His whole speech has been a thanksgiving! What have you heard from the pauper?—evidence of grossest ignorance.

"A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose is to him—
And it is nothing more."

He looks upon the meads, pranked with a thousand flowers, with a heavy, leaden look; they are, he says, to him, a blank—a nothing. And for life, he feels it most when it is gnawing at his bowels.

Will you, after this, my son, say that one of the highest uses of wealth is not to quicken our apprehension to the thousand beauties showered about us? Hence, my child, the inevitable intelligence and superiority of the rich—hence, the gloom and crassitude of the poor. If you love Nature, you must obtain wealth for the true—the lawful enjoyment of her. You must wed her with a golden ring.

Having obtained wealth, you are only to consider your own gratification in its outlay. There are foolish people who stint their appetites of many pleasant fillips, that when the worm is wriggling in their shrouds their thankful children may be sure of dinners. Leave your children to shift for themselves—Destitution is a fine whetstone to ingenuity.

In the course of my travels, I once entered a church in Amsterdam. I was attracted to a monument by a pair of slippers, cut in marble; and underneath written, as I was told, in Flemish,—

"Just Enough."

I found upon inquiry that this was the monument of a wise, rich man, who resolved to make his living appetites the tomb of his wealth; and so nicely adjusted his outlay, that when he died nought was left of his magnificent fortune but his pair of old slippers. "It is just enough," he said, and expired.

There are rich men who live and die in the spirit of the Flemish spendthrift: for to them, this world—and this world only is—"Just Enough."

Complaints have recently been made of a want of impartiality on the judgment seat, but it seems that this accusation will apply in higher places, for even the celestial bodies are amenable to it. There is to be an eclipse of the moon on the 8th of December, 1843, which, it is announced, will be *partial*.

PUNCH'S COMIC MYTHOLOGY.

CHAP. III.—ACIS AND GALATEA.

SEVERAL centuries ago, in those remote days which have no date (for they existed before History had snatched the pen from the hand of Imagination), Mount Etna was the country seat of a gigantic gentleman named Polyphemus. This sporting box being sixty-three miles in circuit merely, and only two miles high, was barely big enough for his extensive establishment. It was, however, a convenient edifice, and although it only had one fire-place, was particularly warm in winter, its fuel being thunder; and from its embers the benevolent inhabitant occasionally supplied the Sicilian public with earthquakes. The chimney was constructed upon the Lapland-hut principle of architecture, being formed by means of a small hole in the roof, not more than twenty miles in circumference, the ruins of which are known to modern travellers, as a crater. The whole was comfortably thatched with snow, so that the snug abode was not too warm in summer, nor too chilly in winter.*

On the morning to which our tale refers, an attentive observer might have noticed—even without a microscope—that, as he sat at breakfast, the countenance of Polyphemus was shaded with care. His eye—fixed in deep thought, as immovably as the dome of St. Paul's—seemed to be intently occupied in taking measure of the toe of his boot. His hands were thrust listlessly into his breeches pockets, whilst ever and anon he heaved powerful and sonorous sighs, each explosion of which not only blew the flame that raged within his soul, but also the fire before which he sat, causing it to flare up to the very top of the crater. Presently, as if to divert his melancholy, he essayed to eat; but it was evident his appetite was impaired. The stewed haunch of elephant was sent away untasted, and although he dissected a brace of roast oxen with some alacrity, and helped himself to greens (consisting of firs boiled in turpentine), yet he did not finish the *bonne bouche* with his usual rapidity, but hastily called for a dish of kids *à la sauce d'enfer*, and a soothing draught of bottled brimstone.

The cloth, which covered several acres of table, being removed, he hastily summoned his valet, and that obsequious Cyclops soon appeared with his insignia of office. In one hand he bore a lake of lather inclosed in a goodly-sized vat, whilst his arms were encumbered with a pair of razors and a small tooth-comb;—in other words, a couple of scythes, and several iron rakes ingeniously bound together†.

The duties of the toilet having been completed with more than usual care, the valet complimented his master on the extensive beauty of his looks.

"What's the use," growled the monster sulkily, "while Galatea remains insensible to my personal attractions?"

"Tasteless vixen!" responded the Cyclops. "By the bye, Sir, have you ever tried ——?"

"Tried!" abruptly repeated the love-sick man-mountain. "I have tried everything;—entreaties, threats, insinuations, and an offer of twenty thousand a month with a separate establishment;—but all to no purpose."

"I was about to observe that a serenade ——"

"A what?" inquired the stupendous swain, rolling his eye about in its socket like the hull of a seventy-four in a hurricane.

"A serenade—music, Sir. Orpheus, you know ——."

"Orpheus be —— hanged. *I* can't play the lute."

"But the pan's pipes divinely; and as a bass singer your equal is not to be found even in Italy."

In another moment the vast frame of Polyphemus was shaken by contending emotions. He paced the ten miles and a quarter which bounded the narrow limits of his breakfast parlour with rapid strides. Then stopped, looked blandly in the face of his attendant, and told him he might have the bear-skin coat he so earnestly solicited a day or two since. He liked the idea vastly.

"Step off instantly," he commanded, "and order a hundred reeds to be made up into a stupendous mouth-organ. Let then be nicely tuned, and be sure there is not a semi-tone less than twelve octaves and a half. Remember, a hundred!"

The valet bowed and obeyed. Meantime Polyphemus began to compose a serenade.

On the sea-shore, not far from the foot of Mount Etna, stood a neat marine villa, consisting entirely of stone, uncemented even by mortar. It was in fact a grotto neatly fitted up with moss, corner-cupboards, rustic seats, a table, an hour-glass, a book, and an imitation hermit stuffed with straw, provided with real spectacles and a horse-hair beard; it was, in fact, a favourite spot for gypsy parties to assemble from the neighbouring cities, but occasionally was made a place of assignation by lovers. Near to this grotto Polyphemus had been in the habit of seeing his enslaver, and often wondered what business she could possibly have to transact which caused her so regularly to visit the spot. Once within the hermitage, she was safe, for her giant adorer was unable, from his bulk, to place himself in any position that allowed him to peep into it. Even whilst he was composing the love-song, the subject of it was there; but listening to vows of a softer, more tender, more welcome nature.

Acis, though only a shepherd, ought to have been, in the opinion of the nymph, a divinity. There is no doubt but he was, from the accounts handed down to us, a remarkably good-looking fellow. His performances on the pipe and tabor were, we are told, infinitely more melodious than the lowing of bulls, or the bleating of sheep. His person can only be portrayed in the words of an eminent and ancient poet, whose fervid fancy bursts forth in descriptive sublimity thus:—

"He was tall, and as straight as the poplar tree,
His cheeks were as red as the rose
He look'd like a squire of high degree,
When dress'd in his Sunday clothes.

In a word, no youth of the honey-yielding plains of Enna possessed so sweet a figure or flourished his crook with a more captivating twirl; indeed, Acis was a perfect lady-killer—with a hook.

The fanciful historian of this transaction has not recorded what took place between Acis and Galatea during their interview in the grotto; which may be considered a fortunate omission—love-making having been from the earliest ages the same inane, witless, insipid formulary it is at the present time, and there is not the least doubt that, at this *tête-à-tête*, Acis indulged in the same comparisons between the stars and Galatea's eyes (giving, of course, the latter the preference), roses and cheeks, corals and lips, pearls and teeth, that are being made by the millions of lovers who are at this present instant protesting unto their mistresses in all the sly corners and crannies of this terrestrial sphere,—whether in the European boudoir, the Eastern harem, the groves of Blarney, beside the fountains of the desert, or in the kraal of the Hottentot.

But the murmurs of love were soon interrupted by a noise even more frightful than that made by the prompter through the stock speaking-trumpet of Drury-lane Theatre, as the "cue" for the chorus "Wretched lovers"—Acis starting to the mouth of the cave, climbed to the summit of the rock to see what was the matter. To his horror and amazement, he beheld the front door of Polyphemus' mansion open, and the monster issue from it, appearing as "a woody peak of lofty mountains, when it appears separate from others *." Like a snail conscious of having ventured too far from his shell, the terrified youth incontinently slunk back into the cave.

The rocks trembled as Polyphemus approached. But the consternation of the lovers was frightful when they found he had taken his station immediately over their heads. He played an overture on his mouth-organ, and they expected every instant that the roof would tumble in from sheer reveberation. They awaited their fate with that patient philosophy which visits those who know they cannot help it. Their hair stood on end as the musical mountain roared out the following touching serenade:—

Only say
You'll my mistress be. Ah,
Don't say nay,
Charming Galatéa!

I've got an establishment *very* great,
Swarming with servants and clients—
Consent then to be but my merry mate,
And I'll give you the choice of my giants.
I have gardens and horses galore;
My stud has a dozen grey dapples in't!
Such an orchard—there are, I am sure,
Ten thousand square acres of apples in't!
Only say, &c.

I have got you a boudoir, and dairy
For an endless succession of syllabubs†;
'Stead of lap-dogs, I'll give you, my fairy,
A couple of bruin's twin filly-cubs‡.

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* "Sunt mihi pars montis vivo pendentia saxo
Antra; quibus nec Sol medio sentitur in æstu,
Nec sentitur hyems."—Ovid. Metam. Lib. xiii., Fab. 8,—93-4.

† "Jam rigidos pectis rastris, Polypheme, capillos;
Jam libet hirsutam tibi falce recidere barbam."—Id. 47-8.

* This is Odysseus's account of the giant (Homer, od. X.); he also says that twenty-two four-wheeled waggons could not move the rock which closed the door.

† The expression "partem liquefacta coagula *durant*," evidently implies something less liquid than syllabubs, perhaps cheese (*sic* in Dryden), or at most curds-and-whey: but then syllabubs are so much more poetical, and certainly much nicer.

‡ The classical reader, on referring to lines 94, 118, and 185, will perceive that our

I have wines in the wood—quite a grove of 'em,
Which imported from Thracia's mount we got;
And of bullocks and sheep such a drove of 'em,
I have never had time o'en to count the lot!

Only say,
You'll my mistress be. Ah,
Don't say nay,
Charming Galtéa.

The horrible noise Polyphemus made in thus pouring forth the tender sensibilities of his soul was so hideously awful, that the lovers sought refuge in the open air; thinking that sudden death would be preferable to the prolonged torture of such a serenade. Fondly imagining, like ostriches, that if they could not see their enemy he could not see them, they retired to a cranny in the rock, and mutually hid in each other's bosoms. A noise succeeded, the echoes of which would certainly have overthrown the Tower of Babel, had it been built at the time. Acis trembled with fright, and thinking only of his own safety, fled from Galatea, who took a dive into the sea. The monster tore a few tons of stone from the rock, took good aim—Acis shrieked, turned blue with fright, and was speedily silenced by a chip of the rock knocking him down. Exceedingly angry at such brutal treatment, Galatea came ashore, and began abusing the monster with immense volubility.

Some say that Acis was changed into a River; but the greater probability is, from his extreme pusillanimity he remained what he had always lived—a regular pump.

THE BRISTOL HOAX.

It seems that the Bristol Hoax is to be dramatised, and Punch therefore wishing success with all his heart and hump to the efforts of the playwright who will undertake the job, offers the following suggestions, with a view to its furtherance. The part of Woolley should be in the line commonly called the sentimental fathers, and may be undertaken by the "heavy man" of the company. He should be always talking of the day-dreams of his infancy; and if the actor who embodies the part has been engaged to play the "singing robbers," he may introduce, in an early part of the play, the cavatina of the Bass in the *Sonnambula*. Perhaps, however, it would be better to make him an old sailor (for sailors are always sentimental), who, having gone to sea early in life, comes home dreadfully love-sick about some one he has never seen, but dreamed of "when coiled up in the shrouds of the main top-gallant during a storm in the Bay of Biscay, he has shed a tear of sensibility into the foaming abyss below, and answered the howling of the north wind with a soft sigh of sentiment." Such a speech as this would draw down thunders of applause, for there is nothing so "safe," as the theatrical phrase is, as a blubbering British seaman. Such a scene as this would also give an opportunity for the introduction of a naval hornpipe, a result that invariably follows when a tar begins to twaddle, and he might lead up to it by a speech, referring to those "happy hours," when he tripped along the quarter-deck, as light as one of Mother Carey's chickens, and as taught as a tarpaulin." In the latter scenes of the play he should become decidedly melodramatic, and the incident of "missing the hand through the door" is one that the actor will not let slip through his fingers. It might be very highly wrought up, and should be made the finish of an act, the characters forming what is called a *tableau*, of which the hand should be the centre.

Mary Anne Briers should be played by the actress who does what is technically termed the "leading business." Perhaps it would be better to make her secretly in love with the watchmaker who was done out of the watch, and it would be a novel idea to make her hopeless passion for the dealer in time-keepers the mainspring of the whole conspiracy. It would be a magnificent flight of imagination to suppose, that finding herself slighted by the watchmaker, she determines that at least she will attract his notice by forcing him to prosecute her, and this would give a fine opportunity for a soliloquy about the stringency of the criminal law, and the horrible possibility of the watchmaker forfeiting his recognisances in case of his being bound over to appear at the Old Bailey.

Mary Morgan should be the walking lady of the piece, and if she sings, so much the better, for she can have a duet with the magistrate at Union Hall, and might introduce the scene of "Tyrant, soon I'll burst thy chains,"

ONE STRUGGLE MORE, AND I AM FREE. (BYRON.)

in the cell at the House of Correction, the chorus being taken up by Mr. Chesterton and his subordinates.

Mr. Woolley should begin to soften in the second act, and a lapse of thirty years should have intervened before the commencement of the third, when he should be supposed to be travelling in Italy to restore his mental tranquillity. He should have been stopping at an inn in the middle of the Alps, when two females should come to the door and ask for charity. In a little while he should fancy he recognises one of the voices, and one of the females throwing off her bonnet, should disclose the features of Mary Ann Briers, while the other tearing aside a black lace veil, should stand before him in the character of his wife—once Mary Morgan. Woolley should relent towards both, and a party of Alpine villagers coming in should be invited to a feast, and there could then be a joyous finale—concluding with that enticing line in a playbill,

"A DANCE BY ALL THE CHARACTERS.

Of the scenery much might be made. In the first act, there could be the extensive timber-yard of Mr. Woolley at Bristol, in which much bustle and animation might be introduced by the workmen, supposed to be rushing out for their beer at four o'clock, and having thus got the stage clear for Woolley, he could speak his soliloquy, and dance his hornpipe.

In the second act there would be the interior of the police-office, in which a low comedian might be introduced by making the second magistrate rather jocose, and punning upon the statutes cited, the questions put, and the answers given on the occasion of the examination. The cell in Coldbath-fields would also admit of much scenic effect, and the ceremony of cutting the hair of some prisoners might give a vividness to the picture, which would be highly conducive to the success of the drama.

In the third act nothing could be better than the Alps, and a grand effect in the way of costume might be got, by making Woolley a German baron, in a military dress, he having lately won an inaccessible castle, and an unpronounceable title, in the Hamburgh Lottery.

If the ideas we have given are only properly carried out, we will answer for the success of the suggested drama at any of the minor theatrical establishments of the Metropolis.

DRAWING A GREAT HOUSE.

THE SISTER BRIDESMAID.

(A BALLAD).

The guests have departed who stood at the shrine,
All but Vavasour Pelham, who's had too much wine,
And has fallen asleep, on the table, to dream,
Reclining his brow in a dish of pink cream.

The bride from the arms of her mother has flown,
And the bride's only sister sits weeping alone;
The fair orange blossoms far from her are cast,
That cost ten-and-sixpence the week before last.

Oh! why does she utter that low wailing sound,
And why is her hand thrown away on the ground—
The hand of white satin that circled her waist
Where the arm of the false one had often been placed?

She went to the church with that gay wedding train,
None solaced her sadness or heeded her pain;
And when she return'd, she was ready to drop,
Although at the banquet expected to stop.

But now all is over—her brother's bright dirk
She seizes with frenzy, and, swift to the work,
She rips up her staylace—her anguish is o'er,
And the heart of the bridesmaid is joyous once more.

rendering of Polyphemus's love-ditty is in many places literal. As a comic song, however, we must, in candour, acknowledge the great inferiority of our version to the elegant iambics of the Drury-lane bass solo beginning—

"O, ruddier *than* the berry,
O, sweeter *than* the chery!"

There is a periodical lately published at New York, that has *gone up* with such extraordinary rapidity that it has become quite invisible to the naked eye.

SKETCHES OF FEMALE POLITICIANS.

No. I.—Miss Walker.

We do not think it necessary to offer any apology to Miss Walker for making free with her in these pages, for we are quite sure, that when liberty is in question, she will have no objection to our taking just as much as we please; and Miss Walker was too tempting a subject for "Punch," with all his modesty, to refrain from embracing her.

We must beg, however, to be most distinctly understood, when we state, that we do not intend to cast any reflection upon Miss *Mary Anne* Walker, who has lately rendered herself notorious in the neighbourhood of Newgate, and, like other illustrious agitators, gained an unexpected elevation at the Old Bailey. The female Chartists are a very numerous class—their name is in fact legion; and why may not the names of some of them be Walker? Indeed we are disposed to believe that female Chartism and Walker may be regarded as synonymous. We cannot, therefore, be accused of personality in our present biography, for "Punch" is by far too prudent a person to wantonly brave the indignation of a young lady who not only speaks with what her Chartist auditors would call *a-claw*, but who, if provoked to the scratch, would no doubt come off with *a-claw* likewise. We must not, therefore, be supposed to allude to the vigorous-minded and able-bodied Mary Anne, who is so ready "to fling back" all sorts of things at any "scoundrel" who should make an attempt on her "political" virtue. Having said thus much, in order to prove that we have no intention of violating the domestic privacy of Miss Mary Anne, whose eloquent denunciation of Lord Abinger is sufficient to make the Chief Baron tremble in his judicial fur tippet—having, as we hope, propitiated the irascible "English maiden," whose invitation to the "young men" to "come out" and hear a woman speak, is accompanied by a delicate, but decisive hint, that the said "young men" will be summarily smashed in any attempt to influence the public principle, whatever may be their power over the private affections of the "lady patriots"—having taken the precautions alluded to, we proceed to a short biography of the interesting young creature whose name stands at the head of the present article.

The illustrious subject of our sketch is a member of the honoured house of Walker, and is supposed to be descended in a direct line from the renowned Hookey, who occupied a post under government, and devoted his time to the diffusion of letters in the district where he was a resident. Miss Walker, the female Chartist, gave indications at a very early age of a turn for public life, and from her decidedly masculine predilections, she acquired the appellation of Tom-boy in her own immediate neighbourhood. Her love of liberty was manifested in her free and unreserved participation in the games of hop-scotch, and oranges and lemons with any knot of children, without regard to sex, who were pursuing their sport in the public streets; and during the contested election for Westminster, she was one of the foremost of those who used to pelt Sir Murray Maxwell with cabbage-stalks, and follow home the celebrated Henry Hunt in his open hackney-coach, containing his committee, and the two patriotic sweeps who are renowned in history for having given their votes to him.

It would be an unprofitable task to trace Miss Walker through an honourable life of nearly half a century, during which time her character seems to have been so well known that no male "scoundrel" appears to have ventured on an attempt to influence her public sentiments by assuming the position of "husband," with regard to her. Her first *début* as an orator was at or about the time when the new police were established; and such was her hatred of this unconstitutional force, that she used to attend every morning opposite the station-house, in her own neighbourhood, and eloquently denounce them as "raw lobsters," to their very teeth—a piece of spirit that generally won her the applause of the bystanders.

This fine love of freedom was not unobserved by the great men who were struggling for the glorious privilege of pensioning off the Sovereign, cancelling the titles of the aristocracy, and paying off the public debt by letting the nation take the benefit of the act—a measure to be achieved by sending the Prime Minister through the Insolvent Court. Miss Walker was invited to one of the meetings held for the purpose of furthering the good cause, and she soon became an uncompromising stickler for the charter, whose watchword of "Nothing for ever, everything for nothing, and anything for anybody," she adopted with truly feminine ardour.

The political opinions of Miss Walker may be summed up in a very few words; and it is a remarkable fact that any man with whom she has come in contact, is always fully impressed with the idea that woman may be left to herself—and that if every woman were a Miss Walker, the sex would find very little difficulty in having their right to stand alone most thoroughly acknowledged.

As the female Chartists are an object just now of some interest, we have prevailed upon Miss Walker—not Mary Anne—but the descendant of Hookey, to give our artist a sitting. It will be seen that she is just the woman to "keep off" any man, and to give faith in the Chartist doctrine, that some of the sex may at least be spared from the domestic hearth, of which ladies of less pretension than the Walkers are content to be the ornament.

BALLADS OF THE BOYS.

No. I.—THE MUFFIN-BOY.

The wind whistles cold and the rain drops fast;
But what are the wind and the rain to me?
Right onwards I go through the pitiless blast,
For the muffins—yes, muffins—are wanted for tea.
They say that my bell has a cheerful sound,
To them it speaks of comfort and joy;
Ah! little they think of the dreary round
That is taken at eve by the muffin-boy.

All snug in my basket the muffins lie,
Until to the public they are sold;
They in blankets are warmly wrapped—but I
Must go my rounds in the bitter cold.
And often at eve they practise jokes,
By calling after me but to annoy;
Indeed 'tis cruel thus to hoax
The worn and weary muffin-boy.

HIS SOUL IS ON THE RACK.

No. LII.——COLUMBUS BALANCING THE EGG.

THE SESSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

When Parliament was fresh and young,
While yet election squibs were sung,
The M.P.s throng'd to take their seats
Through London's country-leading streets,
Exulting, trembling, burning, glowing,
With patriotic zeal o'erflowing,
By turns they felt the teeming mind
To silence forced, to speak inclined;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Fill'd with speeches, rapt, inspired,
From the surrounding benches nigh
They strove to catch the Speaker's eye;
And as they oft had tried apart
Lessons in the forensic art,
Each, as the Speaker ruled the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First —— arose his skill to try,
Mid wild abuse bewilder'd stray'd,
Accusing those in places high
Of making statesmanship a trade!

Next * * rush'd—his eye's clear fire
Told of power that lurk'd within—
In some few words he squashed the liar,
And stripp'd the falsehoods bare and thin.

With woeful measures, poor Joe Hume!
Low plaintive sounds beguiled his soul,
In solemn, strange, and fearful fume,
He summ'd the "tottle of the whole."

But thou, old boy! with tongue so glib,
What was thy expected pleasure?
Still it cried "Repale's the measure!"
And bid the friends of Ireland "agitate!"
Still did his tongue that word prolong,
And now deject, and now elate,
He spoke of Erin's worth, and Erin's wrong;
And as his eyes and hands uprose,
Each Tory's finger touch'd the scornful nose,
And Dan O'Connell smiled, and waved his Irish "sprig!"

And longer had he spoke, but, with a frown,
Lo! Muntz impatient rose;

He stroked his bushy beard in anger down,
And, with a withering look,
A roll of Anti-Poor-law papers took,
And told a tale so drear and dread,
Was never people's voice so full of woe!
And ever and anon he curl'd
The biggest whisker in the world;
While, as the hairs his fingers pass'd between,
Post-boy pitying Sibthorp sigh'd
Over his own eclypsèd pride:
But still Muntz kept his wild unalter'd mien,
And, with its hairy wings, his seem'd a cherub's head!

Thy politics, brays Pal., to nought were fix'd,
Fine proof of thy all-grasping mind!
With differing themes thy speeches were in-mix'd,
Now courted Whigs, and now found Tories kind.

With eyes fast closed, as one at rest
Lord Glenelg sat, supremely blest;
And from his dark retired seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow nose his drowsy sou.
And echoing back from benches round,
Other noses join'd the sound;
On right and left the mingled measure stole,
Or in one long-drawn breath, with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of sleep, and dreamy musing,
In hollow yellings died away!

But, oh! how alter'd to a sprightly tone,
When ——, a man of wondrous tongue,
One hand upon his waistcoat put,
By hooked thumb in armhole hung,
With sparkling eye, and firm advanced foot,
A face to Whig and Rad. well known.
The Treasury benches in the van,
The Opposition pale and wan,
Listen'd enraptured to the man;
Dull senses even seem'd to feel surprise,
And Sleep roused up and rubb'd his drowsy eyes!

Last came Peel's ecstatic trial!
With majority advancing,
First to New Tariff laws his lore address'd,
But soon he pourèd from his wrath-full'phial
The Income Tax, whose case he loved the best!
They would have thought who heard his strain
They saw in ancient Rome her saviour stand,
Amid the lyres of the Imperial band,
To the triumphant notes unwearied dancing,
While, as his pearl-white pinions swept the strings,
Joy pranced with Fear a wild fantastic round,
Plain were all profits seen, strong chests unbound;
And he amid his frolic play,
As if he would some part repay,
Shook promises by thousands from his wings!

O Parliament! the people aid!
Friend of debtors! wisdom's shade!
Why now to us, thy worth denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient strength aside?
As in that old forensic place
You learn'd to body forth with grace!
St. Stephen's now, alas! for these,
Cannot recall old memories!
Is all thy ancient power dead,
And with that chapel echoes fled?
Arise! as in that olden time,
Warm, energetic, true, sublime!
Thy speeches in that golden age
Fill many a glowing, storied page,
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Then an humblest speech could more prevail—
Had more of truth, and patriot rage,
Than all that linger through this age!
E'en all at once together bound,
One inane senseless world of sound!
Oh! bid our modern M.P.s cease
This war of Party, and in Peace
Learn to sincerely legislate,
Not for themselves, but for the state.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Tartans will be almost universally worn; but in schools it is not unlikely that stripes will be prevalent. Boys' jackets will have the customary trimming; and the back will be made smart by being cut on the cross with a thin *rouleau* of cane laid on rather lavishly.

In windy weather, the hats of the gentlemen and the bonnets of the

MEETING A BILL.

ladies are thrown a good deal off the head; and we have seen a novelty in umbrellas, the silk being curiously slit into ribbons.

The *blouse* is now giving way to the York coat, warranted to weigh half an ounce; and we have seen one or two specimens of Tweedish wrappers, at fourteen-and-nine, which will no doubt be worn almost universally.

Rowing-shirts are disappearing fast; but their place is, in some cases, supplied by the *blouses*, which, fitting close to the skin on the Corazza principle, are found desirable for wear in winter.

THE

CHINESE EXHIBITION AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

CIVIL GOVERNMENT IN CHINA.

THE civil institutions of China claim to be fashioned upon the exact model of a wise family government. The Emperor is invariably spoken of as the "Father of the Nation,"—and justly for the most

FATHER OF THE SUN.

anxious parent never whipped his children more frequently. Chinese whipping, however, seems to be the very antipodes of English, for there they often whip people's *heads* off. The astonishing rapidity with which the heads of offenders are sometimes taken off is enough to excite the jealousy of Monsieur Daguerre. The process, indeed, is brought to great perfection; the execution is instantaneous—and if the likeness is not striking, the executioner is. In busy times, we should imagine that heads may be purchased there for about the same price they are openly sold in the shops here—namely, one penny. In the capital the operation is usually performed under the immediate superintendence of the Emperor himself; in the provinces, under that of the officer whose province it is.

FACE OF THE COUNTRY.

The general face of China is flat, especially the nose. The only prominent parts are called, in the mono-syllabic but expressive language of the country, Tscheek Bones.

CHINESE IDEAS OF BEAUTY.

Corpulence is considered a beauty in a man—so much so that people seem to think but little of a slight acquaintance. On the other hand, light ladies weigh heaviest in the scale of beauty, while heavy ladies are made light of. However, there is no rule without an exception, for the most celebrated Bell in Pekin weighs 128,000 pounds. So general an objection exists to great feet, and such a great feat is it thought to have small ones, that the feet of female children of five years old are actually taken up and bound over not to grow any more. Their soles thus become as small as Rochester soles, and they are as easily caught, for they cannot walk straight; so that, like other small soles, they might with more propriety be called slips. These tiny lumps of deformity are dignified with the appellation of "Golden Lilies," a name which is supposed to have had its origin in the exclamation of a negro, who, on first seeing a Chinese lady's foot in a yellow silk shoe, cried out, "O me Fader—dere's a lilly golden ting!" And yet how the negro could say this, when the same binding which checks the foot won't *let* the knee grow, we cannot guess. Surely it is not only a cruel but a short measure which cribs ten inches out of every foot!

CURIOSITIES OF CHINA.

There are many curiosities in China; so many, that we must leave travellers to discover them for themselves. One hint, however, may help to save them time. In every city, town, and even village, they may visit, they will find the greatest curiosity of the place in the possession of the ladies.

A N-ODD MAN.

RELIGION OF CHINA.

There are three sects—the Buddhist, the Taou sect, and the Confucian. The two first are the more regular Chinese religions, which will readily be believed when it is pointed out that one ends and the other begins with T. These two religions would fain knock the third on the head, but they can't, because it has no temples. The first is decidedly a pacific sect, for they worship their "Fo," and try to make a friend of him. The second is a religio-philosophic sect. Its founder has been called the Epicurus of China, from which we may reasonably infer that when Horace used the expression "Epicuri de grege porcus," he had a Chinese pig, if not a Chinese sty, in his eye. We are not personally given to joking, but we think it very likely that the humorous Dr. Kitchener, who ought to have been appointed by the Crown (and Sceptre) Gastronomer Royal at Greenwich, if asked for a receipt for such a pig as this, would have commenced thus:—"Take your Grecian philosopher, and stuff him with *some* Chinese Sage." The doctrines of Confucius are embodied in nine volumes, which we recommend to the attentive perusal of Messrs. Spode and Copeland, for they contain "The whole duty of a Chinaman." The sententious brevity of style in these celebrated productions often renders the meaning impenetrably obscure, but this is an accident which will sometimes happen to the best-regulated books. Confucius avoided subjects strictly religious, for he admitted that he understood little concerning the gods, and his most celebrated commentator, Choo-footze or *Chew*-footze (how often has it been said, that a servile commentator would like his idol's foot!) confirms him.

LANGUAGE OF CHINA.

We have neither time nor space to do more under this head, than throw together a few hints for those who delight to trace the similarity between the languages of distant and dissimilar countries, to improve upon. Doubtless, were the subject closely followed up, some exceedingly curious discoveries might be made. At the first blush of the thing, no two languages can appear less like one another than the English and the Chinese; and yet the Chinese call "rice" "nice," and "food" "good." On first tasting "beer," and being asked what it was, they said "queer." Again—"bread" was once held up to a Chinese who had just dined, when, after looking at it attentively, he said "fed." Another being shown an immense "stick," pronounced it "thick." A third had a high "wall" pointed out to him, and called it "tall." Even in sentences composed of two or more words, there is now and then a close resemblance in the two languages. For example—a Chinese soldier levelled an arrow at an English soldier, to whom he was so close that, had the shot taken effect, the Englishman must have been killed. Luckily the string of the bow broke, and the arrow as well as the Chinaman's plan fell to the ground. The soldiers of both countries simultaneously pronounced this "an-arrow escape." Many other instances might be adduced, but surely we have said enough to whet the appetite of philologists. More than this can hardly be expected from Punch, when Mr. Tradescant Lay, in his admirable work "The Chinese as they Are," distinctly informs us that "the Chinese doctors who, at the command of Kang-he, undertook to compile dictionaries, did not understand the principles of their own language.

CHINESE ARTS AND ARMS.

We shall not attempt a description of the arts in use by so artful a people as the Chinese. Suffice it to say, that Chinese society is one "Royal Society of Arts," of which the Emperor is perpetual President, and every individual in the nation a life-member. It is due, however, to the Royal President of *this* Royal Society to state that he has never resigned on account of the members drinking so much tea; on the contrary, he likes them to drink it. As to their arms—the arms of the Chinese are almost as curious as the feet of their wives—and these may be called, when it is remembered that we are at war with them—the most attractive portion of the exhibition. Their weapons are not numerous. Their swords, like all bad arguments, may be said to cut two ways, for they sometimes kill themselves with

MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

them instead of their enemies. Their guns are match-locks, and each

soldier who carries a gun, carries also a match-lock for himself, though no match for us. Their cannon are so formidable, and so fearfully constructed, that our soldiers, when they have captured one (which they rarely succeed in doing unless they try), are actually afraid to fire them for fear they should burst. It has been charged against English tea-dealers that they have often sold sloe-leaves for real gunpowder. We imagine that the Chinese must mix some such leaves with their gunpowder, for our soldiers consider it "uncommon slow." Their bows and arrows are perhaps their best weapons, for if they hurt nobody else with them, at least they don't hurt themselves. We should be inclined to think that the most truly destructive of all their instruments of war are (strange to say) defensive weapons—namely, their shields—for on these they paint such dreadful faces, that the very sight of them has been known to make English soldiers fall down, and almost die—of laughing. The effect produced on the nerves of weak people, when they behold specimens of all these tremendous implements of destruction collected together in one spot, may be imagined, but cannot be described. A tolerable notion of it may be formed, when we state, that the Duke of Wellington, who has been in several battles—some of them rather severe ones (considering his opponents were not Chinese), and who is generally considered to be a *bravish* man—that the Duke of Wellington, we say, when first he found himself alone before the glass-case which contains them, although a moment's reflection would have told him that they could not be loaded, could by no means face it without a shudder, or rather shrug of the shoulders; and "*they do say*" that he actually turned his head away and smiled. What such effective weapons must be when wielded by soldiers who are so proverbially brave, that a regiment of them would not hesitate to face two or three of our men, provided our men were unarmed, may be readily imagined. And, now, like some learned reviewers, we have written such lengthy opening remarks of our own, that we have no space left to extract from the work under review. We shall therefore conclude, by advising our readers most strenuously to go to Knightsbridge and judge for themselves—assuring them that (for all we have said) a more truly interesting exhibition was never opened in London. Half-a-crown is the only risk; and there is, in truth, no greater risk to this half-crown than there would be to the whole crown of him who should stand for half-an-hour before a Chinese battery, when such battery was in what they would call, full earnest—though, in what our soldiers would call, full play.

A CRITIQUE.

The Times. Lawson, Printing-house Square.

"PUNCH" has great pleasure in introducing this remarkably clever newspaper to the notice of the whole world. It has been got up, apparently, by some very talented young men; and, although it has not been established more than fifty years, it has acquired a very respectable position in daily literature, which there is every reason to believe it will maintain. Already various imitations of it, concocted on the mock-turtle principle, but less happily simulative of their original, have appeared, and have not, it seems, been, for the most part, without their patrons. For instance, there is the *Morning Herald*, which, in accordance with its title, *crows*, in mimicry of thunder, though it makes but little noise. Much valuable information, "PUNCH" assures his readers, may be gleaned from the unpretending little journal whereon he has undertaken to remark. The Number at present before him contains, besides a very considerable amount of not unimportant advertisements, a good deal of interesting—"PUNCH" may say useful—matter. The spirited proprietors have certainly spared no expense in procuring efficient contributors and establishing an extensive connexion. They evidently have reporters at Liverpool and Manchester; and, in the Number in question, there is a letter, which has come all the way from Lisbon, where also they appear to keep a correspondent, who seems a clever man. The editorial remarks on the King of Prussia, and Germany, in connexion with cotton-twist, display somewhat enlarged views; while those respecting the Finsbury Festival, and the recent display of petticoat oratory, are couched in a light, happy vein of sportive satire, indulged in at the expense of Dr. Epps and Mr. Thomas Duncombe on the one hand, and Miss Mary Ann Walker on the other; whereby the self-admiration of those persons must have been pleasingly titillated. The writer of them evidently enjoys a tolerably extensive familiarity with the Latin poets, as well as with the bards of our own country; and his views with regard to the "Rights of Woman" are rather sensible. The "Shipwrecks on the Goodwin Sands" are neatly treated, and the "Singular Occurrence at Hammersmith" is nicely told. The "Money Market and City Intelligence" is characterised by considerable accuracy, and the "Court Circular" is nearly as funny as our own. Indeed, it has been whispered to "PUNCH," that this is a contribution from the Court Jester, whose office has always been kept up, though it has been limited of late years to the communication of the above-mentioned notice to the papers. The article "Foreign Cattle at Smithfield" is interesting to the grazier; as is the

LOSING HIS FLESH.

extract, so judiciously culled from the Hereford journal, touching the Hereford October Fair. The following passage is highly graphic, and susceptible, in "PUNCH'S" opinion, of comic illustration:—"We heard an extensive farmer offer to lay a wager that he would buy at least fifty beasts at 4½d. per lb." The "Case of Embezzlement at Warrington" is a thrilling romance in real life, and the Police Intelligence, generally, is much more interesting and better written than "Jack Sheppard." The Accidents and Sudden Deaths are soul-harrowing; and the story "Sheep-stealing Extraordinary" is narrated with extraordinary ability. The Report concerning the "Pauper Children of St. Pancras" is highly instructive, and, among other things, throws considerable light on the manners and language of vestrymen; as, for instance, in the ensuing sentence—"Mr. Cooper observed that all Mr. Barnes had said was perfect nonsense." The "Sporting Intelligence" is racy. The "Births" will be eagerly perused by the friends and acquaintance of the papas and mammas implicated; and the "Marriages"—"PUNCH" wishes there had been more of them—will, he doubts not, be extensively read by the fair sex; while, among the more tragic portions of the news, the "Deaths," from the emphatic conciseness with which they are related, will be found strikingly effective. To the bill-discounter and gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion, the quotations from the Stock-Exchange List will prove attractive reading. Among the advertisements, there are several that are very droll, and one in particular respecting H—'s Ointment exhibits the most amusing mendacity. Another is so remarkable for the poetical play of fancy whereby it is distinguished, that "PUNCH" begs to quote part of it:—

> "Thanks, generous friends; we thank ye, one and all:
> Our best bow make for every friendly call;
> For two years' favours our gratitude declare,
> And promise future orders every attention—care.
> On public opinion—mighty tide!—we roll,
> And bear our name from centre to the pole.
> In deeds, not words, our gratitude proclaim—
> Who have had coats find something in a name."

"PUNCH" must not omit to mention a certain *curiosa felicitas*, of which examples abound in this smart journal. He alludes not only to the style of its leading articles, but also to certain statements relative to matters of fact. Thus, in the "Trade Report," it is mentioned that on the previous day "630 bags of Java," and "720 of Mauritius," were offered for auction. Java and Mauritius mean coffee; here, therefore, is accuracy of information combined with comicality of expression. In like manner, "20 Maranhams," "130 Egyptians," and "600 Surats," are represented as having been *sold* at Liverpool, October 24. However, Liverpool is not in Turkey, nor has the slave-trade been revived in England. Some of these phrases are imbued with a poetic melancholy, as: "Manchester.—There is very little doing, and *the market looks heavy*."

"PUNCH" is sorry to say, that candour compels him to qualify the above amount of commendation with one word of dispraise. He has no objection to everybody entertaining his particular notions, so long as they do not clash with his own; but he strongly disapproves of the political principles of the *Times*. In his humble opinion, Universal Suffrage, Vote by Ballot, Paid Representatives, the People's Charter, the Social System, Abolition of Matrimony, Community of Property, Extinction of Religion, and Universal Anarchy, are the grand objects for which every true patriot should contend. He trusts, therefore, that his readers will be on their guard against the slavish doctrines of subordination and morality, whereof this otherwise unobjectionable journal—which with this caution we will now leave in their hands—is the obstinate advocate. The *Times* will repay perusal.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

THE smack *Alacrity*, which started last week on a voyage of discovery round the world, ran aground opposite the Isle of Dogs. Crew saved.

The barge *Bungle* was seen in a state of horrible distress athwart the piles at Westminster Bridge, with loss of one oar, and the other broken. A hat was picked up a little below, supposed to be the captain's.

The wherry *Warspite* broke from her moorings opposite Battersea. Crew in a state of insensibility at the Red House, and removed by D. 9, of the Battersea (Coast) Guard to the station.

The *Playful Polly* thrown with her keel uppermost on the beach. Crew, who had chartered her for two hours from Searle's, bolted.

THE MEDICAL STUDENT.

(New Series.)

CHAPTER I.—MERELY PRELIMINARY.

FOR the first time since we have been permitted to supply continuous papers to the columns of PUNCH, we have discarded the term *physiology*, from the head of our articles. It is true we borrowed it from France, and as long as we kept it to ourselves in England, it was all very well; but a crowd of imitators—professors of the sincerest flattery—have

ONE IN HAND, TWO IN CRIB.

scrambled after us, including a contributor to the *New Monthly*.

"The cat may 'μ,' the dog will have his day;" and we now drop the title, not yet considering ourselves quite sunk down to the level of the lady-bird humourists of the pincushion school of literature, who, with one exception, supply that periodical.

With the exception of discarding this word, then (with a full permission for those to make what use they can of it who stand in need), we shall go on precisely as heretofore, in our usual manner; unshaken even by the amusing attempts to 'elevate' our style made in the fashionable morning paper, with its nice affection of aristocracy—its nervous quivering and sensitive shrinking from the least contact with the every-day and commonplace; its pretended ignorance of natural society, and its alleged inability to exist anywhere but in the perfumed boudoirs of May-Fair, with the coarse day-light modified by rose-coloured curtains, and the vulgar air overcome by the incense of costly pastilles.

The present period of the year abounds in subjects for the exercise of that genius peculiar to the writers of small poetry for annuals and pocket-books. The fall of the leaf is, of course, the first thing that suggests lyrical effusions to their minds, from the advertisements of Rowland's Kalydor, and cheap tailors, in the newspapers, to "Stanzas on an Autumnal Evening," in a fashion-book; and they write about the brevity of man's life—how one race succeeds another, the return of spring, and other pretty and affecting sonnets. We will take an analogy, but in prose, from the same source, in speaking of the medical students—with the exception that they succeed each other, just at the time when the leaves cut their sticks, or, more correctly, their stems and branches; and, in consequence, new faces are always to be met with, about this period, at the medical schools.

Our old friends Muff, Manhug, and Rapp, with their companions, have at last departed—like certain actors, they have had many farewell appearances, but now we shall never see them again. Jack Randall is the only link remaining that connects the chain of new men with the past; in fact, he describes himself "as the last trump card of the hospital pack that has now shuffled and cut itself; and he may be well defined as the Knave of Arts, or Dodges." He is indefatigable in his endeavours to arouse the pupils to a sense of their duties, and a proper degree of spirit in conducting themselves as becomes medical students in general, and those of London in particular.

The first information of the proceedings at the school, with which we can furnish our readers, will be better conveyed in a letter sent by Randall to Mr. Muff a few weeks after the old party had left the establishment. This invaluable document was written upon several leaves of paper, clandestinely torn out of a note-book belonging to a freshman who sat at his side in the class, and fastened together with pins and wafers. The despatch ran as follows:—

MR. RANDALL'S LETTER.

"TO JOSEPH MUFF, ESQ., SURGEON, CLODPOLE.

"ULLOW, MY BOY!

"Here we are again—how are you? *Scribo has paucas lineas* (you see I am working at my Latin) during the lecture now going on upon "the reflex nervous function;" which, as I merely hope to practise as a surgeon and apothecary, will be of as much use to me hereafter, as the minute anatomy of the moon. The subject has now lasted for six weeks, and does not seem likely to finish for as many more. However, old Twaddletongue thinks I am taking copious notes of all he says—so it is just as well.

"I am anxious that you should know how we are getting on, which is pretty well, considering, although there has been an immense importation of dummies from the country. They seem, however, very tractable; and I have got them to leave off shoes, wear straps, adopt short pipes whilst they are at work, and subscribe for a set of single-sticks and boxing-gloves, by which, I tell them, they will understand the demonstration, and learn the action of the muscles better than from all the books, lectures, and diagrams ever printed, given, or invented. I have also contrived to dispose of my medical library to them upon very advantageous terms, and I bought a case of scalpels at the pawnbroker's—you remember uncle Balls—which I sold immediately afterwards for a pound, to a young gentleman red-hot to commence his first dissection. I also put a skull up to be raffled for by twenty members, at a shilling each. I only got nineteen, so I threw the other myself, and won it, as well as all the money. So you see we are going on in the right way.

GIVING A GENERAL SATISFACTION.

"We have an immense card here in the shape of a new man—a Mr. Cripps—with whom I think we can have some fun. He has entered the profession rather late in life, and works like a horse, taking in all sorts of lies you choose to tell him, for the sake of information. He bought a box of chemical experiments the other day, and as he chanced to leave it in the pupil's reading-room, we changed all the tests. You cannot think what a hobble it has got him into—all he thinks will be red, turns green, and all the blues are pink, whilst he nearly blew himself up yesterday, through rubbing together some hydro-chlorate of potash and sulphur in a mortar, which of course exploded. This was because we told him it was the best way to make calomel, which they would be certain to ask him about when he went up to 'the Hall.'

"Some of the men here are talking about starting a medical society, to argue about different cases, once a week. I am drawing up a lot that never happened to get the knowing ones into a line, who read long papers which they copy from books, and call their own. Of course all this must be knocked on the head. I shall wait quietly until I get a majority on my side, and then some evening I shall vote that the funds be appropriated to the formation of an harmonic society, at which I have no objection to be the chairman.

"The nice good young men of our hospital are very angry with PUNCH, for writing about Medical Students. We have several hungry young physicians, who, having nothing to do, hang about the wards, and potter after the professors, in the hope of one day being sub-officers, or medical attendants, to a gratuitous dispensary. Well—every body has his object of ambition—this is theirs. They say PUNCH has only shown up the Students in their worst light; perhaps they will favour him with their notions upon the subject.

"I am going to have a hammock slung in my room, for any friends who may come to London and want a bed; so when you get mildewed and rusty by staying at Clodpole, run up for an evening and give us a look in. If anybody there should annoy you, let me know, and I will send them down a barrel of oyster-shells, or a two-dozen hamper of cracked bottles, by way of a Christmas present.

"Good bye, old fellow. Always keep your powder dry, and have plenty of black-draught boiled. Wishing you every epidemic and contagious disorder that can infect the rural districts, believe me to remain,

"Yours, no end of sincerely,

"JOHN RANDALL."

SONGS OF THE SEEDY.—No. XXVIII.

THEY may laugh, they may jeer, they may call me a Guy,
They may sneer, they may quiz, they may titter or grin;
But if I am able to keep myself dry,
Oh why should I get myself wet to the skin?
Then, round me, to shelter my shoulders and back,
This piece of old oilskin I closely will draw;
And, oh! if I chose to appear in a sack,
To hinder my doing so, where is the law?

Then laugh even louder, ye sycophant crew,
A Mackintosh if I'm unable to get:
Because this old oilskin is jeer'd at by you,
Am I to reject it, and walk through the wet?
To imprudence so flagrant I'll not be provoked;
But onwards, the Guy that I am, will I range,
For, oh! if my linen were thoroughly soak'd,
Say, where shall the Seedy One look for a change?

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

LETTER XVI.—HOW TO CHOOSE A FRIEND: THE PURPOSES OF FRIENDSHIP. A STORY OF "FRIENDS."

My dear Boy,—Choose your friend as you would choose an orange; for his golden outside, and the promise of yielding much, when well squeezed.

Lord Chesterfield has beautifully and truly remarked: "whatever is worth *doing* at all, is worth *doing well*." This axiom applies admirably to the treatment of a friend.

There is no surer evidence of a contented meanness of spirit in a young man than a disposition to club a friendship with merely his equals in life. Whilst on the other hand, the ardent, speculative mind, that looking abroad for a communion of feeling, selects its Pylades from the rich and powerful, indicates a just knowledge of the whole and sole purpose of human friendship. What is its object? Is it not to succour and assist the man elected for its twin brother? And how are you, poor and powerless, to expect aid and practical consolation from one as helpless as yourself? Can the naked clothe the naked? Can the beggar bestow alms upon the beggar? No; be assured of this truth; it is to defeat the purpose of all friendship, it is to frustrate its most beneficent and humanizing end, to ally yourself with any companion, who cannot better your fortunes; to whom you cannot on all occasions resort, either for the interest of his word, or for what must be indisputably acceded to be the purest, the noblest offering of the human soul,—ready money.

For a poor man to boast of a poor man for his friend is to flourish in the face of the world an empty purse. To such a man a poor friend is a clog, an incumbrance; a reduplication of his own wants; an exaggeration of his own squalor. What should Lazarus do but burden Lazarus? To enter into such a compact is to make friendship a bubble—the echo of a name—an empty sound!

How different your condition with Gloriosus for your friend! The jewel on your finger is a brilliant evidence of the value of friendship. The horse you sometimes ride proves to yourself and all the world that amity is a substantial matter; the burgundy, that at Gloriosus's table beams in your eyes, and circulates in your system, makes your bosom glow with the sweetest feelings; and you lay your hand upon your heart, and feel friendship to be a lovely, a most sufficing thing! Thus, you build an altar to friendship in your very self. You are a breathing, moving, satin-checked evidence that friendship is not, what cynics and misanthropes call it, a thing of air—the dream of fools.

Can you do this if you hang upon the skirts of your fellow-poor? No, my son. So therefore, if you have a nature capable of friendship—if you would prove to the world the surpassing beauties of the feeling which poets have sung, and sages melodiously discoursed of,—hang on to the rich, select the man of wealth, and him only for your friend; dwell and glitter in his bosom like his diamond shirt-stud.

Possibly, there may be ill-mannered people who for this will call you toad-eater. Let them: I will in few words, and from truthful history, teach you how to answer them.

The ill-natured antiquaries of the Netherlands with bile against the politest nation upon earth—of course, I mean the French—have declared that what are now quartered as the lilies of France, were originally *toads*. The Abbé Dubos gives a reasonable excuse for this; an excuse that ought to disarm malignity of its sneer: the French could not help it. The Germanic nations—the French then being a part of them—having engaged all the courageous and terrible birds and beasts, such as eagles, lions, griffins, dragons, and the like, left nothing for the poor Franks, who were, in the strait, compelled to go to the puddles for their bearings, and so contented themselves with a toad. This toad, in process of time, became metamorphosed into a *bee*: for on the 27th of May, 1655, the Curé of St. Brie, at Tournay, wishing to enlarge his wine-cellar, the workmen he had employed upon that benevolent object, came plump upon the coffin of King Childeric I. It was then discovered that upon his Majesty's royal robe were sewed innumerable golden bees. These were subsequently removed to the royal cabinet of France. Whether, however, they took flight at the revolution, I know not. "I do not doubt," says the Abbé Dubos, "that our *bees*, by the ignorance of painters and sculptors, have become *lilies*." Lilies, that, according to Malherbe, were once especially fragrant in the nostrils of John Bull.

"A leur odeur l'Anglais se relâchânt,
Notre amitié va recherchant.
Et l'Espagnol, prodige merveilleux,
Cesse d'être orgueilleux."

You may ask me, my son, what has this antiquarian rigmarole about the toads, the bees, and the lilies of France, to do with the lesson I would propound on the beauty of friendship? My son, be instructed.

Let the envious call you toad-eater; make you of that toad a golden bee, still gathering honey from your friend, and turning it to your private advantage. And then, if detraction accuse you of hoarding from the treasures of your Pylades, declare your friendship to have no bee-like propensity whatever, but that it grows in your heart, pure and odorous as—

"The lily, lady of the flowering field.

Thus, when the world throws the toad in your face, take a lesson of the Frenchmen, and declare there was never aught toad-like in the water: but always, always a lily! Toads, you never eat, you only snuff, lilies.

Friendship, like love, may, I know, have very odd beginnings. I speak, however, of the friendship of simpletons and pennyless enthusiasts. I will narrate to you what I think a very comical incident, illustrative of the mysterious working of friendship.

Lieutenant Montgomery had seen much military service. However, the wars were over, and he had nought to do, but to lounge as best he could through life upon half-pay. He was one day taking his ease at his tavern, when he observed a stranger evidently a foreigner, gazing intently at him. The lieutenant appeared not to notice the intrusion, but shifted the position. A short time, and the stranger shifted too, and still with unblenched gaze he stared. This was too much for Montgomery, who rose and approached his scrutinizing intruder.

"Do you know me, sir?" asked the lieutenant.

"I think I do," answered the foreigner. He was a Frenchman.

"Have we ever met before?" continued Montgomery.

"I will not swear for it; but if we have—and I am almost sure we have," said the stranger. "You have a sabre cut, a deep one, on your right wrist."

"I have," cried Montgomery, turning back his sleeve, and displaying a very broad and ugly scar. "I didn't get this for nothing, for the brave fellow who made me a present of it, I repaid with a gash across the skull."

The Frenchman bent down his head, parted his hair with his hands, and said—"You did: you may look at the receipt."

The next moment they were in each other's arms. They became bosom friends for life.

HORRIBLE IMPOSITION.

We had thought the Income Tax was bad enough; but the *Observer* of yesterday announces an impost of a still more unjust and obnoxious character. Our contemporary tells us, without expressing any indignation on the subject either, that, in order to give effect to King Arthur at Drury Lane, it has been determined to *tax* the talent of Mr. Stanfield. King Arthur—being a monarch—must of course be supported by taxing somebody; but is it not shameful to tax talent, particularly such talent as that of Mr. Stanfield?

AN ESSAY ON THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF ADVERTISEMENTS AND ADVERTISERS,

WITH SUNDRY CRITICAL REMARKS THEREON

BY JACOB DRYASDUST, F.S.A.

ADVERTISING has gradually become a science of the greatest importance and grandest aims. Like steam, the unnoticed infant has expanded into a giant, whose influence is felt everywhere. My daily walks along the Strand are enlivened and made profitable by the receipt of gratis essays on "the means of procuring comfort in shaving for 6*d*. a year." A man in boards, preceding me, with a dignity worthy of his office, calls attention to the momentous fact that "the best hats in the world are to be bought for 4*s*. 9*d*."—whilst on his own head he exhibits one of the novel and ingenious shape of a salad bowl provided with a rim, in order to prove his assertion. Behind me progresses a revolving pedestal, producing to the public's astonished and delighted gaze, a row of coats shaped like portmanteaus, this is closely followed by a huge van—all too small to proclaim the manifold virtues of "the patent wire-wove ventilating wig," which the inventor informs us "supersedes the necessity of hair." "The original *little* dust-pan" on wheels, causes a glow of astonishment as to what can possibly be the proprietor's notion of a *great* dustpan—whilst a peripatetic blacking bottle taking the air in company with an "anatomical model," forms a feature in the London landscape which is duly appreciated. The envelopes of my letters conjure me to "rush to the city emporium," if I want cheap frying-pans; and Mr. Smith of Holborn, in a kind and friendly manner, admonishes me to "beware of the man over the way."

DONE UP IN FANCY BOARDS.

My principal daily employment is that of reading the newspapers; in them do I find this glorious art most fully developed, and the Mahometan cry of "In the name of the Prophet—Figs," repeated in delightful modulations. The advertiser of the present day, like a cunning fowler, disguises himself and the trap, pouncing on his victim suddenly and when least expected. With what supreme contempt do we read the announcements of bygone years! "John Jones sells by the grace of God, and direct from Manchester, the very best calico at 10*d*. a yard." The attention is now riveted by "important news," no doubt, a revolution or an earthquake, and the enquiring mind is thus made to know that if it have corns, it should use "the Universal Solvent."—To "War in China," the officer's lady turns anxiously for some intelligence of the absent, when Captain Pidding recommends his tea to her favourable consideration, as being that imbibed by Lin himself. "One hundred guineas reward,"—you discover, is not offered for the apprehension of one who has been using his master's keys or name, but as a premium for picking Chubb's locks.

With generous earnestness some entreat the public to be ill, in order that it may have the pleasure of being effectually cured by "the real original Balm of Botheration," or "self-sustaining cordial." Indeed, I cannot help thinking that death, in the present day, must be the result of wilful negligence or paltry economy, as it can be avoided by expending thirteen-pence-halfpenny in the purchase of "Frampton's Pill of Health." Mr. Holloway, with that modesty which is the invariable attendant on real merit, declares that his "Universal Ointment" will mend the legs of men and tables equally well, and be found an excellent article for frying fish in. Dr. Willis Mosely answers with a vengeance Shakspeare's question, "Canst thou minister to a *mind* diseased?" by undertaking, "from motives of benevolence rather than gain," to cure all nervous affections, including "indecision, groundless fear, incapacity for business, wretchedness and delusion." "The Devonshire Herbaceous Galvanic Pill" is for supplying everybody's inside, "with a due quantity of the electric and galvanic fluid," without which the proprietor thinks "the wheels of life cannot be properly greased." "A clergyman's widow" vouches for the efficacy of "The Roseate Cordial discovered by means of a dream," which it appears "she takes every day after dinner, and finds a wonderful increase of spirits therefrom." "Old Parr's Life Pills" were left, I presume, as a legacy to those who do not desire the annoyance of attaining the age of one hundred and forty years.

Some advertisements form capital exercises for youth in the Greek and Latin languages. I, who am a plain man (at least, so the ladies say), cannot discover from its title whether "Wenn's Gypso Klibanon" be eatable or not. "The Ludgate Hill Nectar" certainly defines its own properties very exactly, and I shall try if the patentee will send me a quartern. But my mind is lost in a perpetual maze of admiration at the talent of those who invent, not only the articles themselves, but such mellifluous names for them as "The Hierokosma," "Æthereal Oleine," "Rypophagon Soap," "Catoptric Lamp," "Elmes's Arcanum," "Winn's Anticardium," and "Panclibanon Iron Works."

Who would imagine that the Lyric effusion headed "Envy," was in praise of the "Moses Taglioni;" or that "How beauteous is the Morn of Life" would usher in Rowland's Macassar Oil! I am often surprised to miss the illustrious Warren's name from the list of British poets—with what consummate art does he rouse the soul by his exquisite sonnet about the two cats and the Wellington boots! The polish of the verses is only equalled by that of the boots.

The announcements of public companies always command my attention. The "Aberdeen Eel-pie Company," for the diffusion of cheap and good eel pies, will no doubt be a lucrative concern, rivalled, perhaps, by "The Independent National Pickling and Preserving Company." "The Farmer's Hailstone Company," for providing the agricultural population with that material, has certainly astonished the preconceived notions of many Londoners, and thus my heart in silence . . . . . .

A friend of Mr. Dryasdust, in order to account for this abrupt termination, begs to say, that respected gentleman, overpowered by the importance of his subject, and the gin and water he considered it necessary to inspire himself with, is, at this present moment, reclining with his head in the slop-bason, and appears likely to sleep till next week.

FRIGIDUM SINE.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO ** **** ***** ON THE 29TH OF SEPTEMBER, WHEN WE PARTED FOR THE LAST TIME.

I HAVE watch'd thee with rapture, and dwelt on thy charms,
As link'd in Love's fetters we wander'd each day;
And each night I have sought a new life in thy arms,
And sigh'd that our union could last not for aye.

But thy life now depends on a frail silken thread,
Which I even by kindness may cruelly sever,
And I look to the moment of parting with dread,
For I feel that in parting I lose thee for ever.

Sole being that cherish'd my poor troubled heart!
Thou know'st all its secrets—each joy and each grief;
And in sharing them all thou did'st ever impart
To its sorrows a gentle and soothing relief.

The last of a long and affectionate race,
As thy days are declining I love thee the more,
For I feel that thy loss I can never replace,
That thy death will but leave me to weep and deplore.

Unchanged, thou shalt live in the mem'ry of years,
I cannot—I will not—forget what thou wert!
Whilst the thoughts of thy love as they call forth my tears,
In fancy will wash thee once more—MY LAST SHIRT.

Grub Street.

PUNCH ON THE QUEEN'S HEAD.

PUNCH, a week or two back, took it into his own head to present that of Her Majesty to the world, under the title of "a proof before letters," little dreaming at the time that he should excite the rage of the authorities at the Stamp Office. We have, however, been applied to on this head, and been compelled to give up the valuable block, under the threat of official vengeance. The Commissioner of Stamps came to our Office, and having dashed his fist on the counter, with a vehemence that sent our boy into hysterics, and paralysed our publisher, he drew on his glove (a washable one-and-ninepenny) after the manner of the late Mr. Kean, and paced up and down for several minutes in front of the slight screenwork that divides us on the south from our neighbour the milliner. Our boy had fled into the friendly recesses of a nest of book-shelves, "for safety and for succour;" but our publisher having caught a glimpse of the figure of PUNCH above him, felt suddenly inspired, as the Crusaders did when they got a peep at the sacred banner, and he boldly asked the agitated Commissioner his business. With a sardonic grin, that brought the people in from the Pannuscorium (our northern neighbours) to know what was the matter, the Commissioner took a solemn oath, after the fashion of the Duke of Gloucester, that he would not dine until he saw (not Hastings's, but) the Queen's Head, and it was ultimately arranged that the block should be placed in the hands of the Government.

It seems that the authorities suspect the existence of an organised plot to reduce the postage from one penny to nothing at all; and the Commissioner feared that PUNCH would aid the scheme, by enabling people to cut the Queen's head out of his periodical, and use it to place upon their letters. There have certainly been dark rumours of an intention to use over again certain stamps that have been already used, and there are mysterious allusions to collections that are in progress of old stamps, under pretext of papering rooms, but really with the intention of defrauding the Post-office and ruining the revenue. PUNCH can lay his hand upon his stomach, and affirm that he had no evil intention in bringing the head of the Queen to the block of his wood-cutter. PUNCH is all loyalty, from the top of his cap to the tip of his slipper; and as to the revenue, he does all he can to assist it, by consuming as many articles as he can, and making an enormous profit of his work, for the mere patriotic pleasure of paying the income-tax. PUNCH is excessively like Cæsar's wife in one respect—for he must not be suspected.

NO MORE BLOOD!

PETTICOAT ASCENDANCY!—UNIVERSAL PEACE!

AT the meeting lately held at the Rotunda, to commemorate Miss Martineau's magnanimity (which those who were present would, no doubt, be glad to have the chance of imitating) in refusing a pension, a gallant colonel is reported to have said, that, were the collective unwhisperables of creation, and the prerogative annexed to those garments, in the possession of the ladies, there would be an end to warfare.

"Oh, Colonel Thompson—Colonel Thompson, oh!"

Thus far you are right, certainly. Domestic strife would cease of course, because the apple of discord would be past fighting for. But "PUNCH" must beg to dissent, *toto cœlo*, from your general position, and to adduce, in refutation thereof, a few considerations.

In the first place, one Horatius Flaccus, on historical grounds, directly negatives the assertion—"*Non fuit ante Helenam;*"—you know the rest; if not, accept the translation—

"For petticoat, ere Helen's day,
Was fellest cause of bloody fray."—PUNCH.

That the sentiment of Mr. Flaccus is perfectly correct, there can be no doubt. He had himself beheld it illustrated by a recent event, the conflict between Mr. Marcus Antonius and Mr. Octavius Cæsar (not *Mr.* Cæsar), a personage whose acquaintance he had afterwards the felicity of enjoying. The former of these gentlemen was instigated to the contest, beyond all peradventure, by Cleopatra's needle.

It has never been denied that woman, in the abstract, inspired the Seven Champions to slay giants and dragons, while, in their particular adventures, there was, in most instances, a lady in the case. Nor is it a question that Richard Cœur-de-Lion, Dunois the Brave, and Company, were stirred up, moved, and excited to go and poke the Saracens in the stomach, by the same sweet incentive.

But history, it will be said, is an old comic almanac. Very well. Look at the papers. When the Hon. Mr. D. has had an extra half-ounce of lead lodged by way of satisfaction in his brain by Colonel E., the bone of contention has been, in most instances, a rib. So much for high life—now for low. Philosophise in the Rookery, and the first case of nasal bloodshed or ocular obscuration you meet with, inquire into its causation. You will find, nine times out of ten, or "PUNCH" will eat you, that it has been "along of Sal," and *teterrima* indeed is the provocation to the "affair of honour."

Suppose we quit the "Christian," as the country folks translate "Homo," and prosecute our researches zoologically. Go to the park—not Hyde Park—and observe how the *bucks* conduct themselves when under feminine influence. They will be found as prone to go together by the horns as so many jealous gentlemen. A little rural contemplation will acquaint you with similar behaviour on the part of the ram and bull similarly circumstanced. Or ponder in the poultry yard, and you will discover that the combativeness of the cock, although now and then, like that of other bipeds, aroused by chaff, is most frequently exerted by gallinaceous beauty. There is no need to go into all the holes and corners of the animal kingdom; but those who take that trouble will find the gentler sex everywhere originating loggerheads.

"None but the brave," says a gentleman of the name of Dryden, "deserve the fair." So think the fair themselves. Nor is it the morally brave, by any means, who are the objects of their preference. Downright fistic, fighting, physical courage, is what they admire. "PUNCH" would not advise any young man to go and boast to his lady-love of having had fortitude enough to submit meekly to a horsewhipping, or of having been kicked with impunity. Further, the word "gallantry," which signifies the behaviour that pleases ladies, means, also, the taking or demolishing of towns and castles—the heading of forlorn-hopes—and shooting, cutting, and stabbing, with intent to kill;—the hero performing

RETURNING FROM A BALL.

these achievements in the cannon's mouth. Finally, it is the universal complaint of civilians that they are always "cut out," as the phrase is, by military men. In a race with a plain Esquire for a damsel's seat, ten to one on a Dragoon. There has always been an affinity between Mars and Venus. Now, how could petticoat ascendancy abolish war without cashiering Captains! Should some fair orator exclaim—"Never mind—Abrogate the army—Disband the drummers—Dismount the dragoons—Melt the muskets—Blunt the bayonets—Snap the swords—Spike the cannon;"—"PUNCH" would venture, in the most respectful manner possible, to answer—"WALKER!" The collective voice of womanhood cries out upon such a damsel's desire; and inquires, in its archest tones, whether she does not wish she may get it! No soldiers, indeed! Then, what is to become of the uniforms—the gold lace—the mustachios! What will quadrilles be without 'The Lancers!'" "PUNCH" rather thinks he sees a senate of young ladies voting for the extinction of the military! He is going to believe in a hurry, that the galaxy of loveliness which always attends a review, glows with indignation at the demoralising spectacle—that his countrywomen would hail, with acclamation, the dismemberment of the Guards, the breaking-up of the Blues, the annihilation of the Coldstream. He will allow himself to be persuaded—will he not!—that the fair eyes, which shine from the drawing-room windows of Pall Mall and Parliament-street, upon the caps and corslets that escort Her Majesty to Saint Stephen's, gleam with hatred and scorn on the display of brute physical force in the parade below. He doubts not—oh, no!—that the handsome young warriors who adorn the pages of albums and the backs of music-books are intended for and regarded as caricatures. He makes no question, certainly not, that the preference accorded to epaulettes in the dance is all his visual organ. He acknowledges, feelingly, that the predilection of the cooks and ladies'-maids for corporals and sergeants, and the pride with which they hang, when it is their Sunday out, on the arms of those scarlet heroes, while the nose is elevated and the chin cocked at the humbler pretensions of the young officer of police, are all affectation. He is a good-natured, believing soul—isn't he!

Alas! fair peace-makers, the fatal charms of your sex, had you ever so much your own way, would defeat your pacific intentions. Scratch your pretty faces, crop your tresses, spoil your figures, and then, perhap

men will cease to squabble about you. But as long as you are beautiful, we may not look for peace on earth! And now individually answer this one question:—Suppose you had two lovers; which would you rather they should do—fight, or toss up for you? Revolve this question at your leisure, and let it be discussed at your next meeting.

But, perchance, some soft voice will suggest—"Retain we our regiments for their regimentals' sake; but let our brigades be bloodless. Thus should we realise the Millennium that is to be; and the lion, with claws innocuous and inoffensive teeth (swords and bayonets to wit), will lie down with the gentle lamb. Let the cartridge slumber in its box; the musket recline harmlessly on its bearer's shoulder." Yes; fair enthusiast—"over the left."

JUVENILE BIOGRAPHY.

No. IV.—HUMPTY DUMPTY.

The Humpties of Hampstead having formed an alliance with the Dumpties of Downshire Hill, the families became at length united, and an old feud was happily exchanged for a modern compact of amity. "War," says a recent writer, "is a state of hostility," a truth which the meanest capacity cannot be too mean to recognise. Quitting, however, the philosophical tone we have for a moment been tempted to adopt, let us plunge at once the pen of research into the inkstand of fact, and having nibbed the former with the sharpness of discrimination, let us proceed to fill up the foolscap of biography.

On our first introduction to Humpty Dumpty, we find him seated on a wall—a position no doubt intended to give us an idea of the dangers of high stations—and the notification coming immediately afterwards of his "great fall," ingeniously involves a fine moral lesson, preparing us artfully for the pathetic description that immediately follows

That Humpty Dumpty occupied an exalted position, we cannot for an instant doubt; for the whole interest that attaches to his life, is connected with the altitude in which he is found in the earlier phase of his romantic history. That he was of consequence, we are constrained to admit; for, surely, "all the king's horses, and all the king's men" would not have been employed in a futile effort, to "set Humpty Dumpty as he was again," unless the once haughty Humpty, now the degraded Dumpty, had enjoyed the favour of royalty. He for whom the stables of the sovereign were ransacked, and the whole troops called out, could not have belonged to the common class; and the greatness of the fall so delicately touched upon in the second line of the poem, is splendidly carried out by the gorgeous description of the gigantic but useless efforts to effect a restoration. It must have already struck the lettered reader, that there is a curious affinity between the Humpty Dumpty of the ballad, and the Cardinal Wolsey of our own immortal bard—or *Noster* Shakspeare, as we feel proud after the fashion of Cicero (who carried on business under the name of Tully, and rented certain offices) in calling him.

Wolsey occupied a high station, so did Humpty Dumpty; the Cardinal "had a great fall," so had Humpty Dumpty; and, the latter, like the proud prelate alluded to, was unable to regain his former eminence. There is no question but that Shakspeare, when he wrote the following powerful passage, had Humpty Dumpty in his eye, and indeed, he has almost followed the facts, if not the language of the ballad, substituting however (perhaps for harmony, perhaps to show his reading), the more classic name of Lucifer. The parallel would have been complete between Wolsey and our hero, if a name had been altered in describing the Cardinal's overthrow. The passage would have then stood thus, and what it would have lost in euphony, it would most assuredlyhave gained in graphic power:

> And when he falls!
> He falls like Humpty Dumpty,
> Never to rise again.

The tendency of the English character has always been to typify fact under the guise of fiction, and an egg has been fancifully selected as the emblem of Humpty Dumpty. We are unable to divine the origin of this graceful little allegory, unless it be that the body of Humpty Dumpty, after his too fatal fall, was refused the commonest sepulchral rites, and was not even placed in a shell for the purpose of burial. But history has drawn a veil over this mournful part of the picture, and we are unwilling to hunt down Humpty to the grave, or disturb the deceased Dumpty in the repose to which Fate has prematurely hurried him.

SONGS OF THE SEEDY.—No. XXIX.

Upon the stormy Strand I stood,
Where floweth population's tide
In one o'erwhelming human flood;
It was too much—I turn'd aside.
The gaiety I could not bear,
For coats were new, and boots were strong;
I look'd on all I had to wear,
And, sighing, glided from the throng.

Where am I now? 'tis not the Strand,
For there I'd not a living friend;
While here, towards me many a hand
The urgent stranger doth extend.
Doth friendship prompt the eager grasp?
What can so many round me bring?
Ah! do they, like the yellow wasp,
Only lay hold of me to sting?

They offer money—let me fly,
What can they mean? at length they tell,
In Jewish tones they say they'll buy!
Great Heaven! *What have I to sell?*
My dizzy brain sinks, lead-like, down;
My degradation is complete;
They think I want to raise a crown
In Holywell's detested street.

A NAG-GRAVATER.

Away, away, ye hungry crew;
I have old clothes—I'll own it now;
But am I forced, thou huckst'ring Jew,
To part with them to such as thou?
They shall not crush my spirit proud;
No, no; 'twere better far to rally;
I do, and roar, in accents loud,
"Sell my old clothes! What, cheat my *valet!*"

* * * * * *

Long years have roll'd away since then,
But I am even seedier grown;
And when I pass those Jewish men,
They greet me in an under tone!
They say to me, "Old chap"; alas!
That term my tortured breast enrages;
"Old chap," they whisper as I pass,
"*Ven did ye pay yer valet's vages?*"

PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS.——No. LIII.

FAIR ROSAMOND; OR, THE ASHBURTON TREATY.

GRAND RAILWAY FROM ENGLAND TO CHINA.

The provisional committee appointed to superintend the preliminary arrangements connected with this great undertaking, beg to submit to the public the following statement, with the view of forming a Company to carry out this vast national concern, by shares, to consist of an unlimited number.

In consequence of the extreme difficulty at present experienced in making the voyage to China and India, together with the delay and chances of shipwreck, it has been proposed, under the advice of an eminent engineer, to construct a Railway from hence to the Celestial Empire.

The plan suggested for the end in view is to

PENETRATE THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH

A MARE'S NEST.

THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF
A TUNNEL FROM LONDON TO CANTON,
PASSING THROUGH THE
CENTRE OF THE GLOBE,

thus obviating altogether the enormous expense usually incurred in the purchase of land, and avoiding the opposition likely to be encountered from hostile nations.

From the Report made to the Committee by Sinko Shaft, Esq., the engineer, who has descended some of the deepest wells and sewers in and about the metropolis, and has sounded the earth in various places at the outskirts, there is every reason to believe that the centre of the globe consists of a mass of softest soil, except where intersected by

SOLID ROCKS OF GOLD AND SILVER,
AND
CAVERNS OF PRECIOUS STONES;

and that, from his examination, there is no reason whatever to believe, as some have conjectured, that the earth is a mere crust, filled in the interior with *nothing at all*—a state of things which would have rendered the cutting of a tunnel through it an expedient of some difficulty. As it is, however, the cutting will be exceedingly easy, except where the masses of precious metals and jewels interpose an obstacle; but inasmuch as this material, when extracted, will be immensely valuable, and, according to the most moderate calculations of our engineer, will be many hundred times more than sufficient to cover the entire expense of the undertaking, but little fear need be apprehended upon this point.

It is intended that the *Terminus* in England shall be upon the present site of

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON,

which, for the purposes of this undertaking, is to be pulled down. With this view, the Bishop of London has already been applied to for a grant of the land upon which it stands, with which application it is confidently expected his lordship will readily comply; should he, however, object to the proposal, an application will immediately be made to Parliament on the subject, when, of course, the church will at once be placed at the disposal of the Company.

It is calculated that the journey will be accomplished as soon as the passengers get from one terminus to another. As the Railway will pass immediately under

MOUNT VESUVIUS;

a station will be erected there, at which trains will stop for the purpose of taking in coals and lava, or *Cyclops*, should there be any residing in those parts. Another stoppage will be made under the

MEDITERRANEAN,

with the view of getting a supply of water, which will be drawn down through a pipe from the sea above.

From the calculations made by the Committee, of the probable returns from the traffic, the most gratifying results may be anticipated; and as the Company will doubtlessly convey all the Government troops, and as the war in the East will in all probability be everlasting (if not longer), and the annual consumption of soldiers incalculable, the company may expect to derive a handsome income from this source alone.

As regards the intermediate traffic between the two termini, there is, from the recent investigations into the subject by the learned members of the University of Nhowher, strong reason for believing that the population, swallowed up at various periods by earthquakes, as at Lisbon, Port Royal, &c. &c., have only disappeared from the surface of the globe to colonise and people the interior. Should this be proved to be the case, the most interesting results are likely to follow, upon the establishment of this undertaking, which may be the means at once of opening a market for our manufactures, and a passage for

THE INHABITANTS
OF
THE INTERIOR REGIONS OF THE EARTH,

of the most profitable and advantageous description. In addition to which, it is confidently expected that most of the Continental nations will establish

BRANCH TUNNELS,

running into that of the Company, which will be both a most advantageous source of revenue, and be the means of establishing an immense field of commercial enterprise.

The works will be commenced as soon as a sufficient number of shares shall have been taken, and immediately on obtaining possession of St. Paul's, the shaft will be sunk, when every effort will be made to bring the *whole* of the undertaking into a sinking condition.

Further particulars will be announced as soon as the Company is formed, for which purpose the public are earnestly solicited to enter their names as shareholders, and pay a deposit of five pounds to the secretary of the committee, Mr. Stumpy, at the office of "PUNCH," who will give a receipt for the same, entitling the party, should the undertaking be abandoned, to obtain it back again whenever they can.

THE HERNE BAY STEEPLE CHASE.

This exciting event in the annals of sporting came off last week at Herne Bay, and was attended by four emigrants as well as the seven or eight settlers at present residing in this sequestered colony. A mopstick, with a pocket handkerchief at the end of it, did duty for the steeple; and during the whole time of the *chase*, the men, whose duty it was to fix it somewhere for a winning post, continued in such a state of indecision, that before he had made up his mind where to stick it up, the chase was nearly over.

Five horses had been entered to start. There was Mr. Tilburg's black galloway, out of Straw-yard, by Gardener; and Mr. Somebody-else's chesnut filly, out of Livery Stable, by Ostler. An emigrant from London, on seeing the jockeys, was under the impression that the Herne Bay Almanack probably fixes Guy Fawkes' Day somewhat earlier than in our western latitude, and imagined that the fifth of November was to be kept on the third in the remote regions of Herne, whose wooden pier is an appropriate type of the heads of the inhabitants.

Having thought it a mere waste of time to wait until the man with the mop-stick had settled where to stick up the flag, the word was given to start, when the snorting beasts, snuffing the air as if to make up for the fracture of their own wind, started off at a smart hop across a potato field. There they came to the first leap—which was a stiff piece of brickwork, intended for a stove of some contemplated house, in an imaginary street, when the steeds stood stock still, and

NO FOLLOWERS ALLOWED.

preferred taking a low mound of mortar, over which they deliberately walked; one of them, however, clearing a trowel on the other side rather cleverly.

Having been goaded into a canter by their respective jockeys, the horses came to the second leap, which was a contemplated drain, into which the chestnut filly thrust his two front feet, and after a good deal of stumbling and a severe application of the spur, recovered his footing in a bed of winter cabbages, several of which he cleared, miss-

ing some of the loftiest with immense sagacity. The man with the mop at length stuck it up, and Pink walked cleverly in—Won by about seventy necks, amid the cheers of the settlers and emigrants, all of whom arrived at the winning post long before any of the horses got up to it.

The stakes were then served up with oyster sauce, and a Handicap—consisting of a cap, handed round, was presented—about one thousandth part filled with halfpence, to the winner.

The black galloway seemed to be a good deal distressed, and from some moisture apparent at the corner of his eye, had probably been crying. The chestnut filly did not show, for the livery-stable, being on the road to the winning post, she could not be prevented from bolting into it. Betting was 9 to 1 upon the field, and 86 to 2 upon the mop-stick.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign Funds are remarkably good, which partly accounts for our enormous circulation. There were no Consols. in the market, though it was reported that there was one at Boulogne. In shares, Grand Junctions were at a discount, owing to the great scarcity of buttons.

The business on 'Change was very limited; an offer of three pairs of white Trousers for one of black, was made, but refused. However, five Blouses were taken by a great capitalist for a Fustian Jacket.

The Tea trade was very dull, and the old women at the street corners were almost frozen to death without disposing of a single cup.

The supply of Tallow is considerably smaller, through our being obliged to sit up an hour later last night.

The Cotton trade was very dull; but one small transfer was effected of a handkerchief from the hat of a porter (which he had incautiously put on the ground) to the pocket of an urchin.

SONGS OF THE FLOWERS.

No. VIII.—THE SONG OF THE DAFFYDOWNDILLY.

I'm a dashing Daffydowndilly,
And gaily I nod my head
To the pale and delicate Lily,
That stands in an opposite bed.
I do not bend to every breeze,
Nor yield to each zephyr's sigh,

"THE WIND BLOWS, IT SNOWS."

I'm one of those that act as they please,
And a careless flower am I.

I'm not a gaudy bauble,
In many colours dress'd,
But of all the birds that warble,
The plainest sings the best.
The sparrow is an ugly bird,
To anybody's view,
But its notes are more sweet than the screech that's heard,
From the painted cockatoo.

To be colourless I'm contented,
For I'm not the garden's fop,
And indeed a flower that's scented,
Seems to carry a card of the shop.
Let others, in vases ignobly thrust,
On chimney-pieces lie;
But the Daffydowndilly, when perish it must,
On the spot where it lived will die.

"Excuse," as the duck said to the frogs.

STATE OF THE FRENCH MARKET.

We have just received our despatches from Paris, *per Laffitte et Caillard*. We stop the press to lay the following particulars before our readers:—

Vaudevilles are not much increasing. We only had fifty-five last month, and not more than ninety-three are announced for next next week; but Scribe is expected from *Bicêtre* in a few days, and his arrival will doubtless give a new impetus to this languishing state of things. It is whispered in the theatrical circles that he has just completed a new piece in seven acts and nine-and-twenty *tableaux*. It is to be called "Le Roi, Le Regent, et Le Regicide; or, *Les égaremens d'une tête royale*." The subject is taken from English history, and is treated with that strict adherence to truth, for which the author's "*Verre d'Eau*" is so justly celebrated. George the Third is the hero of the piece; Hatfield and Margaret Nicholson have each prominent characters in it; and the *intrigue* is not only afflicting, but also most fastidiously true. They are both proved to be children of King George's by a left-handed marriage, and their ingratitude sends him raving mad. His insanity lasts for three acts, and a relapse is occasioned by his receiving a letter from Napoleon, in which he refuses the hand of his daughter, the Princess Charlotte, in marriage. The piece ends with the Regent being proclaimed King of England, boxing with Sheridan, Pitt, and all the ministers. Great things are expected of this piece, which professes to give "*une exposition juste et colorée des mœurs Anglaises*." The costumes, the domestic manners of the St. James's Court, the leg of mutton and turnips for dinner, the top-boots, the bob-wig, the strait-waistcoat, are all to be called into requisition to aid the illusion of the scene. Scribe is to receive only 15,000 francs for the manuscript of this piece. Loud complaints are everywhere made against this signal illiberality of the *Directeurs*. A society is forming, they say, in consequence, to get up a *troisième Théâtre Français*, to be raised by shares, and the shareholders to receive a dividend on each night's performance. The plan is sure to do, for Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas are to write all the pieces.

I hear some talk of Galignani building a large hospital out of the immense fortune he has realised by his "five-franc filchings." There is only one thing that makes us disbelieve this munificence, and that is, its coming from—a publisher.

The English, unlike the trees in the *Champs Elysées*, are taking their *leaves* as fast as wind and fair weather will let them. *Meurice* says, "An Englishman couldn't enjoy his Christmas, if he hadn't tasted a true London fog first.'

The "war-cry" has subsided *un tout petit peu*, though the English residents are boiling over with indignation that no official notice has been taken of the fruit-women of *La Halle* continually crying out "*Voici les Anglais deux pour un sou*." Mr. Henry Lytton Bulwer has repeatedly drawn the attention of Lord Cowley to this public insult, but having failed in awakening the jealousy of his lordship's breast, we have great pleasure in informing our readers that he has felt it his duty to tender *his portefeuille*, and that his lordship has been graciously pleased to accept it. He returns home with *La Pique*.

We may dip deeper into the contents of our *estafette* next week.

THE WEATHER & ——

During the late fog several gentlemen mistook other persons' pockets for their own, which led to a very astonishing transfer of property. Some

APPROPRIATION CLAUSE.

members of the West-end Political Clubs have written to us, requesting our opinion of this dark affair; and we, as enlightened Politicians, have no hesitation in giving it as our solemn impression that it is all owing to the Emperor of Russia! as it is utterly impossible that anything mysterious can occur in Great Britain without His Majesty having a hand in the business.

PUNCH'S COMIC MYTHOLOGY.

CHAP. IV.—THE ABDUCTION OF PROSERPINE.

DUCATION and boarding for young ladies were, at the establishment kept by Miss Cayane, of Syracuse, carried on in a superior manner upon the usual terms, the only extras being initiation int the Eleusinian mysteries department, fire-works, Berlin-wool embroidery, and the mathematics. So exceedingly pure were Miss Cayane's morals, and at the same time, so sharp and pungent were her lectures upon any little impropriety of her pupils, that she has immortalised herself, by giving her name, not only to a lake in Sicily, but also to a certain description of red pepper, now corrupted into Cayenne.

Hers was, indeed, a most aristocratic establishment. She had the patronage, not only of the surrounding nobility, but also of the Gods, and amongst others, Ceres intrusted her with the care of her child, Proserpine—a young lady of a peculiarly spirited disposition, very fond of buns and botany.

To preserve the health of her pupils, Miss Cayane was in the habit of taking them out daily for an airing, and for this purpose formed them into a double row upon perspective principles: that is to say, the tallest went first, and so on till the line of young ladies grew fine by degrees and beautifully less, getting down to the very juvenile class, which, by a poetical figure, the mistress was wont to call the junior branches.

In one of these excursions, the academy having entered the botanical gardens of Enna, they were allowed to separate, and to divert themselves as best they pleased. Miss Proserpine having wandered about for some time, went up to her governess, and dropping a graceful curtesy (she had had two quarters' dancing), said, "Please, Miss, may I gather a bouquet? Please, Miss, it is our music-master's day to-day, and he is very fond of flowers."

"Yes, my dear, but mind the bees, for they are very plenty about here."

Away she scampered, and was so industrious, that she collected a nosegay large enough for the breast of Jupiter's coachman in a state procession. At length she came to a magnificent Narcissus, which put forth no fewer than one hundred flowers *.

"O, Miss P.," exclaimed one of her companions, "won't you catch it if you pluck that flower! Why it is intended for the next horticultural fête at Syracuse."

"I don't care," exclaimed the lovely flower-girl; "catch it or not, here goes!"

As she stretched out her hand she perceived, on the other side of a rose-bed, a remarkably dark-looking gentleman, making very minute observations of her through an eye-glass. She instantly drew back in affright, thinking it was one of the gardeners; but on hearing an ejaculation which sounded very like "Remarkably fine girl, by Jove!" she knew it was only an admirer, and made another attempt to pluck one of the flowers.

"Don't! don't!" exclaimed her schoolfellow, "who knows—it may be enchanted!"

"Law! do you think so?—Well, now you mention it, I do smell a very strong odour of brimstone."

"And—my stars!—look there between those trees! did you ever see such a splendid post-chaise? My gracious! the horses have got *such* long tails!"

"Well, who cares?—They won't miss one flower off this great bush of narcissuses."

She severed the fatal bud from its stem.—The deed was done!—the dark man leapt the hedge—the companion screamed—Proserpine cried "Don't!" with all her might; but the intruder persisted—seized her round the waist—carried her by main force to the carriage—promised the post-boys several extra guineas if they'd "drive like blazes to the blacksmith!" And off they started, for the Cyclops and Mount Etna.

Except the Wakefield and Turner affair, which happened a few years later, no similar untoward event ever created a greater sensation. Miss Cayane went into hysterics with the utmost promptitude, and the young ladies screamed, or laughed, or cried, or capered, or fainted, according to their several inclinations; but all concurred in calling it a shocking thing, and hoped it would end in a half holiday.

One of the teachers rushed home immediately, and sent a special messenger to the minister of police—one Mercury of Olympus, and wrote home to Proserpine's friends by the next post. The music-master happened to be there, and, rabid with the pangs of jealousy, ordered post-horses from the inn to follow the fugitives. By the time it came, "governess" arrived, and insisted on having a seat in the vehicle, as, unless something were done, her school was ruined for ever.

Meantime Proserpine shrieked and screamed with that due regard to the feminine propriety and modesty which she had been taught at Miss Cayane's establishment to observe under such circumstances as she then found herself placed in. Although no young ladies' lungs were ever in better condition, yet all her cries produced little effect. In vain her abducer promised her everything she could desire—unlimited credit at the jeweller's, the mercer's, and the modiste's, together with as many evening parties as she chose to give; yet she was not to be pacified.

"My dearest angel!" exclaimed her companion, "do not imagine that you will tire me by your shrieks—compared to the noises I am used to at home they are music. Go on, dearest—the louder and more piercing your cries the better I like them."

Of course Proserpine was silent almost immediately.

"My dear girl," he continued, "you do not know the good fortune in store for you. I am Pluto—"

"The —— !" ejaculated the fair one, checking herself. "What, old Bogie in earnest? Law, why you are quite good-looking to what I thought you were. What *will* mama say?"

On! on! on! they galloped faster and farther than Harrison Ainsworth's Dick Turpin when he rode to York. But their career was to be checked. The more drunken of the post-boys got upon a grey mare, and down she tumbled.

"The near leader, by all that's infernal!" shouted Pluto.

"Don't swear, please," sighed Proserpine; "it frightens me."

The enraged lover heeded not this caution; but on getting out uttered a volley of oaths, which made the ground shake beneath them! Whilst repairing the damage, however, the sounds of wheels were heard in the rear.

"Confusion! what is to be done?" exclaimed the infernal god.

"Pray make haste," shouted Proserpine, "or they will soon overtake us."

Pluto's rage vanished at these encouraging words; he flew into the chaise, took the young lady in his arms, and by his fervent attentions so shocked her, that she had no power to resist.

"Will you consent to be mine?"

"If you'll ask my mama."

"Alas, I have done so, and she has refused me.—Ah, they are upon us! One word, and ——"

"Yes," replied the maiden, for fear they should be overtaken.

"Then down we go at once," rejoined Pluto, and sure enough they did. The earth opened, and they were on the banks of the Styx in no time; where they were soon followed by Miss Cayane, for she drowned herself, and being a schoolmistress, went of course to Hades.

Twelve months after Ceres having, like a great many other wise parents, given her consent to what she could not prevent, Pluto and Proserpine were married, upon the single condition that the latter should go home for the holidays, which she regularly has done ever since during the dog-days.

* "She plucked the rose, the violet, the crocus, the hyacinth, when she beheld a narcissus of surprising size and beauty, an object of amazement to 'all immortal gods and mortal men,' for one hundred flowers grew from the root."—Keightley's Mythology quoting an Homer, hymn at p. 134.

INCOME TAX STATISTICS.

SOME curious calculations have been made by an assessor, from the papers which have come into his hand, and as he has favoured us with a perusal we have no hesitation in giving them to the public.

Out of forty returns below one hundred and fifty pounds a-year, two had added in a note, "Don't you wish you may get it!" one had drawn the figure of an individual with his thumb placed on the end of his nose; and six had given poetical answers to the enquiries made of them. One had drawn a series of circular figures with instructions to put that and that together, for the purpose of determining the amount of the sender's income; and another individual had filled up the column that ought to contain an account of his property with a reference to an official assignee of the Bankruptcy Court. Several of the returns are copiously illustrated with pen-and-ink sketches; and one contains the following graphic portrait of an infant, as the only return to be made, under the head of

A LONG ANNUITY.

There is such a powerful actor at the Pavilion Theatre, that every time he speaks he *brings the whole house down!*

THE MEDICAL STUDENTS.

CHAPTER II.—OF MR. SIMPSON BRIGGS.

IT is generally the custom of biographers to commence their notice of any individual with a mention of his birth and family, or at least, some particulars of his early days; but in the present case it is impossible to do so.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

Although Mr. Simpson Briggs was as well known to the pupils of the school as the porter of the hospital, or the bust of John Hunter,—the former personage, however, never recollecting any of them in return, unless they gave him half a-crown at Christmas,—still nobody was aware when he first entered his name as a student of the establishment, or indeed, commenced the caricature of his education generally. Some years back, when a party of medical lecturers out of place, opened a cheap school up some court, as the "Arena of Anatomy," Mr. Simpson Briggs came there to dissect "just before he went up." The concern did not pay, and the classes broke up after two sessions, one or two of its professors instituting the "Metropolitan Theatre of Medical Education," and at the introductory lecture, there was Simpson with the same old black note-book—the same small uncomfortable ink-bottle—and apparently the same old steel pen, (contained in the same handle), drawing such diagrams as his inventive genius led him to put down, and fancying that he was taking notes.

Although the new school offered considerable advantages, with the option of entering at once "to all the lectures necessary to pass the College and Hall," for fourteen pounds, or something of the kind; and although one of the professors could lecture on everything, still the "Metropolitan Theatre of Medical Education" did not flourish, and when, at the end of the course, the six lecturers shared forty-five pounds amongst them, they were so disgusted with the little rush of students their talents had induced, that they retired in dignified contempt from the lecture-room. Subsequently some went abroad "for the benefit of their wives' health, which was very delicate," and others, not at all proud, opened blue-bottle shops at the corners of streets in "populous and rapidly-increasing neighbourhoods," and one of an aspiring mind christened his establishment the "North South East and West London Self-supporting Dispensary," with vaccination direct from the cow, advice gratis, and shilling tooth-drawing. A very thin young physician, in shoes and spectacles, attends for two hours each day to give the gratuitous advice; and a drudge, at nothing a year, with permission to attend lectures, was stuck in the shop to look after the retail, which included tamarinds, lucifers, and Windsor soap.

When the last-named undertaking tumbled to pieces, Mr. Simpson Briggs was not seen for some time. At length one day at Stanley's lecture some of the Bartholomew's men who knew him well, were delighted to see him make his appearance, with his note-book as heretofore, a new great-coat, and a fresh snuff-box, something about the size and shape of a portable shaving apparatus, with a looking-glass in the lid. In answer to my inquiries, he replied, that he was come there to dissect a little, "just before he went up," and that he had entered as house-pupil to a *grinder* in the neighbourhood—a glorious chap, who allowed pipes and half-and-half during his examinations, holding his classes in the parlour of some public-house, and knew all the "catch questions" of Apothecaries' Hall, as well as having copies of all the prescriptions which the men presenting themselves had to translate.

Two winter seasons passed by, and still Mr. Simpson Briggs was at his post. He was perpetually dissecting, or rather marching up and down the room in a black apron and oil-skin sleeves, somewhat resembling a butcher who had been dipped in a tub of ink, overlooking the men who were at work, and fancying himself a pattern of industry. Nor did he neglect attending the grinding classes; but he was principally remarkable for never knowing anything in the world about the subject he was examined upon. With this tardy imbibition of knowledge, it is more than probable that he would have remained there many years; but the grinder got elected to some permanent parochial and medical situation, which being previous to the New Poor Law Union regulations, was worth his acceptance; and Mr. Simpson Briggs was again thrown upon the wide medical world.

It was a short time after this event that he entered to the school, whose students and transactions we have from time to time chronicled in our columns. During the days of Muff, Manhug, and Rapp, he was little known, being naturally of a retiring disposition, although nowise disaffected towards half-and-half. But now they had left; and Jack Randall being rather put to it for acquaintances who harmonized with his own convivial temperament, soon got very friendly with Simpson, both agreeing in their love of everything like leisure, and a distaste for all kinds of hard mental industry.

"I say, Simmykins," said Randall one day to Mr. Briggs, with whom it will be seen he was upon tolerable terms of intimacy, "Have you been long at this fun?"

"Above a bit," answered Briggs. "I have seen the rise and fall of a few schools."

"And why don't you go up?"

"Because I don't feel confident. I think, though, I shall begin to read next Monday."

For seven years had Mr. Simpson Briggs been going to begin to read next Monday.

"Why do you want to know?" he added.

"Because," said Jack, "I'll begin to read with you. I can study better with another fellow than I can by myself. Is the heavy good in your neighbourhood?"

"Slap—and such prime birdseye at the corner shop. When will you come?"

"Why, whenever you like: I'm always game," replied Randall.

"Well then—say to-morrow night."

"Ah—to-morrow night—I can't. I'm going to a concert in Drury Lane, and a ball at the Lowther Rooms afterwards; and I don't think I shall read much after that."

"Well, the next night then."

"Let's see. The next night a man in Lincoln's Inn has asked me to punch and rats."

"Punch and rats!"

"Yes; in his rooms—a regular lark—I believe you. He buys some rats and hires a terrier. We let them all loose in the room, and then get on the shelves of the book-case to see the fun."

"Who's your friend?" asked Mr. Briggs.

"Such a brick! his name's Warment. He wants the chambers of the man underneath him, so he has put up a set of gymnastic poles in his own rooms, and a lot of us meet there to exercise. I think we shall drive him away soon."

VERY MUCH PUT OUT.

"I should think so," observed Simpson.

"If he don't take the hint, we shall get up quintets for the cornets-a-pistons."

"Well, I see you won't come this week; I shall begin, however, as soon as I have finished 'Pickwick.' Good bye."

And Mr. Simpson Briggs having put on his apron and sleeves, and walked about the dissecting-room for a quarter of an hour with an old scalpel in his hand, singing something from "Norma," with his own words, finally went home to dinner, satisfied that he had done his daily work with credit to himself.

IN a new piece at Sadler's Wells, called the *Fire-Damp*, the chief part is sustained by Mr. *Dry*. How Damp and Dry can get on together remains to be seen; but not even Dry can be expected to continue what he is, while he is subject to have a Damp thrown upon him by the managers.

MISS ALICE LOWE, who figured in Lord Frankfort's case, is engaged to perform at the City of London Theatre. "PUNCH" cannot help making the very indifferent pun involved in the observation, that this is *lowering* the drama.

London: Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

LETTER XVII.—ON POLITICAL FLATTERY.—THE SKULL GOBLET.

One Gemelli Carreri, a travelled Italian, has preserved the following story. Ponder on it, my son; for, duly considered, 't will be found to enshrine the noblest worldly wisdom:—

You have doubtless heard of Shah-Abas, called the Great! if not, it is no matter. A good story is just as good, and what may seem strange to your unripe reflection, *is just as true*, whether the hero of it ever lived or not! To the philosophic mind, Tom Thumb is as real a thing as Alexander. The wise man is as well taught by a shadow, as by Cæsar at the head of his legions.—However, to get back to Shah-Abas: He was a great man, for he killed a certain king of the Usbecks; and having killed him, did not ingloriously thrust all his carcase into a hole, but preserved the royal skull from worms and darkness, and made it the companion of his carousals and his merry nights. Briefly, the great Shah-Abas had the king's skull set in gold, for a drinking cup. Well had it been for the world, had all kingly skulls been ever as socially employed! The Shah died; and for what we know, had a merry laugh in the shades with the king of the Usbecks, when he met and told him of the late hours his skull still kept on the earth, of the wine that sparkled in it, of the free talk that passed about it, of the jokes that were cracked, of the songs that were chirruped! The Shah's descendant much treasured the skull; and feeling death to be the great teacher, never slept, without taking copious advice from the king of the Usbecks. It happened that the

Usbeck people sent an ambassador to the Shah's descendant, to permit and ratify a treaty of commerce. In those days, commercial principles were in the bud; and therefore, the prejudice of the Usbecks is not to be considered in the strong light of present wisdom. The Usbecks prayed that they might be permitted to export their fleas free of duty into the realm of the Shah; offering as an equivalent, to admit the Shah's blue-bottle flies on the same enlightened footing. The question, as you may conceive, was of great national importance: many of the oldest Usbecks declaring they were a lost folk from the moment they admitted blue-bottles duty free: whilst some of the Shah's people maintained the exclusive privilege of their fleas, as though they were creatures of their own flesh; and loudly clamoured for stringent restrictions, for the sharpest scrutiny. Every Usbeck should be searched to the skin, to prevent the smuggling of fleas: whilst the Usbecks, firing at this, threatened to throw up a line of observatories on the frontiers to prevent the entry of a single blue-bottle into their kingdom. The Shah's people were not behindhand: for albeit they had all along admitted the Usbecks' sheep, they prayed the Shah that he would henceforth have every beast shaved bare as his hand, fleas having been known—it had been proved upon committee—to be conveyed into the kingdom by means of the wool. The people also called for an army of inspection on the annual flight of the swallows from the Usbecks to the country of the Shah: they, too, had brought fleas into the country, to the manifest injury of the home-breeder.

Matters were at the height, when the Shah gave a handsome banquet to the ambassador of the Usbecks. In the midst of the jollity, the Shah called, in the irony of his heart, for the loving-cup. The cup-bearer approached, and on bended knee presented the skull of the Usbeck king; the ambassador started at the indignity; and felt a nervous contraction of his fingers that suddenly seemed to hunger for the handle of his scimetar. Another second, and he had certainly made a cut at the throat of the Shah, when his eye falling on the goblet-skull of his late revered monarch, he thought he saw the bony cavity, wherein was wont to roll and flash the burning eye of fiery despotism, quickly and most significantly contract as with a wink, and the jaw-bone slightly move, as much as to look and say—"Don't make a noodle of yourself." Happily, too, at the same moment, the Usbeck ambassador felt the fleas of his native country close at his bosom. The ambassador smiled.

"What think you of the goblet?" asked the Shah, with a very ungentlemanly leer.

"I think," said the ambassador, "my monarch was most happy, most honoured, in falling by the hands of a great king; but he is still happier, still more honoured, in having his skull preserved by a greater.'

The king was done: from that moment the Usbeck fleas hopped without any fiscal restriction into the Shah's dominions, and the blue-bottles of the Shah, without let or hindrance on the part of custom-house mercenaries, sang their household music in the parlours of the Usbecks, and in their hospitable larders made provisions for their oviparous little ones.

I trust, my son, you can apply the moral of this veracious story, if the ambassador had given vent to his rising ignorance—if on the introduction of the royal skull, he had delivered himself of some red-hot sentence or two,—why, the anti-flea-law bigots had triumphed. Until this day, perhaps, fleas had been smuggled into the lands of the Shah; and blue-bottles, save as pets for the rich, been unknown in the land of the Usbecks. But the ambassador rightly taking the wink from the royal skull, the lowest subject of the Shah has the luxury of fleas; whilst fly-blow mutton—allowing he can get mutton at all—is within the reach of the meanest Usbeck.

Here, my son, you perceive the beauty, the utility of political flattery! If Fortune, determining to show a great example to men, resolve to make you a cabinet minister, engrave this story on your heart. Never do any political act by direct straightforward means. Always go round about your purpose. And for this reason, straightforward honesty is the last resource of a fool—mere honesty is the white chicken's feather in the cap of the simpleton.

You were six years old when I took you to see my friend Mr. Polito's elephant, and gave you a halfpenny. With a nascent generosity, which nearly brought tears to my paternal eyes, you flung down the copper coin at the feet of the majestic animal. Remember you not your first wonder, when the elephant took the halfpenny up? what a curve he gave his trunk! how many bendings and turnings he employed ere he placed the halfpenny cake, purchased with Christian-like sagacity of the tradesman near his den, in his capacious mouth? The same action employed by that elephant to pick up a halfpenny, would be applied to the tearing up by the roots of the forest plane. My son, the elephant is a practical politician: remember him, and if you get exalted, do nothing great or small unless you do it with a twist.

As the remainder of the sheet is not sufficient for us to discuss a new subject, let me fill up the blank that remains with a few thoughts on the drinking goblet of the Shah. In the memory of kings you must acknowledge, from what I have narrated, that the influence of kings passes not from the earth with their death. Though they are nothing, for good or ill, their skulls—so to speak—remain. What a great lesson does Napoleon offer to those Frenchmen who every morning wash themselves! Understand me—

The French are, above all nations of the earth, a people of practical wisdom—of practical morality. They make the glory of their great men a household thing.

Napoleon is on his death-bed, his eagles flee upon their golden wings to darkness—the trumpet wails in his ear—the last flutter of his heart rises with the muttering drum—and "*tête d'armée*," is his death-sob. Napoleon is dead. A few minutes—the plaster is poured above the face of imperial clay, and posterity is insured the *vera effigies* of that thunderbolt of a man, just as the bolt was spent!

Now that face, in its dreadful calmness, is multiplied in silver—in bronze—in marble! in richest metal and in purest stone. And now, to teach a daily lesson to the common mind, that awful countenance, with the weight of death upon it, is sold modelled in—soap!

Nay, have we not moral reflections brought to the very fingers' ends of the people! As the mechanic cleanses his palms, and feels his emperor's nose wasting away in his fingers, he thinks of Marengo

and Austerlitz! With imperial face the pickpocket makes his hands clean from last night's work, thinking the while of the rifled halls and galleries of Italy: the butcher, new from his morning's killing, washes his hands with the countenance of the emperor, the while he muses on Waterloo, and whistles the "Downfall of Paris." And the philosopher peeps into the tub and sees the type and memory of the warrior's deeds in bubbles floating upon dirty water.

A FURTHER ESSAY ON THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF ADVERTISEMENTS AND ADVERTISERS,

WITH SOME MORE CRITICAL REMARKS THEREON.

BY JACOB DRYASDUST, F.S.A.

PERMIT me to state that the individual who so unwarrantably finished the last Essay is no friend of mine, but an enemy stained with the blackest treachery and ingratitude; and I now give him notice that, unless he immediately repays the 12*s.* borrowed of me and returns the green-cotton umbrella which he carried off when he last took tea here, I will see whether there is any justice to be had in Kingsgate-street—whether the strong arm of the law cannot arrest such a miscreant in his nefarious career, and teach him, in a voice of thunder, that his conduct has been contrary to every clause in Magna Charta, the Habeas Corpus, and Waste Lands Improvement acts.

DROPPING HIS ACQUAINTANCE.

A class of advertisements to which I would particularly direct attention is that for wives; and here the intelligent reader will not omit to notice a curious fact, namely, that all the gentlemen seeking partners in this way are "good looking," "young," "of amiable dispositions," and "in easy circumstances." I regret to say, I found no difficulty whatever in getting married; although justice towards myself compels me to own that I possessed all those qualifications—my wife seldom reads, and therefore I may venture on this statement. With a view to suit the tastes of these solitary individuals, Mr. Green advertises "the Nobility, Gentry, and Public in general," that he has established a "Matrimonial Office" in Frith-street, Soho; conducted, I am happy to say, "on principles of the strictest honour and secrecy, and Mrs. Green waits on Ladies." When Mrs. Dryasdust was very ill a short time ago, I called at the "office" promiscuously, and was shown a series of photographic portraits, with the owners' fortune inscribed below. However, I regretted to find that the only likeness which could have tempted me belonged to a widow, with twenty-eight pounds a year and six children; and even she might have had red hair.

To enable the gentlemen to look handsome and the ladies amiable, Mr. Howard advertises to furnish "teeth without springs, wires, or other ligatures;" to replace those lost; and "mineral succedaneum" to *stop* those which the sufferer would be glad to find *gone*. Mr. Fox has "*Vegetable* Cream" to produce hair, whiskers and eyebrows; and I can vouch for the efficacy of it, although it has caused a growth of decidedly *carrotty* appearance. This, however, proves the correctness of its name.

I need only mention "The Washable Patent Fronts," "Unparalleled Curling Fluid"—a mixture which looks and smells amazingly like ox-tail soup,—"Paris Fixature," "Tyrian Hair Dye," "Olden's Eukeirogenion," "Rowland's Odonto," "Pearl Powder," and "Sicilian Bloom," to prove that ugliness will soon be eradicated.

I am sometimes extremely puzzled to define the exact difference between the "original," "the old original," and "the real old original;" or to guess why "Earls, Lords, and Bishops'" should all "rush to Lombard-street to buy the 11*s.* Doudney." Nor can I clearly understand why "Mrs. Johnson's American Soothing Syrup is a blessing to the human race"—perhaps she will have the goodness to prove it in a plain and practical way by sending me a bottle. "Fanny Kemble and Pandora Tulips" must be as delightful as "Stirling's Stomach Pills" are detestable, although "they are now strongly recommended in consequence of the new Tariff, which will cause a great consumption of American pork, hams and beef:" what a pleasing anticipation!

There is something very edifying in the study of Literary Advertisements. "Softness" by the author of "Hardness" is, I presume, to find its parallel in "Fatness" by the author of "Leanness;" the mind is pleasantly occupied in guessing whether "Kidd's Art of Pleasing and being Pleased" is different from that of other people—or in wondering what *can* be the "One Fault" which Mrs. Trollope has committed to the press. "The Diary of a Physician" has given birth to "The Memoirs of a Monthly Nurse," "Reminiscences of a Medical Student," and "Diary of an Upper Housemaid, where a Footman is kept." The TIMES occasionally says—"we are credibly informed the brilliant authoress of the Disgusted One has another novel in hand;" whilst Mr. Colburn avers, on his veracity, that "the forthcoming work entitled "The Comical-struck Cook; or Love and Trigonometry," is not the production of Sir E. L. Bulwer, but of a lady distinguished in high life for her literary attainments and acuteness of observation. I do not very clearly see how the public can have mistaken the author of a book which it is plain they never heard of.

Advertisements of eatables are delightful reading before dinner. "Baillie's Bilious Breakfast Bacon" alliterates itself into our favour. "Parfait Amour" means, I am surprised to find, something good to drink. "Smith's Aniseed Cordial" enables respectable ladies to get tipsy *secundum artem*; and "Cream of the Valley" and "Milk of Canaan" are but refined methods of talking about gin and bitters. An advertisement of "Parkinson's Aperient Gingerbread" has made me studiously avoid that delicious article of food, for fear of getting hold of the wrong sort by mistake. "A fresh arrival of Maraschino de Drioli at Morel and Co.'s," does not mean, as some country people imagine, that a new Italian singer or dancer has landed at that abode of mysterious and incomprehensible-looking pies, but announces a *liqueur* which is particularly nice when you can drink it at another's expense.

The *Kentish Herald* lately contained the following notice: "Ranelagh Gardens, Margate—last night of Mount Vesuvius, in consequence of an engagement with the Patagonians." This is tragical enough; but the *Times* outdoes it in horror, by informing us that "The Nunhead Cemetery is now open for *general* interment;" and immediately afterwards comes an advertisement of "The London General Mourning Warehouse, Oxford-street;" and then, to crown all, Mr. Simpson, of Long Acre, declares himself ready to make "Distresses in Town and Country, so as to give general satisfaction."

SERVING A FRIEND.

Almost every horse advertised is of "grand action," "well-bred," "rides very superior," "without vice," "a clever fencer;" and it is curious to find that the vendor always parts with his stud "because he is going abroad." "The Proprietor of the Repository, Bury-place, Bloomsbury-square, *retiring from the Canine World*, offers to the Public *Dogs of superior fashion and character*"—and "will sell a Brougham a decided bargain, or change it for a Stanhope."

I should like to draw a moral from these facts, which is, I believe, the usual and proper course; but my pen is getting extremely bad, and my wife has already twice told me to go to bed, as it is washing-night. If any observations of mine have served, as a handkerchief, to wipe away one tear from the eyes of care—as a "Daffy's Elixir," to soothe one pang of a man with the tooth-ache—or as a stick to stir up one generous emotion—I have not been without my reward.

ON LORD HUNTINGTOWER'S BANKRUPTCY.

THE office of law-maker clearly we see
His Lordship is able to fill;
For no one on earth could more competent be
To the duty of *drawing a bill*.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

(*From* PUNCH'S *own Reporter.*)

THE preparations at Guildhall were upon a very extended scale, in order to give effect to the solemnities which mark the accession of one civic monarch and the abdication of another. The outgoing Sovereign, Pirie, is perhaps one of the most brick-like princes that ever sat upon the civic throne; and the present reigning family of Humphrey is descended from the old Dukes of that name, whose hospitality was such, that it was familiarly said of the first Duke Humphrey, any one who pleased might dine with him.

At an early hour a cart full of luggage arrived at the Mansion-house, consisting of the wardrobe, the shaving tackle, and other personal property of the new Lord Mayor; while at nearly the same time a truck with two or three portmanteaus, and a bundle, from which we saw the end of a boot-jack protruding—all of them being articles in use by the outgoing Lord Mayor, up to the last moment of his Mayoralty—left the door of the side entrance.

All was bustle in the Mansion-house. The civic shaving water had been ordered at six o'clock, and the state shoes were to be drawn up on the outside of the bed-room door for the last time—after which they would of course give place to the common Clarences of every-day life, or the high-lows of ordinary humanity.

By a little after seven the outgoing Lord Mayor had stropped his razor in the character of city sovereign for the last time, and as the clock struck a quarter to eight, the chamber towel was finally wrapped round those little extras, which, being wanted up to the last moment of leaving a house, are omitted in the general package.

At ten o'clock the outgoing Mayor entered the Council Chamber, where breakfast had been laid out for his friends, who received him with loud applause; but there was an evident awkwardness among most of them as to whether they ought to congratulate him or condole with him, on the termination of his dignity. The breakfast consisted of tea, at one end, and coffee at the other, while a pot of the soluble chocolate—warranted to require no boiling—occupied the centre. Several graceful chickens studded the festive board, and we observed an additional flavour being given to some of them by the process of cutting with a hammy knife, an experiment that was resorted to by many of the company.

The outgoing Lord Mayor made several very creditable attempts to look as if he did not care, though he signally failed in a futile affectation of jollity, which was evident he assumed with the greatest difficulty. At eleven o'clock a thundering rap was heard at the door of the Mansion-house, and there was such an insolent air of *I'm-at-home-at-iceness* in the sound, that everybody felt it could only be the successor to the civic throne, for whom such a regular *cessarara* had been given. The outgoing and the incoming were now face to face. Pirie turned deadly pale, and Humphrey, with well dissembled humility, bowed to the assembled guests. Never since Gloucester gammoned the citizens, as shown by Shakspere in *Richard the Third*, were the citizens so thoroughly humbugged as they were when Humphrey pretended not to feel that he had risen above that condition which is generally likened to a diminutive order of malt liquor. The late Lord Mayor—whose opinion is entitled to some weight in these matters, for he is a tallow melter—declared he had never known such melting moments as those at which his dignity was snuffed out for ever. When Humphrey the First entered the room, Pirie the Nothingth—for such he must now be called—felt that his light must in future be hid under a bushel, or any other measure that his warehouse might be furnished with.

It was now time to take water, and as neither of the Lord Mayors are what is technically called "sailors," considerable anxiety had been manifested about the wind, which was observed to be playing "Mag's Diversion," with a fiery griffin on the top of the cowl of an adjacent chimney. The attitude of the griffin—indicating as it did the boisterousness of the day, was truly alarming. Now it wheeled round towards the north, and seemed to be on the point of flying over towards Finsbury Square, when with a sudden jerk its face was turned round upon the affrighted citizens themselves, as much as to say, "if you are looking out for squalls, you'll have enough of them."

The feeling of trepidation becoming painful in the extreme, it was at last resolved that his civic Majesty and suite should go by land over London bridge, in order to ascertain whether the water was really too rough to venture on. The procession then started, much in the usual way, except that the Skinner's Company came in their skins, and the cordwainers had a long string of dirty little boys after them. The fishmongers wore clean gills, and one of them carried in his pocket a very fine specimen of the native whelk, that had been taken that morning by the crew of a coal-barge off Billingsgate.

Having arrived at the Southwark side of the river, a long discussion ensued, and it was at last resolved "to venture." A mariner in a wherry had been previously sent out to reconnoitre, and having come back with the intelligence that the water was too low to render it possible for any one to be drowned, the order was given to reef the brown holland from the gilt rudder of the state barge, which was done in true seamanlike style, by one of the civic watermen. The little fleet at length got under weigh, and the City Chamberlain having secured the cap of maintenance to the button-hole of utility by the

THE CAP OF MAINTAINANCE.

garter of black lutestring, was able to preserve his place on the deck—without losing his hat—during the whole of the voyage. It is some years since the civic fleet has been in a regular storm; but on this occasion, the elements had certainly been having hole-and-corner meetings somewhere, to organise a conspiracy for the purpose of worrying the city authorities. The Lord Mayor himself behaved like a hero. He walked up and down the deck during the whole passage, encouraging his suite by his own example; but when the state barge foundered on the frightful rock off Whitehall, even the Lord Mayor's firmness forsook him, and he fell back as if struck by a cannon-ball, on to the cushion immediately under him. The confusion at this moment on board the state barge, was of the most horrible description. Several would have jumped into the water, and walked a distance of several yards through the heavy mud to the *prairie* before the house of Sir R. Peel. Others were for hailing the colliers, who stood laughing on the neighbouring barges; but, as it was suggested by some one (who in that trying moment undertook the office of Lord Mayor's Fool) that "time and tide waited" for no man, it was agreed to wait for the tide instead; and the shipwrecked crew accordingly sat down on deck, determined to make the best of it. In the hope of getting towed off, signals of distress were hoisted by several of the citizens; some of whom attached their pocket-handkerchiefs to the ends of their walking-sticks. But, we regret to say, such is the feeling of disloyalty among the Thames watermen, that none put off to rescue the civic monarch from a watery—or rather a gassy sewery and muddy—grave in the bed of the river. The wreck of the civic barge seemed almost inevitable, and Byron's beautiful description was realised on the deck of the vessel—

> "Then rose from Thames to sky the wild farewell—
> Then shriek'd the timid and stood still the brave.
> Some would leap overboard with dreadful yell,
> As eager to anticipate their grave."

Such indeed was the awful scene. The "wild farewell" was exemplified in loud exclamations of "Good bye to the dinner!" and the "shriek of the timid" was illustrated by a heart-rending yell from a common councilman; the "standing still of the brave" was illustrated in the fixed attitude of despair assumed by the coxswain, a weather-beaten and Thames-splashed tar; and the "leaping overboard with dreadful yell," though it did not actually take place, there was every moment strong reason to anticipate.

The noble vessel, at length, gave signs of life; the tide rose, and the craft waking, like an elephant refreshed, waddled on towards Westminster. The procession having landed, immediately made for the Courts of Law and entered the Court of Exchequer just as a promising junior—whose name will be readily guessed—was meeting a crowded audience, rapt in attention during one of those eloquent applications for a rule to compute, which he has on several previous occasions addressed successfully to the judgment seat. He had mentioned the name of the case, and proceeded to state that "his application was founded on the usual"—"*affidavit*" he would have said, when the red baize curtain at the back of the court was drawn aside, and the civic party poked their heads from under it. The Lord Mayor having gone through the solemn ceremony of "taking the oath," in which he declared his conviction that "excommunicated persons may not be slain in the streets," and gave utterance to other truisms, his adhesion to which is thought necessary to fit him for his office—the recorder asked the judges to dinner—the venerable barons of the exchequer unconsciously licking their mouths, at the mention

of the word banquet—accepted the invitation, and the procession beginning to feel awkward, at having nothing else to do, prepared to depart, amid smiles, bows, and twinkles of the eye from the bench—knowing looks from the bar—and tittering from the audience. There was some awkwardness on account of the Recorder having endeavoured to make his *exit* through a strongly sewn seam in the middle of the curtain, instead of the opening at the side, and while that learned individual was making a fruitless effort to penetrate the baize itself, the Mayor and the rest of the party discovered the real point for *exit*, leaving the recorder kicking and plunging in the centre of the obstinate drapery.

The procession at length got once more afloat, and the perils of the deep were again to be encountered. The squadron became so unmanageable, that a revenue cutter was unfortunately run down by it, and five men were immersed in the muddy fluid, but were happily picked up, and plied with brandy by the hospitable citizens. Having at length escaped all the "moving accidents by flood," including another accident of not moving or running aground, the squadron hove to in gallant style at the foot of Blackfriars-bridge, and the procession was met by the Lady Mayoress, who had been watching the Fleet—not in Farringdon-street—but—in the offing, with the most agonizing interest. Her ladyship's feelings, on finding the Lord Mayor once more safe on *terra firma*, can be better conceived than described, and we therefore earnestly call upon the whole world to fancy themselves Lady Mayoresses under circumstances similar to those we have alluded to.

The following was the order of the procession :—

BOYS.

THE CITY MARSHAL.

THE CAB-STAND.

CARRIAGES OF SOME OF THE GUESTS.

A MILE-END OMNIBUS.

MORE CARRIAGES OF THE GUESTS.

THE PERAMBULATING ADVERTISER.

THE SHERIFFS' CARRIAGES,

THE GIGANTIC VEHICULAR HAT,

Driven by the proper officer, distributing prospectuses of the six-and-threepenny washable.

PARR'S LIFE PILL MEN, WITH THEIR BANNERS,

Escorted by policemen, who were conveying them towards the station-house.

THE CARRIAGE OF THE LATE LORD MAYOR,

With the coachman's whip reversed in token of mourning.

RIFF

RAFF.

A COAL WAGGON,

Attended by

TWO KNIGHTS OF THE ORDER OF THE BLACK DIAMOND.

THE WATERMEN, BY TWOS-AND-TWOS.

THE MINISTERS AT SIXES-AND-SEVENS.

THE SCUM OF THE EARTH.

MEMBERS OF THE SWELL MOB,

Preceded by the

BAND OF GENTLEMEN PICKPOCKETS.

A DETACHMENT OF THE LIGHT FINGERS.

THE STATE COACH,

Occupied by the Lord Mayor, who was obliged to squeeze himself quite back in his seat, in order to enable

THE MACE

To have a comfortable loll out of the window.

THE CHAMBERLAIN

Was also in the carriage for the purpose of

NURSING THE MACE ON HIS KNEE,

As it is usual on these occasions to consult to the fullest extent the accommodation of this unwieldy emblem of dignity.

Our reporter observed, that the chamberlain was condescendingly requested by the Lord Mayor to arrange his legs to the mutual convenience of both ; and the civic monarch sat during the rest of the journey with his right foot under the seat opposite to him, and his left leg going off in an acute angle towards the window of the carriage.

THE BANQUET.

This part of the ceremony of Lord Mayor's day was on a scale of unexampled grandeur. There was every delicacy of the season, including sprats, which come in on this day ; and though they are ultimately to be had for a halfpenny a hatful in the New Cut, are, at this particular period, regarded as an expensive luxury.

The speeches were of the usual description. The leaders of each party in politics, who, as a matter of business, call each other scoundrels all through the parliamentary session, were full of protestations of mutual friendship. Lord Stanley declared Lord John Russell to be a very worthy fellow ; and Lord John Russell, whose chief occupation in the House of Commons is to prove Lord Stanley a renegade and a rogue, declared, over the Lord Mayor's champagne, that he had a very sincere private esteem for the very man whom he is always publicly stigmatising as the most dishonest and despicable of characters. This sort of thing was kept up until a late hour, the new Lord Mayor making a complimentary speech about the old, and the old puffing the new ; while each thought himself what is commonly called an infinitely superior card to the other.

We should be sorry to trace the old Lord Mayor to the privacy of retirement ; but our readers can imagine the feelings with which he hung his hat upon the ordinary peg of an every-day household, and walked up the small well-staircase of his private abode, after having been accustomed to a whole year's fling at the Mansion House. There was no gold stick, or silver stick, now to see him to the threshold of the bed-chamber, but there was brass candlestick in waiting for him to tumble up-stairs as he could,—to the two-pair-back or front as the case may be—which he uses at home for a sleep-

PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS.——No. LIV.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMBUG.—No. I.

"'Tis true there is a slight difference in our ages, but with hearts that love, such considerations become frivolous. The world! Pshaw! Did you but love as I do, you would care but little for its opinion. Oh! say, beautiful being, will you be mine!"

ing-room. We will leave him to drawn on in solitude the ninepenny night-cap of private life, and we will bid him good night, as with the japanned extinguisher he "puts out the light," which will never be reillumined upon his departed dignity. Far different is the scene at the Mansion House. There the new Lord Mayor, after the departure of his guests, capers nimbly before a looking-glass; while the Lady Mayoress, and the Honourable Miss Mayors congratulate each other upon how they did it at the festival.

Light is the step of the Mayor,
Merry the Mayoress's laugh,
None of the great people there
Had been thought so much of by half.
Nimble the bound of the daughters,
Stately the tread of each son,
As to bed in their splendid new quarters,
Laughing and giggling they run.

THE MEDICAL STUDENT.

(New Series.)

CHAPTER III.—OF THE LODGINGS INHABITED BY MR. SIMPSON BRIGGS.

When Mr. Simpson Briggs first came to town, he took up his abode in a mansion, whose various rooms were dedicated solely to the purpose of lodging medical students; and of course a very quiet, well conducted, and respectable house it was. Here then he pitched his tent, or more properly, pitched his things down, for he was not over tidy in the arrangement of his wardrobe in the drawers, generally choosing to keep his clean shirts in the closet with the candles and bottled porter, and his clothes in his trunk in company with odd bones, short pipes, and scrap leaves of various "Anatomist's Guides," and "Student's Companions."

The rooms on the separate floors were all alike, except in the rents; and by describing one, a just idea may be formed of all. The landlady and the furniture had both seen better days, as landladies and furniture generally have. The bed-curtains were of dark glazed calico to keep clean a long time, and not show the dirt when they ceased to be so; the dingy walls were redolent of tobacco; and there was, in the sitting room, a dark old fashioned half-round mahogany table, whereon was to be seen a Quain's Anatomy, a scapula, a broken scalpel, a sixpenny song-book, and sundry circles of evaporated moisture, somewhat about the circumference of the bottom of a quart pot. The pattern of the carpet had long been obliterated, and its colours had now settled into a very neutral tint, variegated with mud. The looking glass had been scored all to pieces with diamond rings whenever any of the tenants had been fortunate enough to possess such articles; a few pictures of that elaborate and entertaining kind, only met with in lodging-houses and brokers' shops, adorned the walls, and you have a very fair idea of the apartments which Mr. Simpson Briggs rented at fourteen shillings per week.

Although the house was situated in a very quiet street, yet various internal noises were perpetually occurring to prevent a monotonous tranquillity, depressing the minds of the inmates. The servant was usually called up by a summons over the stairs, from the various floors, as all the bell-pulls had disappeared in times of the most remote antiquity; and occasionally a noisy clattering down stairs agreeably broke the silence, as a student slid down the last flight, a species of descent much in vogue with the tenants, by which the top rail of the banisters had been worn as smooth as polished mahogany, and the mat at the bottom of the stairs lacerated in several places, by receiving the first shock of their heels when they landed in the passage.

The spot of earth on which this interesting tenement stood, was in that wide locality commonly known as "over the water,"—a territory principally appropriated to medical students and actors, the latter of whom may be seen in crowds upon Waterloo Bridge about six o'clock in the evening, on their way from their mysterious abodes to the theatres; and who may also be met again, if you choose to wait for them, about midnight, retracing their steps homeward. The nearest clue we can give to Mr. Brigg's first abode is, that you went over Waterloo Bridge to get to it; which circumstance afforded great amusement to those gentlemen who honoured him with their acquaintance when they came to call upon him. The tolls were not then reduced, and they usually stopped a few seconds to hold a little converse with the pikeman, offering to toss him whether they should pay twopence or nothing a piece to go over. This was always refused very surlily; and then they would ask him which was the lowest he could take for permission to drown themselves from off the bridge, and if it was more expensive to try hanging, by way of variety. And sometimes when Mr. Simpson Briggs had been supping at Evans', and was going home very jolly, he would enquire of the pikeman if he had seen a gentleman go over that evening, in a black coat and

AN IDOL CUSTOM.

short Wellingtons, with a cotton handkerchief in his hat, because if he had, he wished his compliments to be given to him when he came back again. And, if he had friends with him, they would make a few remarks upon the flourishing state of the bridge-funds, and the immense fortunes the shareholders were reaping from them; and the last who went through the turnstile generally spun it round as he passed, with a force that sent it turning and clicking for the next two minutes, to the great anger of the toll-keeper, whom the constant revolving of the gate before his eyes had rendered very bilious and irritable.

Well, Mr. Simpson Briggs, located at this lodging for four or five winters, going home every summer for the purpose, as he assured his friends, of a little country tranquillity to recruit his health, and enable him to work very hard against the ensuing course, at the end of which he thought about going up for his examination at Apothecaries' Hall. At length, as we have before stated, he entered to the school which Muff and his companions patronized; and as the present lodging was too far, and his landlady appeared going to die, or fail, or something of the kind, he packed up his goods, which were comprised in a carpet-bag and a fishing-basket, and emigrated to another quarter of the town; having first written to Jack Randall, to beg he would see if there were any cheap apartments in the neighbourhood likely to suit him.

"I think I have got a crib that will do for you," said Jack, when his acquaintance came to the school one morning, "there's only one thing against it."

"Well, what's that?"

Only the landlady's a very pious old woman,—all religion and rheumatism—she don't like much noise, and says she won't take any medical students to live in her house, because they are such rackety dogs."

"Well, I don't think so," replied Simpson. "How people's opinions do differ! But I say, Jack?"

"Now then, throw it off."

"She need not know I'm a medical student."

"That's what I was going to recommend. Say you are a clerk in the Bank—the clerks in the Bank are always very estimable young men."

"Well, that might do," replied Mr. Briggs, after a moment's reflection. "But I say, Jack—suppose she sees any bones lying about. Clerks in the Bank don't study osteology."

"But you musn't let her see any," returned Randall. "Learn your anatomy from pictures—that's what I always do. The rooms are cheap enough; ten shillings a-week for the whole *suite*."

"And what does it consist of?"

"A parlour and a turn-up bedstead, with a recess to hang your clothes up in. It is on the first floor, too."

"Now, if I hire it," said Mr. Briggs; "don't you be a fool and let out that I am a medical student."

"You may trust me," replied Randall. "You certainly don't look much like one with that old-fashioned mug of yours. I should take you for forty."

"And you must not come kicking up shindies there the first week or two," continued Simpson.

"You need not be afraid," returned Jack. "I am going out of town for a few weeks. You will see nothing of me until you are firmly settled in the old lady's good graces."

In a few days, Mr. Simpson Briggs having assured the mistress of the house that he was an extremely well-conducted young man, of regular habits, and respectable connections, was comfortably installed in his new lodgings; and fearful his father should begin to think it was time he went up for his examination, he wrote him a long letter, telling him how very hard he was working, and what a flattering *finale* he expected to his approaching examination. All this his father

was very glad to hear, for Simpson was now approaching his sixth anatomical session; and, moreover, as he had entered the profession rather late in life, it may very readily be imagined that he had not too much time to spare.

He was much astonished, the first night he entered his new house, to see a large chest in the middle of the room, apparently put there for the purpose of being in everybody's way; but he was a great deal more surprised, on lifting up the lid to see what it contained, to discover that it had no bottom, but that he could see right down into the room below. He immediately rang the bell, to inquire the cause and intent of so strange a piece of furniture, and equally singular communication between the first and ground floors. The old lady who kept the house, and who could talk anybody deaf, began a long story in reply, of the state of her affairs upon her husband's death, and finally came to the point, by affirming, that when she first took the house it had been a cook-shop, and the chest was a species of contrivance through which the plates of meat and vegetables were sent up from the shop below to the dining-room, which part of the establishment Mr. Simpson Briggs' room once formed. She added that he had nothing to fear, as there was a very nice gentleman below, who belonged to some house in the city; and he could always lock the chest if he chose, and thus shut off all communication.

SHORED UP.

Mr. Briggs professed himself perfectly satisfied with this explanation; and in another four-and-twenty hours was quite at home in his new domicile.

THE SEPARATION.

ROUGE ET NOIR.

I DEEM'D the tie that link'd us twain
Was strong, and form'd to last for ever;
But, ah! Delusion, fond and vain!
I feel that tie must shortly sever.

'Mid Fashion's throng, in festive hall,
Or wheresoe'er my steps inclin'd,
At morning walk or midnight ball,
Close didst thou ever hang behind.

How oft hast thou embrac'd my zone,
When none the tight embrace could see;
They vainly deem'd that we were one,—
And wilt thou now fall off from me?

I feel that we must part—but oh!
Unwitness'd let that parting be;
Where none can see—where none can know,
That thou hast ceased to cling to me.

Then go—I can my tears restrain,
Nor shake a nerve, nor move a muscle;
But ah, I feel I plead in vain,
And thou art gone—my trench'rous *Russel*.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

BRIEFS were buoyant in the early part of the week, and several pleas were done—which was the case with the barristers, who having signed without the fee, could not get it afterwards. Parchment scrip was freely offered, but in many cases refused: we, however, saw one instance of its being taken, though the party seemed reluctant to continue a holder, and threw it back upon the individual with whom the transaction had been managed.

Sporting Intelligence.

REVIEW OF THE PAST RACING SEASON.—BY "OUR OWN PROPHET."

As the legitimate sports of the turf closed with the last Newmarket Meeting, it becomes our duty to review the events of the Races, in their respective order, throughout the season. Commencing with the Epsom Spring—as the weather was very unpropitious, the jockeys came off with flying colours, but the bill of fare proved very deceptive. At Newmarket, the racing was very flat, and threw no light upon the Derby—to which we now proceed, as the most important race on our list. The result of this grand stake thoroughly confirmed our prediction—we forewarned our readers that, in all probability, Attila would not be last; and how was this verified when the gallant hero was proclaimed the victor, amidst the shouts and gratulations of the assembled thousands! We always thought Robert de Gorham likely to run forward—as we had never seen him run in any other direction. For the Oaks, Our Nell told wonderfully when, to the surprise of the Legs, she came in first by several feet: our prognostications regarding this event turned out successful—as we stated that it was anybody's race.—Ascot is the next meeting of importance. The Queen met with a warm reception—the company was high, and the weather dry. The Cup, as we expected, fell to Beeswing's lot; and the daughter of Dr. Syntax passing the post first, scanned the line of her opponents behind her. The Houses of Parliament were adjourned in consequence of the attraction of the sport, which proves that the Turf has lost none of its former splendour—the honourable members preferring to listen to the *Peel* of the starting-bell, and the *Rustle* of the silk jacket. At the conclusion of the day's amusement the company retired to dinner, where, for the first time in the course of the meeting, the carte was before the horse.—We must now hasten on to Goodwood. Here we saw many Richmonds in the field, in addition to the splendid assemblage of noblemen and legs. In the Drawing-room, Attila was (h)undone, and fulfilled our prediction that the extra weight would prove too great a drawback: he was heavily backed by his party, whom he thus disappointed.—Doncaster next claims our attention. The first event to be decided was the Champagne, which we were not surprised to find was carried off by a British yeoman. The lot was well up, yet some of the nags were rather groggy at the finish. The result of the St. Leger we had fully anticipated: our readers will remember that we said, "if the favourites falter, an outsider will in all probability be the winner: whether this prove the case or not, time alone will show." It did prove the case; and Blue Bonnet, with

THOU COMEST, AND IN SUCH A QUESTIONABLE SHAPE.

a little shaking, won cleverly. Some stated that if she had been in better trim, she would have won with greater ease—with as much facility, in fact, had she carried a feather. Leaving this point for the knowing ones to settle, we proceed at once to the Autumnal meetings at Newmarket, where both the quantity and quality of the sport were excellent; and the matches went off without a failure. Although we were not so fortunate as to select the winner of the Cambridgeshire Stakes, yet we were not far out in our calculations. The Stakes were snatched out of the fire by a terrific rush at the last, or our prediction would have been verified: the jockey—not the horse—won the race.

Our task is now accomplished: it has been a pleasing one, because in its progress we have traced our superiority over all the other prophets of the Turf—whose predictions have been for the most part unsuccessful. We earnestly hope that, at the approach of Spring, we shall again behold the same familiar faces assembled to participate in this truly national amusement; and that they, and all, will again be gladdened by the merry rustle of the silk jacket.

EPIGRAM

ON THE VISIT OF THE QUEEN TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

'TWAS thought the Queen would this year go
To Brighton, as she did the former;
She changed her mind—because we know
Brighton is cold, the Duke's is *Walmer*.

PUNCH'S COMIC MYTHOLOGY.

CHAP. V.—THE EARLY HISTORY OF MERCURY.

"WILL you have a little gruel, ma'am?" said the monthly nurse.

"Not at present, thank you," answered Maia, gazing lovingly upon the infant Mercury, who was slumbering by her side.

"Aint he a duck, ma'am?" said the nurse, who was, as monthly nurses ever were, and ever will be—a flatterer.

"He's a divinity!" exclaimed the delighted Maia; and the boy, as though to thank her for her compliment, opened his eyes—blue as the sky of his own Arcadia—and, winking knowingly at his mother, sang—

In the Mount Cyllene I was born,
Of a mountain nymph but yester-morn,
Fake away!
The noble father that I can boast,
On great Olympus rules the roast,
Nix my dolly pals fake away!
Nix my dolly pals fake away!

"Bless me, what precociousness," exclaimed Maia.

"It's the cholic, ma'am, rely on it," said the nurse, and instantly administered a spoonful of "Mrs. Johnson's real Blessing to Mothers" to the vocal baby.

At length Maia slept, and the monthly nurse, worn out with watching and cordials, placed her feet upon the fender, gradually opened her mouth and shut her eyes, and snored a bass to Maia's more tuneful treble.

Mercury, who had feigned to sleep, also now arose (though but a day old), and tucking the tail of his long-clothes through his girdle, said to himself,

"What shall I be up to now?"

As he spoke, a tortoise crawled to the mouth of the cave, and having peered about to see how matters stood, was preparing to retreat again, when Hermes, feeling that the duetto of his parent and nurse would be all the better for an accompaniment, seized the animal and killed it. Having taken out the flesh, he adapted reeds and strings to the shell, and formed from it the phorminx (or, as it was afterwards called, in honour of its inventor, the *lyre*). As soon as he had reduced the discord of the sleepers to harmony, he hid the instrument in his cradle, and started off in search of adventures.

Now there lived in Pieria one Phœbus Apollo, who not only possessed a very extensive milk-walk of his own, but had also the care of the cows of the gods. Why they could have required these lacteal animals is still a matter of great conjecture, though the most learned upon these subjects suppose that they were employed in the formation of the Milky Way.

Mercury arrived by sunset at Pieria; and having selected fifty of the fattest cows from Apollo's dairy, he contrived, by some secret art of progression, to make them go backwards, and throwing away his own little blue-and-white worsted socks, he bound sprigs of myrtle and tamarisk under his feet, in order to baffle Apollo and the police of Arcadia, should a warrant be granted for his apprehension.

As he passed Onchestus, he saw an old man fencing his vineyard; which in some way annoyed him, for he had depended upon proving an *alibi* in the event of the matter being sent to a jury. However, a baby that could walk and talk at two days old was not likely to be baffled very easily, so Hermes determined to put a bold face on the matter, and bamboozle the old man, if possible.

"Fine morning, master!" said Mercury.

"Ees, it be, zur," replied the vine-dresser. "Them looks likely beasts yu've gotten there," continued the old man, as he scratched the calf of his leg with the point of his bill-hook.

"Yes, they are a choice lot," answered Mercury; "I bought them at the fair of Pieria."

"Ay, I suppose so," said the old man—"of Phibbus Appollo, I'se sure—I could swear to them Short-horns."

"The dickens you can!" thought Mercury; "then I'm dished if I can't bribe you into silence."

"Are you rich, my old friend?" said the god of thieves.

"Rich!—I'ze—lard help thee!" exclaimed the old man—"I'ze haven't as much as would pay for an ounce of 'bacca."

"Then, listen to me! If you will forget that you have ever seen me or these Short-horns before, I'll make you as rich as Plutus," whispered Mercury.

"You wull!" exclaimed the old man—"I'd forget mysen for half as much!"

Hermes instantly produced his stylus and a sheet of papyrus, and drew an order for a thousand ounces of gold upon the "ipou-crene,"* which was somewhat synonymous with a cheque upon our Aldgate pump.

The old vine dresser was in ecstacy, and promised to be as dumb as an oyster.

As the moon was rising, Mercury arrived with his booty on the banks of the Alpheius, in the Peloponnesus, and feeling rather hungry, he made a fire, and killed, cut up, and dressed two of the beasts—quite enough for a light supper with the black puddings which he made of their blood.

In the morning one of the milk-maids told Apollo of his loss. The herdsman god flew into a violent passion, and kicked one of the cowboys so severely, that it was found necessary to send him to the infirmary. When Phœbus arrived at Pylos he saw traces of his cattle, and at that moment fortunately met with the old vine-dresser, who, having presented his draft was not in the best humour at finding how scurvily he had been treated. The moment that he beheld Apollo, he determined to peach. Encouraged by his information Apollo proceeded to the cave of the nymph, guided thither by the fragrancy of the caudle with which Maia was regaling herself and nurse.

Mercury hid his head under the bed-clothes when the injured herdsman entered the cavern. In vain did Maia protest that the cows were in none of her drawers or band-boxes, for Apollo would not be satisfied until he had searched the closets where the nymph kept her food, her dresses, and her ornaments. At length he discovered Master Mercury, and dragging him from beneath the coverlid, threatened to kick him to Tartarus unless he confessed where the cows were.

"Cows," lisped Mercury—"what are cows?" which seemed such a very natural inquiry from an infant in arms, that Apollo was at first inclined to believe himself mistaken. However, the roguish expression of the boy's eye at last determined him to take Mercury before the Olympian beaks.

"What have you to say to this charge, my little fellow?" said Zeus, who was the presiding magistrate for the time being.

"Nothing," answered the boy, "but that I was only born the day before yesterday.'

"The case is dismissed," said Zeus. "What is the next charge?"

Apollo appeared so excessively mortified that Hermes relented, and took him to the cave at Pylos, where he had concealed the cows. To prevent them from straying, he had by his arts fixed their feet to the ground; and Apollo, plainly perceiving that Mercury was one too much for him, offered to give him the cattle for his lyre of tortoiseshell. Hermes, having an eye for a good bargain, instantly "struck hands and took the offer." Apollo generously presented him with his whip and a golden rod, exacting from the celestial Jack Sheppard an oath that he would never steal either his lyre or his bow.

Mercury grew up to be a regular cracksman, and, like the modern worthies of the road, had more than one *bona roba*. Amongst others, was Miss Mary Miller, or Polymela, as Homer familiarly calls her, and a lady that Hermes fondly designated his Shy One, or Chione.

* Hippocrene.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

AT the last meeting of this Society, a paper, by Dr. Reid, was read which excited much interest. The Doctor had discovered that by filtering the air through gauze, before it was admitted to the House of Commons, he had, in a single night, stopped 200,000 "blacks" from entering the house.* Supposing the average number of members attending the House to be 400, there would have been "500 blacks" to each white; but deducting the number in the House who were black already, he considered the fair average to be 600 "blacks" to each white. Now, reckoning

A DRAUGHT AT SIGHT.

according to the usual calculation, that two blacks make a white, the Doctor considered that such a large addition to the house would tend greatly to vitiate the "purity of election," and would, had he not fortunately discovered this mode of stopping the "blacks," have ultimately undermined the personal purity of members. Some very elaborate calculations were given as to the physical force of these "blacks," and the probable effect their stoppage would produce on the "committee of supply." Dr. Quack'em said he thought it right to state, that a high testimonial of the great merits of Dr. Reid had been given by that paragon of learning and wisdom, Sir Peter Laurie. The learned Knight had stated that since the alteration by Dr. Reid in the Court-house of the Old Bailey, "any person could now sit as comfortably in shoes as he could formerly do in boots;" and that he had made some calculations (being well acquainted with the value of leather) by which he had found, that by substituting shoes for boots during the sessions at the Old Bailey, there could be effected a saving of 7*l.* 8*s.* 10½*d.* per annum by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and other members of the Court; in consequence of these alterations, he (Dr. Quack'em) considered this last discovery of the learned Doctor about the "blacks" was even much more important than the above saving, and was such as at once placed him in the very highest ranks of science. The thanks of the meeting were unanimously voted to the author for the communication.

* Vide Dr. Reid's Report to the Commissioners on the Fine Arts.—*Times, 27th Oct.*

A PRIZE JACKASS.

At the Darlington Agricultural dinner, the praises of a Durham cow were set to music, and sung by the guests. We understand there was a horn accompaniment, and that several glasses were tossed off in compliment to the wonderful animal. The song began thus :—

She's long in her face—she's fine in her horn;
She'll quickly get fat, without oil-cake or corn;
Hurra! hurra! for this beautiful cow.

It is not generally known that there is a society meets somewhere for fattening Jackasses, and a prize-donkey having been at last got up, we have

GIVE ME BUT MY ARAB STEED.

written the following lines to be sung in honour of such a very extraordinary animal :—

He's long in the ears—he's dull in the eye,
He's thin in the face, and he's weak in the thigh;
Hurra! hurra! for this exquisite Jackass.

He's sharp in the look though he never gets grain,
He's empty in stomach and bad in the mane;
Hurra! hurra! for this exquisite Jackass.

He's straight in the hock—he's bent in the knees,
He's low in the neck, but loud in the sneeze;
Hurra! Hurra! for this exquisite Jackass.

He's thin in the tail—he's rough in the coat,
He's weak in the bray—he's hoarse in the throat;
Hurra! hurra! for this exquisite Jackass.

He's slow in the saddle—he's worse in the cart,
No grooming, but only the whip makes him smart;
Hurra! hurra! for this exquisite Jackass.

RECIPES.

How to make an Irish Story.—Lay your scene principally in Galway, and let your chief characters be the officers of a regiment of Dragoons. Represent them as habitual drunkards, as duellists, and as practical jokers; but take care to exclude from their tricks everything like wit. Introduce as frequently as possible, with the necessary variation only of time, place, and circumstance, a tipsy brawl, with a table oversetting in the midst of it, and a ragamuffin with a great stick in his hand, capering thereon. Do not omit to mention the bottles and glasses that whistle, during this performance, about his ears, nor the chairs and fire-irons which are used by the surrounding combatants; and under the table fail not to place your comic character; for instance, your priest. Upset mail-coaches, and make horses run away with their riders continually: and be careful, having bribed some clever artist to prostitute his talents, to have all these intellectually humorous scenes illustrated, in order that your readers may fully appreciate the only jokes they are likely to understand. Put "an affair of honour" into about every other chapter; and for the credit and renown of your country, you being an Irishman, exhibit it as conducted with the most insensate levity. Indeed, in furtherance of this object depict your countrymen in general as a set of irrational, unfeeling, crazy blockheads; only not having sense enough to be selfish, as lavish and prodigal in the extreme. Never mind your plot, but string adventure upon adventure, without sequence or connexion; just remembering to wind up with a marriage. For example, your hero may shoot some old gentleman through the head—or hat—and run away with his niece, an heiress. Whenever you are

RUNNING THROUGH HIS ESTATE.

at a loss for fun—that is, when you find it impracticable to tumble or knock one another down—throw yourself on your brogue, and introduce—"Arrah! now, honey, be aisy." "Long life to yer honour, sure, and didn't I!" "Is it praties ye mane!" "Sorrow a bit." "*Musha!*" "*Sarourneen!*" and the like phrases (having the interjectional ones printed in italics, that their point may be the more obvious), which you will find excellent substitutes for wit. Your tale, thus prepared, take it to some publisher, and let him serve it up monthly to the unintelligent portion of the public with Puff Sauce.

How to make a Magazine Sell.—Let the editor, or, if he is ashamed of the job, the publisher, write as follows :—

"*Scriblescrabble's New Repository.*—We have perused this talented periodical, with more than our usual amusement. 'Tomkins' is as laudable as ever. The 'Twopenny Twist,' is replete with fun, and the hero, 'Bill Sniggens,' is this month extraordinarily facetious. We should say that Smollett, perhaps Fielding, never portrayed humble life with the combined truth and humour which this comically interesting tale gives promise of continuing to afford. The action is this month carried into the 'Rookery,' and the picturesque poverty of that far-famed locality is very graphically depicted. The 'Twopenny Twist,' we doubt not, will become a standard work. The 'Squnjee-Bosh' is a pleasing picture of Life in Hindostan, and the description of the 'Tiger Hunt' which it contains, will be perused with fearful interest. The subject is original, and powerfully treated. The 'Lines to a Snow Drop' may vie with the happiest efforts of Wordsworth or Byron. 'Tiddy Widdy' is fraught with the most killing humour. The 'Confessions of a Coxcomb' are characterised by comic candour. 'Continental Cookery' will be devoured by the *bon vivant*. 'Tailors and Things,' 'An Hour in an Eating House,' and 'A Brush with the Brigands,' are all first-rate in their way."

Send the above piece of humbug, or one still more clumsy if you like, to one of the newspapers; (not the "Times," because therein it will be printed with the heading "Advertisement") and pay the requisite fee for its insertion as an editorial review. By this means you will obtain all the advantage which publicity can afford, coupled with what the undiscerning, to whose capacity your periodical is studiously to be adapted, will regard as respectable criticism. Get as many other papers as are sufficiently venal and unprincipled, to copy, for a "consideration," the paragraph out, and you will speedily obtain an increase in the sale of your Magazine, proportionate to the number of fools whom you take in, and who, in return, will take in you.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE PRESS.

It has been announced to the public, through the medium of the Press, that a most important epoch has arrived in the life of the Prince of Wales. It is a strange fact, that this "important epoch" has not been noted in the biography of any previous Princes of Wales; for we look in vain through the pages of Hume and Smollett, Rapin, Lingard, Miss Julia Corner, and indeed every other corner within our reach, without being able to ascertain when Edward the Black Prince was driven from the breast to the bottle. The Heir Apparent to the English throne

COOL TREATMENT.

has, we are told, been lately subjected to this frightful vicissitude; and though His Royal Highness is said to have borne it tolerably well, it would appear that while he took to the pap-spoon with princely fortitude, there was something of the infant perceptible in his mode of first receiving it.

The nation cannot but sympathise with the feelings of the illustrious baby under the late trying circumstances; and it is in contemplation to lay an address of condolence at the foot of the Royal chair of wicker-work. His mode of reconciling himself to the frightful reverse is looked upon in the Palace as a fine augury of his future fortitude; and there can be no doubt, that he who as a child could be weaned without injury, will as a man rule over the nation as the nation ought to be ruled over. There was virtue even in the Prince's tears; for it is reported that he wept like a moral character, or, in other words, "*cried like a good un.*"

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

LETTER XVIII.—ON SOCIAL FLATTERY: STORY OF THE DOG PONTO—PIG AND PRUNE SAUCE.

My dear Son,—Having in my last dwelt upon flattery, as necessary to the success of a politician, I dedicate this letter to a consideration of its utility to every man who would, by the exercise of his wits, make his way in the world. There is a negative flattery—as there is a positive flattery. A knowledge of the one is equally vital with the practice of the other. For instance:—You would conciliate the good graces of a man of wealth or interest. You hang and flutter about him for the bounty of his purse, or the magic of his good word in high places. This man may be a fool: I do not, understand me, fall in with the vulgar cry of paupers, that every man who is born rich is therefore born brainless; but your patron, or the man you would make your patron, may be a fool; and, consequently, is the more frequently tempted, like the climbing ape, to show his natural destitution. I think it is Mr. Addison who says, "He who is injured, and having brought his enemy on his knees, declines to punish him, was born for a conqueror." This is the sentiment, though not perhaps the exact words; for I have long since put aside *The Spectator* with your mother's cracked china. Mark, my son, a higher, a severer test of magnanimity. He who hears the abortive jest of a rich fool, yet refuses to turn his folly inside out, is born to finger ready money. This, my son, is flattery by negative. Have what wit you will, but carry it—as courtiers carry their swords in the royal presence—in the scabbard. Suffer your patron to run you, as he thinks, through and through with his wooden dagger of a joke; but never let yourself be tempted to draw. Flattery has its martyrdom, the same as religion—and this is of it. Bear all the wounds inflicted upon you by wealth with a merry face; join in the laugh that's raised against you; but, as you value success in life, never show an inch of steel in self-defence. Men who do otherwise may be chronicled for brave, expert wits; but they die beggars.

Come we now to positive flattery. Whatever dirty-shirted philosophers may say to the contrary, flattery is a fine social thing; the beautiful handmaid of life, casting flowers and odoriferous herbs in the paths of men, who, crushing out their sweets, curl up their noses as they snuff the odour, and walk half an inch higher to heaven by what they tread upon.

Your patron is an ass: you hear his braying—you see his ears: *asinus* is written all over him in Nature's boldest round-hand. Well, by delicately dwelling upon the melodious wisdom of his words—by adroitly touching on the intellectual beauty with which fate has endowed him, you make him for the time love wisdom because he thinks it a part of himself—you draw his admiration towards the expression of the intellectual every time he looks in a mirror. You are thus, in an indirect way, serving the cause of wisdom and intellect by juggling a fool into a worshipper. Let it be granted, that you have your reward for this—that, in fact, you undertake the labour for the wages of life: what of it? Is not the task worthy of payment? When men, in the highest places too, are so well paid for fooling common sense, shall there be no fee for him who elevates a nincompoop?

You see an ass browsing upon thistles. On this, you fall into raptures at his exquisite taste for roses; the ass, with great complacency, avers that he always had a peculiar relish for them. The ass brays. Wherefore you make a happy allusion to the vibrations of the Æolian harp. The ass declares it is an instrument above all others he is most inclined to. Are not roses and Æolian harps thus honoured, even by the hypocrisy of admiration?

Believe whatever the rich and powerful say; that is, seem to believe it. Albeit they narrate histories wilder than ever Ariosto fabled, averring themselves to have been eye and ear witnesses to what they tell, yet, without a smile upon your face, gulp it all. Though the stories be long and nauseous as tape-worms, yet swallow them as though they were toothsome as maccaroni. You recollect Sir Peter Bullhead? He owed all his fortune to a dog. I will tell you the story.

In early life, Sir Peter became footboy to Lord Tamarind; a man who returned from the East Indies with a million of money, and his liver no bigger than the roasted liver of a capon. Lord Tamarind was a liar of the very finest courage. There was no story he would not undertake, and make his own. Had he resolved upon it, he would have been present at the siege of Troy, and, sure, have shown you the knee-buckles he had, in single combat, won of Nestor. Mercury must have been proud of him.

Lord Tamarind had a favourite story of a dog; which story he would pull in upon all occasions. His Lordship, go where he would, never went without his dog. "Very curious, indeed, very; and talking of the great player reminds me of an extraordinary anecdote of a dog. You never heard it, I know; a remarkable case of conscience,—very remarkable;" and then his Lordship proceeded—his hearers meekly resigning themselves to the too familiar tale.

"You must know that in Batavia—it was when I was there—there was a certain Dutch merchant; I mention no names, for I respect his family. Well, this merchant—a shocking thing!—he was a married man; sweet little woman—five or seven children, and all that. Well, this merchant—very dreadful!—kept a mistress, country-house, and all things proper. Well, every evening he used to leave his lawful home to pass an hour or two with the fatal syren He had a dog, a faithful, humble dog, that always followed him;—

that was, moreover, greatly petted by the illegal enchantress. The dog, being particularly fond of his lawful mistress, became, day by day, very melancholy, sad, heavy-eyed, and moping*. This arose suspicions of hydrophobia—talk of poison, double-barrelled gun, and all that. Still the dog followed his master on his evening call. One evening, however—all day long it had been remarked that Ponto was more than usually meditative—the dog paused at the Dalilah's door. 'Ponto, Ponto,' cried the merchant, gaily entering the abode of wickedness, and whistling his dog to follow him—'Ponto, Ponto!'—But the dog stood with his fore-feet on the door step, and wouldn't budge. 'Ponto, Ponto—sweet Ponto—good Ponto,' cried the wicked woman herself, coming to the door, and offering from her white hand the whitest cake. Ponto was immovable. Then looking at his master, the dog shook his head four or five times, as much as to say, 'Arn't you ashamed of yourself?'—sighed very deeply, and dropping his tail, walked solemnly home. The merchant was so affected by the dog's reproof,—(all this happened while I was in Batavia,)—that he followed Ponto back to his lawful hearth, and for the rest of his natural life was never known to make an evening call again."

Lord Tamarind had three nephews; he cut every one off with a shilling for having boisterously expressed a doubt of the truth of what had occurred whilst he was in Batavia; but Peter Bullhead, who never failed to ask for the story of the dog—Peter, who had

* The sagacity of Ponto is nothing to the sensibility of the race of King Charles's spaniels, that ever since the martyrdom of Charles the First, have betrayed an inconsolable melancholy. The spaniels lost their liveliness when Charles lost his head. We take this assurance from a French author. In the *Journal des Chasseurs ou Sporting Magazine Français*, for March 1842, will be found the story, as related by the Comte de St. P—— The Count was in the *bois terriers* in the autumn of 1841, shooting with a spaniel, when he falls in with an Englishman, who enlarges in this way (as told by the Count) on the merits of spaniels generally:—

"Ce sont des quêteurs infatigables, me dit-il; excellens pour les fourrés, dont ils fouillent les moindres buissons; nous les employons beaucoup en Angleterre, où le prix de tel individu est, suivant sa généalogie, fort élevé. *Il n'y a qu'un seul reproche à leur faire;* mais, ajoute-il, ce défaut s'applique *malheureusement* à l'espèce entière.

— Et quel est-il? de mandai-je à mon interlocuteur.

— Ils sont tristes—reprit *gravement* celui-ci—depuis la mort du roi Charles!"

— (Upon this the Count observes, as well he may)—

"Superstition naïve, et touchante!"

risen from footboy to his Lordship's secretary—inherited all the personal property of the Eastern story-teller. My son, every rich man has some sort of Ponto.

There will be occasions when it may be necessary for you to use considerable address. You must not flatter one at the expense of another; that is, when you have equal hopes of each. A friend of mine, who had lived all his life at court, told me a story that will illustrate what I mean. It happened that the king and queen were in the green, and some of the courtiers with them. My friend was called by the king. Now it happened that their majesties were so placed, that my friend could not go to the king without turning his back—an act at court only little less than high treason—upon the queen. Here was a dilemma. "And how did you get out of the scrape?" I asked my friend. "In this way," he answered,—"I *walked sideways*." I have known many men in life get to the golden gate of fortune by walking every inch of the path—sideways.

In your flattery of mankind, you must also discriminate character, lest you throw away a valuable commodity. I have known men so unprincipled, that they have received the incense of adulation half their lives, and, dying, have left the man who burnt his myrrh and frankincense for them, nothing in reward but a miserable jest in the codicil.

There was my poor friend Sniffton. He hated pig and prune-sauce as he hated a poor relative. Nevertheless, for twenty years did he consent to eat it at his uncle's table; nor could he find words rich enough wherewith to do honour to uncle's pig and prune-sauce. Uncle died. "Thank heaven!" cried Sniffton, "I shall now receive my reward in hard cash for my sacrifice to that damned pig and damned prune-sauce." The will was read, and thus was Sniffton rewarded:

"And I hereby give and bequeath to my dearly-beloved nephew, Peter Sniffton, in consideration of his peculiar love of my pig and prune-sauce,—the whole and sole recipe whereby he may cook it."

My son, be wary, and avoid such wretches.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO WALMER.

THE great length of our account of the proceedings on Lord Mayor's Day, precluded the insertion, in our last, of the following particulars of the royal visit to Walmer. We hasten to supply the omission. When it was known on the road that the Queen and Prince Albert were going to pass, the trustees of the Greenwich Turnpike gave orders that the gate should be thrown wide open, so as to offer no impediment to the royal progress. The toll contractor was himself on the spot at an early hour, and personally superintended the cleaning of the glass over the clock that adorns the toll-house. It having been determined to present Prince Albert with the freedom of the gate, a copy of the ticket of the day was printed on white satin, and was shown gratuitously to the friends of the toll contractor some time before her Majesty was expected. At an early hour a couple of horsemen galloped through the toll, exclaiming—"The Queen! the Queen!"

EXPRESS FOR GOVERNMENT.

But as the royal carriages did not soon follow, suspicion began to be aroused; and it was afterwards perfectly obvious that her Majesty's name had been used by a brace of unprincipled villains for the purpose of evading the turnpike. To guard against a recurrence of this fraud, the gate was closed, and two individuals in pepper-and salt riding up about an hour afterwards were stopped at the bar, it being supposed they were in league with the others, and were trying the same fraudulent experiment. Unfortunately, they turned out to be her Majesty's outriders; and the mistake having occasioned a good deal of altercation, the freedom of the Greenwich Gate, which was to have been presented in due form to Prince Albert, was altogether forgotten.

A little farther on, the road presented an animated appearance. The trustees of the highway had liberally repaired the whole line of milestones, which wore a most cheerful aspect; and a direction post on this side of Rochester attracted the attention of the royal pair, by a large cluster of evergreen, which completely covered the whole of the inscriptions intended for the information of travellers.

The royal party changed horses several times on the route; and at each place where this ceremony was performed, an address was drawn up by the hotel-keeper—in the form of a little account—which being glanced at by the Prince was handed over to his treasurer, who answered it in all cases in a manner that seemed to give the most perfect satisfaction. Our own correspondent, who has taken a lodging in the neighbourhood of Walmer, writes to us very fully, and we lay before our readers extracts from his letters:—

The weather here is windy. The room chosen for the royal nursery is greatly subjected to squalls. Her Majesty and Prince Albert have had several walks on the beach, and for the first time since they have been married have known what it is to have a regular breeze.

Prince Albert has been out daily with his dogs in spite of the weather, it being his Royal Highness's maxim that the dumb animals must have exercise "whether or no;" and though it is said "every dog has his day," the Prince is resolved that every dog of his shall have every day for enjoyment.

Her Royal Highness the Princess has been presented with a wooden spade, and has employed a portion of her leisure in digging small holes in the sands, while her royal brother ("little Wales" as he is familiarly called) has looked on at the operation with infantine interest.

Prince Albert has paid a visit to the Goodwin Sands, accompanied by Dr. Prœtorious, who pointed out to his Royal Highness the spot on which the Light of All Nations was placed, and which had assisted the wreck of a vessel that run it down, and happily put an end to it. Dr. Prœtorious explained to his royal pupil that Earl Goodwin had formerly resided upon these sands; but after a long search for his abode, the Prince and the Doctor returned to Walmer.

The Queen and Prince Albert have paid a visit to Deal, and expressed themselves highly gratified at the reception they met with; for there being nobody in the streets of that dull and dreary town, nothing occurred to interfere with the privacy of the royal visitors. The Mayor muttered an address at the gates, but he was neither seen nor heard by the illustrious party, who passed on without taking any notice whatever of the discomfited authority.

The royal couple went one day last week to Sandwich, and were met by several of the corporation. Prince Albert congratulated them on their love of agriculture, observing that grass was growing luxuriantly in the streets of their ancient and fertile city. His Royal Highness declared also, that much as he had heard of the Sandwich flats, he should never have known what the Sandwich flats really were, if he had not met with the authorities of the place alluded to. Dr. Prœtorious recommended that the royal party should take luncheon, and the Queen, in order to encourage the commerce of the place, called for a dish of sandwiches. The Mayor explained that Sandwich was the place Cæsar selected for landing when he invaded England, and her Majesty observed aside to her royal consort, that "she could not say much for the taste of the Roman Emperor."

Our correspondent has continued his lodging for another week, and if anything of consequence transpires, he has promised to write to us.

GUY FAWKES' DAY.

THE 5th of November being Guy Fawkes' Day, was kept as a general holiday in juvenile circles; and several novelties in Fawkeses were visible. The *chapeau de papier blanc* was very much in request; and pantaloons, which had been flat at nothing (lying, in fact, neglected in the thoroughfares), picked up astonishingly on the eve of the great gunpowder festival.

AN OLD TRAINER.

Amongst the displays of fire-works, we particularly noticed the following:—Master Smith—A squib of much brilliancy. Master Jones—A splendid *feu de joie*, consisting of a Catharine wheel and a Waterloo cracker.

There was a bonfire on the vacant ground opposite Bedlam, and the policeman on duty, who had received instructions to act upon his own discretion, stood by and enjoyed "the lark" for four hours.

The consumption of Guy Fawkeses has been ascertained to be 0009 less than in the year 1841, being an average of $\frac{33}{18} \times \times \frac{80}{80}$ in the last four years; and giving one Guy Fawkes to every five thousand boys, we get at the quantity of old clothes devoted to these occasions—a result which is so obvious, that we think it superfluous to put it down in figures. A house in Holywell-street, that used to sell four cocked-hats, has only been asked for one—and there the bargain went off; so that the old Fifth-of-November-Guy-Fawkes-cocked-hat trade must be considered to be done for. Here is another instance of the good (!) that has been effected by Sir R. Peel's new Tariff.

THE WRONGS OF THE STOMACH.

By the "Wrongs of the Stomach," PUNCH does not mean—

"The whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's *wrong*, the proud man's contumely
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes;"

nor the Income Tax, nor the New Poor Law, nor the thousand and one other grievances which we are obliged to swallow, and which stick so plaguily in our gizzards. He speaks literally, intending, by the word STOMACH, that musculo-membranous bag or cavity which is the principal organ of Digestion—the prime agent in the transubstantiation of Meat into Man.

That he may bespeak due attention for his subject, let him, in the first place, assert its dignity. "Magister Artium Venter;" "the Stomach *the* Master of Arts," not "*a* Master of Arts" as the title has been incorrectly translated. The Stomach is thus designated because the Arts owe their cultivation to the necessity of living, that is to say, of eating. Man derives his boots from his neighbour's belly. From this source, also, proceed not merely the Mechanical, but also the Fine Arts. Composition is the parent of Cookery, and the purveyor of mental delicacies labours in his vocation from the love of viands. Handel, when he wanted to hit on something good was wont to indulge in some good thing. Dr. Johnson wrote at one time for his daily dinner, and always with a prospective view towards provender. He is reported to have said, "Sir, a man who will not take care of his belly, will hardly take care of anything else!"

But the Stomach is more than a mere task-master. It is quite certain that no books can be written without brains, though some are with very little. Now, the brain, like the rest of the body, is built up of food. From the Stomach, therefore, the soul derives its instrument; and thus beef and mutton are converted into the organs of thought. There is no doubt that Shakspere *ate*, and perhaps an extract of pork chops assisted in the excogitation of Ariel.

Be it observed, in illustration of the preceding remarks, that the Rookery, so to speak of Literature, was known in former times, by the name of *Grub*-street.

The especial office of the Stomach is to eliminate, from the matters consigned to it, the substance of nutrition; which, "PUNCH" may inform his readers in general, is denominated *chyme*, and now they know about as much respecting Digestion as the College of Physicians—or that of Health. For the maintenance of the human body in its due bulk and condition, it is requisite that the Stomach should make a certain regular quantity of this stuff, so much, and no more, according to individual exigencies, out of what is put into it daily. It is therefore like a manufactory (except that it works but little on the raw material), which, from a given amount of goods ought to furnish a stated product.

Now the "Wrongs of the Stomach" are threefold. It has generally either too much, or not enough, or bad work to do. Thus is it as well the fittest emblem, as the most cherished organ, of JOHN BULL. Let us at present consider it as being overworked—as the victim of ruthless oppression.

"There is figures," says Fluellen, "in all things." As it is in the body politic so is it in the body natural. Oppression is begotten of luxury. The great tyrants of the Stomach are the Aristocracy, especially the Aristocracy of Mammon. Nothing, probably, would more extensively redress the grievances of the Corporation than Corporate Reform. Of all the oppressors thereof, the most flagrant are indisputably the Court of Aldermen. What drudgery, to be sure, it has to undergo on Lord Mayor's Day!

Observe the career of a civic gourmand, "*ab ovo usque ad mala*;"—from soup to dessert. His outrages upon his poor paunch are almost systematic. He commences, probably, by administering to it a flogging in the shape of a dram; and this, most likely, ere it has yet half recovered from the lashes of a dinner pill, which it received an hour ago. How ungrateful! It has grown old and feeble in his service; and, instead of giving it that gentle work to which alone it is competent, and now and then indulging it with a holiday, he treats it as a cabman does his horse—who establishes a raw in the animal's flank, and mercilessly whips it up hill.

Having thus made his Stomach mighty to suffer, our Citizen proceeds, with cruel deliberation, to inflict upon it the utmost it will bear. He literally subjects it to the *peine forte et dure*, though it *pleads* loudly enough, and with bitter murmurings, against the savage injustice. In the first place, he inundates it with a flood of turtle soup, which he compels it, by means of strong-iced punch, to dispose of. He then loads it with as much turbot or salmon as it will bear, 'and more;' whereunto, with anchovy, soy, and cayenne pepper, he forces it hardly to submit. Here, as the North American savages use in tormenting a prisoner, he for a season intermits with cruel mercy his inhumanities; nerving, by the stimulus of a glass or two of sherry,

HAVING A STANDING AT THE BAR.

his victim for the renewal of suffering. And now, its energies having been resuscitated by a brief repose, he heaps upon it as many pounds of venison as he dares; nor is it a little, indeed, that he *does* dare. He cheats it, moreover, into the quieter endurance of this burden, by the insidious blandishments of currant jelly; just as Sir Robert Peel devised the New Tariff to get down the aforementioned Income Tax. Nor must the little make-weights of bread, potatoes, turnips, asparagus, beans, broccoli, and other vegetable matters, which accompany his more substantial mouthfuls be omitted, because the quantity of them which he consumes would dine a moderate family.

A second time the wretched Stomach has reached the acme of tolerance; but its cries are drowned in an ocean of somebody's "Entire;" its injuries are washed down: it must bear yet more. It has now to put up with an oyster patty or two—which its tyrant calls "beginning over again." It next groans beneath a weight of capon; but is humbugged into resignation by champagne. After this, the whole or greater part of a partridge, with a ladle full of bread sauce, is forced upon it: succeeded by a ponderous mast of plum-pudding, tart, jelly, blanc-mange, and custard. On this mountain of aliment is piled bread and cheese enough for a labourer's luncheon, and another Atlantic of ale or beer is infused upon the enormous mass. The whole huge hodge-podge is crowned with fruit and walnuts, and saturated throughout its immensity by ponds of port: the poor suffering Stomach being thus drugged into a helpless insensibility which deprives it of the power of rebellion.

Now, what is the consequence of all this misuse of the Stomach? The next day it strikes work;—becomes a disturbed district, and is with difficulty dragooned into obedience. And, after all, it is subdued greatly at the expense of the whole bodily estate, if not with serious detriment to the constitution; which becomes replete with disorders.

THE ARMY.

WE understand that the Prince of Wales has already been appointed a Colonel, which, considering that his Royal Highness would lie in a good-sized nut-shell (a pantomime nut-shell at all events), is not so preposterous. The Prince is from his birth considered to be at the head of

PRINCE ALBERT'S OWN NATIVE INFANTRY.

IMPORTANT.

DID you hear that they have found the skeleton of Queen Elizabeth's hand? No. Where?

THERE!

GROSS INJUSTICE.

We beg to solicit the attention of our innumerable readers to the state of the law respecting

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

The enactments relative to this offence exemplify, in an eminent degree, that spirit of class legislation which is the vice of our political system. The great brutes are protected, while the smaller creatures may be victimised with impunity. Now, while equine sensibilities are respected, while the costermonger, declaring—

"If I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,
Just wouldn't I wallop him!"

is limited in the power of the cudgel by the

"No, no, no!"

of Mr. Martin's Bill; while the butcher is compelled to kill his sheep with kindness, or "dance to the echo of his feet" for a fortnight, in company with the rogue and the beggar; while, also, where bishops used to be roasted alive, it is a crime to baste a bullock; while, in short, the aristocracy of the animal kingdom are hedged round by Acts of Parliament, the many are abandoned to the oppressor. The domestic carnivora, we believe, are among the privileged classes; but nothing, that we have ever heard of, under a cat, is recognised as a sensitive being. Indeed it is only of late that the claims of the latter animal (notwithstanding its belonging to the *feline* race) to consideration, have been allowed. Now there is no doubt that the rat and the mouse have as much feeling as the elephant;—let him who entertains any, pinch one of the so-called *rodentia* by the tail, whereupon the creature will assuredly squeak, and in all probability make him squeak too. Eels, when skinned alive, wriggle, although used to it so long, as if they felt decidedly uncomfortable; and though we never took the dying deposition of a black-beetle, we have the word of a poet that it expires as unpleasantly as a son of Anak. If this be true, the same may be predicated of the cockroach, the chafer, the earwig, the flea, and the bug; indeed, of all sorts of vermin, friendly or unfriendly to man—of whose sufferings we make, in general, as little account as if they were so many paupers. As to the insect last mentioned, it was deliberately proposed, but the other day, to destroy it by pinning it down to a table and reading debates to it until it burst—though this proposition, to be sure, emanated from slave-tormenting America. Surely this partiality is unjust: how can it be accounted for? "*De minimis non curat Lex;*" "the Law does not care about very small things;" and why? because it is made by the Great.

A question here arises, which we do not pretend to solve, because it is incapable of solution, as we need not write a volume of metaphysics to prove:—"Where are we to draw the line?" It is not easy to see where we *can* draw it philosophically; whereas, if we are to make no distinction at all, the obligation of "Justice to Animalcules" will oblige us to have recourse to the microscope; and it will become a question whether we shall be able to fulfil it, even then. The following interesting difficulty will moreover have to be settled: Is the zoophyte to be protected, or not? We thus open a fine field for speculation, which, if our readers consider it absurd, we hope they will be content to laugh at.

IRISH TRANQUILLITY.

It is with feelings of outrageous gratification we lay before our readers (exclusively) the following correspondence between the Churchwardens, Beadle, and thirty-six lesser functionaries, of the parish of St. Giles's, and the new Inspector of the N. O. division of Police:—

No. 1.

St. Giles's Pound, October 31st, 1842.

Mr. Inspector Doonomore.

Sir,—We, whose names are hereunto signed, feel that we owe a deep debt of gratitude to you for the active, zealous, and efficient support you have afforded us in preserving peace and good order in these the Irish districts of this Great Metropolis. The vigorous energy you have employed in impounding all the little boys' hoops found trundling in the streets; the masterly manner in which you have dispersed the crowds collected to witness the enactment of "Punch" and other illegal performances: whilst, on the other hand, you have, with even-handed justice, never interfered with our national faction-fights, nor disturbed our harmonious free-and-easies—demand our warmest praise and gratitude.

THE ODDS AGAINST HIM.

No. 2.

Station-House, Dyot-Street.

Messrs. Churchwardens, Mr. Beadle, and Gentlemen,

For your flattering testimonial take my thanks, and welcome.

I shall be always ready to carry out the Police Act to the very letter whilst I belong to the "E" division.

By the suppression of peg-tops, juvenile vagrancy, and illegal crossing-sweeping, I hope soon to obliterate from St. Giles's the stain of being pre-eminent in night-charges.—I am, &c.

Doonomore.

A FRIENDLY HINT.

We have noticed an advertisement in the daily papers which states that the author of "The M. P.'s Wife" has just completed a new work called "The M. D.'s Daughter." In case this gentleman should be at a loss for future subjects we beg to suggest "The F.R.A.S.'s Grandmother," "The M.R.C.S.'s Brother-in-law," or "The LL.D.'s second Son by his first Wife," as appropriate titles strongly recommended for family use.

PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS. ——— No. LV.

BELISARIUS REDIVIVUS.

"Please to remember the poor."

THE MEDICAL STUDENTS.

(New Series.)

CHAPTER IV.—OF THE MANNER IN WHICH JACK RANDALL AND MR. SIMPSON BRIGGS DISTINGUISHED THEMSELVES IN PUBLIC.

One fine afternoon, towards the close of the session, there was a notice put up on the board where the public information was generally posted, stating that Mr. Poddy, the anatomical lecturer, could not meet his class that day at two o'clock as usual. The reason assigned for his absence was an important post-mortem examination, some little distance out of town; and this was subsequently found to be correct, the subject in question being a very fine turkey at a friend's house, with an accompanying piece of more minute dissection in the shape of a saddle of mutton. The question of what they should do immediately rose among the students. Some of them, who were expecting their examination shortly, went home to read; but the majority, including Jack Randall and Briggs, thought it best to stop and indulge in a little harmony and half-and-half in the dissecting-room. People of delicate nerves or fine feelings might perhaps imagine that a more fitting locality might be chosen for conviviality than the spot just mentioned, but as medical students cannot in general afford very fine feelings, and are only conscious of the existence of nerves in the extremities that come under their hands for dissection, they are not very particular respecting the scene of their revels. Accordingly, our friends were in high glee before a quarter of an hour had elapsed. They had drawn a table towards the fire, round which they were assembled, the article of furniture being literally a festive board, and a goodly circle they formed. Jack Randall was, of course, in the chair, or rather on the highest stool, and was entertaining the company with the account of a row he once got into at Epsom races, where he fought four thimble-rig men at once, and was obliged to sleep all night at some particular part of the Warren, in consequence of being too much overcome by poverty and brandy-and-water to get back to town. At the same time he illustrated the respective localities connected with the event, by drawing plans on the table in half-and-half with his finger. Mr. Newcome, who had now arrived at his third session, was seated on one side of the fireplace, using a fire-shovel to cook some "brown bait," as Randall termed a bundle of sprats which lay on the mantel-piece. Mr. Beans, a man from the country, next told a story, instead of singing, about some adventures he had when he was an apprentice, which nobody could recollect when he had finished, but which, nevertheless, Mr. Beans took great delight in narrating; quite unconscious that, during the recital, Jack Randall was filling the pocket of his apron with sawdust, cinders, and all the heads and tails of sprats that he could collect. Then after much pressing, Mr. Simpson Briggs indulged the company in the exhibition of various artful problems and keen puzzles, with short bits of tobacco pipe; and concluded by singing a song—a crime of which he was only guilty after the second pint—involving many curious speculations on the respective comforts enjoyed by the Pope and Sultan; and concluding with the affirmation that he would sooner be himself—Mr. Simpson Briggs—than either of them. Mr. Newcome applauded the performance, by rattling the poker between the bars of the grate; and Mr. Beans, who was getting sentimental at the last verse, contented himself with marking the time, in graceful measure, with his pipe; whilst he threw a glance of mingled interest and affection at a crumb of Abernethy biscuit that lay on the table.

As the contents of the pewters disappeared, the mirth and noise gradually increased. The choruses, which had hitherto been sung in time and tune, grew louder and more prolonged, until every one joined in at the top of his voice, with any particular air or words that came uppermost. Jack Randall took upon himself to conduct the orchestra, which he did *à la Jullien*, with much satisfaction to himself, using a *humerus* as a baton; and Briggs kept up a pleasing accompaniment by rattling a vertebra and a penny-piece in a quart pot. At last, they kicked up such a tremendous riot, that the lecturer on the Practice of Physic, who had been holding forth to a class of five, in the theatre, since three o'clock, sent in word by the porter, to say, that if the gentlemen did not immediately vacate the dissecting-room, and either go home, or come in to his lecture, he would report the whole of them to the Board of Governors. Whereupon, choosing the least of two evils, the majority rose to go home, and Jack Randall and Briggs, feeling somewhat inclined to feed, began to think about dinner, and started for the eating-house they usually patronised, in company with Beans and Newcome. The *restaurateur's* was not far off, and they all entered, one after another, like policemen, stamping on the floor in such regular time, as they marched to the end of the room, and with such energy, that they frightened all the other customers, and caused one gentleman of delicate fibre, to pour his pint of porter into his hat, whilst he looked another way after our friends.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

The dinner passed off as most eating-house dinners do, very hastily; and the reckoning being settled, they rose to depart. Previous to this, however, Jack Randall emptied the salt-cellar into the decanter of Preissnitz as he called it; whilst Briggs, who was getting rather jocose, and whose hand very much resembled a shoulder of mutton cut into five strips, squeezed the tops of all the pewter pots together, having first filled them with potato-skins.

Beans and Newcome here left them, for they were working for the anatomical prize, and had each invested a shilling in the purchase of half a pound of coffee, to keep them awake whilst they made out the diagram they had copied at lecture—a series of elaborate drawings, which their landlady presumed to be puzzles, or plans for getting into the Mazes at Hampton Court and Rosherville Gardens. Jack Randall and Briggs therefore were left to themselves, and not feeling much inclined to go home, agreed to wander about for any amusement chance might turn up. At last they got into Clare Market, and this refined quarter of the town offered them no end of subjects for their temporary drolleries; as they indulged in unmitigated chaff with the keepers of the stalls that bordered the pavement; and who had illuminated their wares with tallow candles sheltered in paper bags, that cast a mellow and subdued light over the gasping flounders, consumptive garden-stuff; sleepy pears; and lucifers, whelks, straps, apples, and periwinkles, that are the staple commodities of the district. Jack Randall asked every policeman he met if he was at Waterloo, and Mr. Briggs inquired where he bought his oilskin cape, because he wished one like it; with other pleasant outpourings of great minds giving way to light relaxation from the graver duties of the accident-wards, and the dissecting-rooms.

"I'd like to looshe some monies vid you," said a son of Israel, as they passed his magazine of second-hand clothes.

Jack Randall immediately offered, with extreme politeness, to part with the paper lining of his hat upon very advantageous terms.

"I'll be happy to wait upon you at homesh, if you've got clothes to part vid."

"Oh! I've got lots," replied Randall, "when can you come?"

"Any vensh," was the reply.

Whereupon Jack wrote down the address of Mr. Poddy, the Professor of Anatomy, and told the Jew to go there the next morning, before ten. They then walked on towards Drury Lane, when they were accosted by another barker at the door of a similar establishment, as follows:—

"Any things to shell?"

"Do you want a shirt?" asked Briggs.

"I should think you did," returned the Israelite.

"You've got it now," said Randall, laughing; "that was a thorough sell."

"I shan't chaff the peoplesh any more," observed Briggs; "but he had evidently been asked the same question before, from the readiness of his reply."

They entered Drury Lane, and were immediately beset by the people with play-bills, from each of whom Jack Randall took a bill with a low bow, and carried it in his hand some little distance, until the vender demanded payment; when he directly returned it, begging their pardon for the mistake, but saying that he thought, from their pressing solicitations, he was doing them a kindness in taking one.

"Did you ever go to a concert, Simmy?" inquired Jack.

"Oh, yes," returned his friend; "very, frequently: at the Hanover Square Rooms, and also at the Horns, at Kennington."

"Oh, you mean the ten-and-sixpenny toucher," said Randall.

"To be sure; and don't you?"

"Oh no, my man. I allude to the penny melody for the million, at a musical tavern."

"I have never had that pleasure."

"Then here we are," said Jack, as they approached the corner of Great Queen Street. "Now, if you don't get value for your money, never trust me again."

PLACE UNDER GOVERNMENT.

And perfectly ready to have accompanied his friend to the infernal regions—*viâ* the common sewer and gas-pipes, if he had wished it—Mr. Simpson Briggs begged Jack Randall would forthwith introduce him to the cheap temple of harmony.

CHILD SNOBSON'S PILGRIMAGE.

I.

CHILD* Snobson bask'd him in the summer sun,
Disporting there like any other fly,
But into debt the Child had early run,
And his resources were exceeding dry,
Which made him of his creditors so shy,
That he would turn into another street,
And cut his way through courts and alleys bye,
Rather than venture with a dun to meet,
Who with a curs'd account his startled gaze might greet.

NOT GOING INTO COURT WITH CLEAN HANDS.

II.

But now, Child Snobson—he was sick at heart,
And anxious from the hateful world to flee;
For he would watch the foreign steam-boats start,
And the big tear would roll into his ee,
When it would dart across his mind that he
Had not the cash far nations to explore;
For none may cross the wide—the boundless sea,
Unless for berths in cabin chief, or fore,
They something have to pay—it may be less or more.†

III.

And none did love the Child, for e'en at school,
They used to flog him with a tyrant hand;
And they did often call him dolt or fool,
Because strange things he could not understand;
Surely the birch is no magician's wand,
Although they laid it on the Child's poor back‡,
As if of greatest things it was most grand
To educate an urchin in a crack,
And lay his learning on, in vulgar language, smack.

IV.

These things he long had left, and now prepares
His home, his friends, his kindred, all to quit—
Aye, and his fire-side—up three-pair-of-stairs,
Where he had not been given much to sit,
For at each ring strange fears would o'er him flit,
As if there were an omen in the bell§,
That spoke of some unexecuted writ,
And so he thought it would be quite as well
To go—but where? alas, the Child could scarcely tell.

V.

He would have gone to where the hungry Gaul ‖
Receives the Saxon with a courteous smile;
Where coaches straight from Bow, or perhaps St. Paul,
In summer flock, their leisure to beguile;
And at Boulogne, a week away to while.
But then the Child, the truth I needs must blab,
Had not sufficient cash to leave the isle;
And so he call'd, and got into a cab—
Then thus the Child did sing—at songs he was a dab.

QUESTIONS

TO BE ANSWERED AT THE CLASSICAL EXAMINATION OF THE HOOKHAM-CUM-SNIVEY UNIVERSITY.

THE following points are to be offered to the solution of those students who desire the degree of Bachelor of Arts in the Hookham-cum-Snivey Institution; and, in addition to the Bachelorship for Boys, it is intended to establish a Widowership of Letters for Adults:—

1. Whether the Groves of Academus were on the site now occupied by the Groves of Blarney?
2. Whether the small band that accompanied *Æneas* on his wanderings in Italy was a quartett band; or whether, in consequence of the expected length of march, it was a band adapted for Promenade Concerts?
3. Whether *Arcadia*, so remarkable for "the happy and simple life of its population," was on the same plan as the Lowther and the Burlington?
4. Whether the two horses represented as drawing *Aurora* were so broken-winded, that a spavined jade has been called *A-roarer* ever since?
5. Whether *Bias*, one of the seven wise men of Greece, was always *un-biassed* when he gave an opinion?
6. Whether the hundred hands of *Briareus* were ever known to strike at once?
7. Whether *Cerberus*, the dog who had three heads, found himself undecided when he wanted to wag his tail?
8. Why *Cicero* was called by the English name of *Tully*, and whereabouts were his *offices*?
9. Whether *Clotho*, who spun the thread of life, ever dealt in such long yarns as the Member for Kilkenny?
10. Whether *Diana's* partiality for the chase rendered her so chaste?
11. Whether the fact of the cynic *Diogenes* living in a tub, caused him to try and make a butt of every one?
12. Whether the *Dryades* ever got wet?
13. Whether *Hannibal* really cut his way through the Alps, as it has been alleged, by pouring *vinegar* over them—whether he *peppered* them, or carried them by *assault*?
14. Whether *Hebe* was really the daughter of Jupiter and Juno, and if so, how could *She-be*?
15. Whether *Hesiod*, described as a *very early* Bœotian poet, was really so very early; and if so, at what hour did he generally turn out on a winter's morning?
16. Whether *Homer*, who wrote *Homeri Opera*, ever heard any of his *operas* performed?
17. Whether the *Lyceum*, where *Aristotle* taught, was a good *spec*: and if so, what is the difference between the *Lyceum* and the English Opera?
18. Whether *Mæcenas*, so highly famed for his countenance of Virgil, ever drew the Latin poet's portrait?

* CHILD is another term for man. It is a wrong term, but I have heard persons far advanced in years address each other as "my boy!" and why shall I not call our hero Child?—Byron has done so.

† The fares of the General Steam Navigation Company may be known at any of their offices. When I was at Ramsgate a list was given to me. The fares were then moderate.

‡ When I was a boy I went to a preparatory school for young gentlemen from three to eight. It was kept by two sisters, who used to punish us with hoopsticks, and sometimes with the busk taken out of an old pair of stays.

§ There are often numerous bells to lodging-houses. There is a curious ring of bells at an old house in a street near Tottenham Court Road. I counted five on one side of the door, and seven on the other. I tried them all in the middle of the night; but I fancy some of them were broken.

‖ —— to where the hungry Gaul
Receives the Saxon with a courteous smile.

When an English packet arrives at Boulogne, the passengers are always surrounded by a number of French touters, who offer cards of the different hotels they belong to. They sometimes put on an affable smile, which a long acquaintance with that light and frivolous people has taught me is not sincere.

Sporting Intelligence.

THE CHASE.

Mr. Jones's hound was unkennelled on Monday morning, and a fine run was the immediate consequence. Having met with the famous Lambeth terriers or *tarriers*, so called from their habit of loitering or tarrying about the Marsh and the New Cut, the whole pack got scent of game, and puss had a smart run for it. She bolted in fine style down the centre of the Cut, and at last took shelter in the end of a water-spout, where "the pack" were unable to follow her. After a time, puss broke away, and led her pursuers through a stiff tract of market baskets, potato cans, and apple stalls, when having skirted the kerb-stone at a terrific pace, she eventually got clear off among a pile of cabbages.

Theatrical Intelligence.

By the Observer's and our own Correspondent.

We have nothing to do with Theatrical quarrels, and that is the reason why we think ourselves called upon to interfere in them. We think it is a pity that Macready could not agree with Madame Vestris, but if he could not, it is to be regretted—and we, who only speak for the good of all parties, are sorry for it. But if Webster reaps the benefit, we, (who wish well to Webster, and who have always said so, and see no reason why Webster himself should have thought otherwise, though managers are always surrounded by a certain set whose interest it is to stand well with their employers,) shall not perhaps regret the circumstance. We have heard that it is in contemplation to build a new Theatre for the performance of National Opera. We thought there were already Theatres enough; but we dare say we were wrong, as we generally are when we trust to our own judgment, which we have a full right to do, though every body else is quite justified in placing no reliance whatever in it. We suppose the parties who are going to enter into the speculation, if there are any such parties, know what they are about—that is, if they are about anything. It is said National Opera is to be performed; but we seldom believe what we hear said, though we frequently repeat it, but as no one believes us, there is no great harm done.

Werner is to be the subject of the Drury Lane Pantomime, and as we have often said that we should not expect to see any one in the part of Werner, at Drury Lane, but the lessee himself, we have got ourselves into somewhat of a cleft-stick with regard to the cast of the Christmas novelty. But, as we have said over and over again, we only speak for the good of everybody, though it would be more for the good of ourselves if we were to keep silent. We had rather see all the theatres flourishing at once; but if they cannot, we do not see why we are to be blamed, though there are always parties in a theatre who walk about expressing their dissatisfaction with everything.

THE LOWEST OF THE LOWE.

If "Punch" ever felt himself called upon to lay aside his good humour, and resort freely to the use of his *bâton*, it is on the occasion of the engagement of Miss Alice Lowe at the City of London Theatre. The claims of this person to become a heroine of the stage are much upon a par with those of Jack Sheppard to be exalted into its hero. If it be desirable to show "Vice its own image," there could not perhaps be a better model in paint and chalk than that which Miss Alice Lowe has presented. This woman has been underlined and red-lettered in the bills, Egyptianized in large type upon the posters, and proclaimed upon the walls of the Metropolis, as "the victim of unmerited persecution." Of Lord Frankfort's conduct there is but one opinion; but if Vice happens, in its shameless and sordid career, to meet with oppression where it looked only for fame, we should be satisfied with seeing that the oppressor is defeated, without trying to raise Vice into a subject for sympathy.

The Managers of the City of London Theatre must be regarded as the worst enemies that the stage ever had, for they have given a handle to the foes of the drama to declare that depravity finds upon the stage a ready welcome and a congenial locality. We think the Theatrical profession should take some step to resent the indignity that has been offered to it, and we particularly pity the deplorable condition of those performers, whose engagement has forced them to act with the miserable woman who at present forms a member of Messrs. Dunn and Cockerton's Company.

Lord Huntingtower justifies the act of a nobleman turning horsedealer, on the ground that "the horse is a noble animal;" and that his Lordship only increased his aristocratic connexions in having so much to do with them.

BALLADS OF THE BOYS.

No. II.—THE POST-BOY.

I'm a dashing Post-Boy, bold and free,
As along the road I trot;
But a moral cloud o'erhangeth me,
For they call me what I'm not.

And on my mind it often preys,
My conscience it much doth annoy,
Though my whiskers and hair, like my horses, are greys,
They speak of me still as a boy.

Oh! why am I forced to embody a lie,
And glaringly shame the truth;
For at sixty years old a Post-Boy am I—
I'm age, in the jacket of youth.

Oh! well may the bard with a sigh exclaim
"Who would not a boy again be!"
You may put on the jacket, and take the name,
But who'd be a boy like me?

The name and the jacket are both sown,
The type of juvenile years;

JUVENAL'S SATIRES.

But the post-boy's heart has older grown,
And age on his brow appears.

But, away with thought!—it can but away—
Then let me not care a pin;
But I'll act the part of a jolly old boy,
And order a—go of gin.

Then, drink to the post-boy!—Hip, hurrah!
Let each one a bumper fill;
For that, my boys, is the only way
Of making us buoyant still.

* * *

Yes, such was the hectic post-boy's song;
But a drop came into his eye;
Though the truth he loved, yet he drank so long,
He was caught at last in a lie.

PETTY LARCENY AND COURT NEWS.

Our elegant contemporary, the "Illustrated News," has certainly been pillaging "the Observer's own Correspondent," for no one else could have written the annexed paragraph, which appeared in the columns of our pictorial friend on the 19th ult.:—

"At half past nine her Majesty and Prince Albert left the Castle on foot, and unattended by any members of the royal establishment, EXCEPT three Scotch terriers, and one of the Prince's hounds."

PHILOSOPHICAL INQUIRY.

What becomes of all the *Pins?* says a paper involving some singular points of manufacturing economy. It appears from Professor Parrington that twenty millions of pins are daily manufactured in this country. These get into general circulation, and, after a time, entirely disappear; but the remarkable fact is, that, like the swallows, nobody knows where they go to. It is proved that, were it possible to recal these lost articles, a quantity might be collected sufficient to build the projected foot-bridge at Hungerford Market, and the residue might be cast into one enormous Pin, which should be erected as a column in any part of London best suited for its elevation; and to be called Victoria's Pin, in opposition to Cleopatra's Needle at Alexandria. There would be a winding staircase in the interior, with a saloon in its head; and it might serve as a *landmark*, in stormy weather, for the fourpenny Steam-boats plying between Vauxhall and London Bridge.

The case of the poor shirt-makers has raised the public choler. It will, however, hardly be believed that when three half-pence is paid for making a shirt, the unhappy needle-worker is expected also to make a shift with it.

WILL YOU WAIT FIVE MINUTES?

PRAY did you ever pay a complimentary visit to a very distant acquaintance on a sloppy, foggy, drizzling, blue-devil day in November? Do you remember the dingy being who opened the door to you, and who never took her eyes from your dirty boots until she saw you safely landed on the door mat? Have you forgotten the doubtful reply which was given to your query—"Is Mrs. Snubamity at home?" Can you not hear the opening of doors and the buzzing murmurs, that preceded the answer to your inquiry? Does not your blood curdle in your veins, and your eyes and nose moisten, as in fancy you step again into the cold and gloomy parlour where you were requested to "Please to wait five minutes?" Do you remember the queer old portrait that hung over the fireplace, and your various speculations why the gentlemen of the past century should have ever worn gingerbread wigs and *elicampane* waistcoats? Does not your hand instinctively revert to your watch as it did then, and as though the looking at the time could possibly accelerate it? Do you not recal the prodigal amount you would have invested in anything that could have cheered you under that probation of five minutes? You do—we are sure you do.

ALL FOR-LAWN.

Did Fate ever send you a lawyer's letter? Did a demon ever urge you to go to the attorney? Ah! your sighs are answers. That little brass plate, on which "office bell" was engraven, has never since left your dreams. The musty charnel odour of that "office" has never yet been sweetened from your nostrils. The saucy stripling, perched on a three-legged stool, who inquired your business, is ever seated at your table when your purse is empty. You remember his answer to your request to see Mr. Shark? Yes, you're right—it was "Wait five minutes."

How strangely that office was furnished;—the fragment of green taper—the massive tin candlesticks, that had never stood in a circle of happy faces, their business-like air told you that—the "Law Almanack," lined and dotted to show the legal harvest-time—the dingy volumes that were the creations of the head and not of the heart—and the dirt over all. You cannot have forgotten that.

Do you remember how your thoughts began to harmonize with the place—the visions of Chancery Lane and the Queen's Bench, that flitted before your eyes. What would you not have given for something to have cheated you of the present!

Have you ever been in love? Come, acknowledge the truth. Since we could lisp we have loved some gentle thing or kindly being. If Cupid's arrows were not fabulous, our heart would have been as full of holes as a colander!

"Miss Laura begs that you will be kind enough to wait five minutes, sir?" How you tried to gasp an acquiescence! Ha! ha! we know the sensation,—the two hundred pulse-power with which the heart drove the blood through the brain. You had made up your mind to propose; the studied eloquence of a week was to be poured out in the next sixty minutes. Zounds! you felt the necessity of being calm. Was there nothing to engage your mind? Yes—there was her Album—You opened it, and read—

> How blest thy lot, Oh! little book,
> Beyond the writings of the sage,
> Since only Laura's eyes will look—

and then you recognised the caligraphy of Ferdinand Muskmetre, your suspected rival. From that moment those five minutes were intolerable.

Did you ever?—but why pursue these inquiries, for is there any one who has not, once in the week at least, five minutes that he wishes over?

You will wish so no more, "for PUNCH" in his benevolence has devoted the few leisure hours of his busy life to provide you with a mirthful associate. On the 1st of December, will be presented for the pence and praise of the universe,

Punch's Pocket-Book for 1843!

WITH UPWARDS OF ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS,

Forming an elegant little volume equally adapted for the reticule of the Sovereign and the pocket of the Lord Mayor.

Punch's Almanack for 1843!

Will be ready to set the world in a ferment on DECEMBER 31st.

WE make the announcement, that everybody in existence may anticipate a Happy New Year without any fear of disappointment.

KING ARTHUR.

THE production of King Arthur on its present scale of unrivalled gorgeousness, at Drury Lane, has set our contemporaries to work in looking up the particulars of Dryden's life; but *King* Arthur himself has been passed over in these researches somewhat contemptuously. In a choice and rare volume, with the words "Marks, Long-lane, Smithfield," in the imprint, we meet with a short poem called *King Arthur's Pudding*, which must have escaped the nice scholarship of the Lessee of Drury-Lane Theatre, or we should certainly have been gratified by the pudding having been included in the late revival. The first stanza begins thus:—

> When good King Arthur ruled this land
> He was a godly King—

This allusion to his Majesty's piety is somewhat abruptly followed up by the startling announcement in the next couplet, showing the state of public morals during the reign of the good Arthur, which allowed him to be guilty of a petty theft, and yet retain his character for godliness.

> He stole three pecks of barley-meal,
> To make a bread-pudding.

It must be inferred from this that the royal larder was but ill supplied, and that Arthur's civil list was, to say the least of it, extremely shabby.

SWEATING A SOVEREIGN.

In the next verse we have a curious picture of the domestic economy of Arthur's palace. The Sovereign is represented in the act of performing the ordinary office of a menial:—

> A bag-pudding the King did make,
> And stuffed it well with plums,
> And in it put great lumps of fat
> As big as my two thumbs.

There is something highly practical in leaving the reader uncertain as to the size of "the lumps of fat;" for, as the bard himself is not known, the size of his thumbs must be matter of still greater uncertainty. "Mystery is the mother of sublimity," says an acute writer (we mean ourself); and there is something truly Miltonian in the vagueness thrown over the size of the lumps of fat put by King Arthur into his pudding.

Perhaps, however, the concluding stanza is the crowning one of the poem. We give it entire:—

> The King and Queen did eat thereof,
> And noblemen beside;
> And what they could not eat that night,
> The Queen, next morning, fried.

Here is a picture of royal economy which is highly creditable to Arthur's Court; and we wonder that Mr. Macready did not introduce, among the magnificent series of visions, a *tableaux* representing Mrs. Nisbett frying, the "next morning," that portion of King Arthur's pudding which had not been eaten overnight by their Majesties and the noblemen who partook of it. The frying scene, with a few bars of Cook(e), would have presented an admirable contrast to the frost scene, with the music of Purcell. We wonder that the Management of Drury-Lane Theatre overlooked this fine opportunity of giving completeness to their late revival.

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

LETTER XIX.—THE PHILOSOPHY OF DRUNKENNESS.—THE GENIUS OF THE CORK.

My dear Boy.—I know few things that tell so fatally against a young man, when entering the world, as a weak head and a delicate stomach. I therefore earnestly entreat you to fortify both by every means that may present themselves. It is true, that the increasing effeminacy of the world requires of the ingenuous youth a less capacity for the bottle than when I was young; nevertheless, there are occasions, when a man's previous habits and education will be tested by vintner's measure. Can there be anything more disgusting than to see a young man after, say, the third bottle, in a maudlin state of drunkenness? What tricks he perpetrates! How he lets all the world peep through the loop-holes of his soul; and how they who spy, grin at him and chuckle over the exhibition! What, too, is the end of this? I have known an otherwise promising young fellow so forget himself, as to render back in the most ungracious manner the hospitality of the host, who—suppressing his indignation by contempt—has ordered the servants to take off the gentleman's cravat, and lay him upon the mat for recovery. Then what running to and fro for vinegar! what wet towels for the temples! what hints, in desperate cases, of the lancet! until at length the wretched victim rolls from side to side, and gargles his throat with—"better—better—much better!" this is not only disgusting,—it is unprofitable.

No, my son; never get drunk—that is, in company,—above the girdle. There is a thermometer of drunkenness which every wise young man who has to elbow his way through the world would do well to consider. A man may be knee-drunk—hip-drunk—shoulder-drunk—nay, chin-drunk; but the wine should be allowed to rise no higher. Then he sits with a fine fluency of speech—his countenance brightened, his wit irradiated by what he has swallowed. And, perhaps, there is no situation in mortal life which so magnificently vindicates the ethereal nature of man, as that which presents him to us triumphing with rosy face above the mists and clouds of wine that roll around him: he is like the peak described by the poet: although vapours obscure it midway—

"Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

There he sits! His toes, it is true, may be of clay—but his head is of lustrous gold. Like the oracles of the ancient day, he speaks wisdom through the clouds that circle him!

My son, by all means labour to arrive at this blessed, this most profitable condition. Then, though you stumble a little on going away, your stumbling will never be seen; for the potency of your head and stomach has survived the observation of your co-drinkers; and thus, though you are helped to your hackney-coach, a wine-skin, a very Silenus up to the shoulders, you have the unclouded head of Socrates to adorn them! How many a worthy gentleman lives and dies with an undeniable character for sobriety, from having only kept his head above the port! A character is to be saved like a life, by merely keeping its chin above the fluid it swims in.

To obtain this power requires, I allow it, great practice: therefore, as a scholar, make your bottle your private companion. Take your liquor, as you would take your book, in profoundest solitude. "Try conclusions" with yourself in your own garret, that you may achieve victories in other men's dining-rooms.

I know that shallow, inexperienced moralists declaim against what they are pleased to call the vice of solitary drinking. Why, there is no such thing. A man can no more drink alone, than he can drink without his shadow.

Pop! There—the cork's drawn. *Gurgle—gurgle—gurgle—good—good—good*—No! it is in vain; there is no type—there are no printed sounds (alow me the *concetto*)—to describe the melody, the cadence of the out-pouring bottle. Well, the bottle has rendered its virgin soul. You have resolved to sate yourself upon its sweetness. You think yourself alone. Oh, the vanity of ignorance! Why, the cup of what is called a solitary drinker, drawn from the bottle, is an audible charm that calls up a spirit—(angel or devil according to contending moralists)—to come and sit with the toper. You have, therefore, only to retire with a full bottle to your own garret to be sure of company—and of the most profitable sort too; for your companion carries away no drop of your liquor; but there he sits with a jocund, leering look, on that three-legged stool; and there he tells stories to you—and sings to your rapturous spirit—and now hangs your white-washed walls with Sidonian tapestries—and now fills your gaping pockets with ideal gold!

What a world are you in! How your heart grows and grows! and with frantic benevolence you rend aside your waistcoat (how you'll hunt for the two dropt buttons in the morning!) to give the creature room for its uttermost expansion! What a figure you resolve to make in the world! What woman—nay, what women—you will marry! Now, you are gathering roses with dallying houris,—and now (with old Ronsard)—

"Peschant ne scay quelles pierres
Au bord de l'Indique mer."

And whilst you take your flight here and there, how the spirit evoked by the cork hugs himself, and grins at you!

It is by such discipline, my son, that you will be enabled when in society to maintain the look and something of the reasoning powers of a man, when your whole carcase is throbbing with alcohol. You will also find a bottle the handmaid (bottles are, evidently, feminine) of philosophy. After every night's good set in with the genius of the cork, you will be the better able to judge of the true value of all worldly endowments. You will also have a finer, a deeper, a more enlarged comprehension of the weakness of human nature. If, before, you were not sufficiently impressed with the utility of money; you will, shortly after every visit of the genius of the cork, know its increasing beauty. It may be, too, you have not paid sufficient attention to that wondrous machinery—that complex simplicity of the human animal—that you have not essentially considered your immortal essence to be what it really is—

"A soul, hung up as 'twere in chains
Of nerves, and arteries, and veins!"

This inattention will be remedied—this ignorance informed—by frequent appeals to the bottle. You will, in a short time, acknowledge the exquisite sensibility of the nerves; for you shall not be able to lift your morning tea-cup without marvelling at the wondrous machinery vibrating before you. And the tongue, too,—that delicate instrument of silver sound—that shall lie like dry dirt in your mouth, heavy, hot, and voiceless! And from this you will learn and feel that man is clay, and be at once raised and humbled by the knowledge.

Depend upon it, the bottle is the spring, the true source of all human inspiration—the fountain from which all philosophers, all sages, have drunk their wisdom.

What would have been Newton without a bottle? Do you think he would ever have made his grand discovery unless he had dined first. Sitting in his orchard he saw an apple fall (what a part have apples played in human history!), and as it fell it *turned and turned*. Do you imagine that Newton would have been so delicately susceptible of the turning of a pippin, if he had not that day drawn a cork? Struck with the nascent idea, he called for another bottle,—and then for another; and when the philosopher had pondered upon the apple, had worked his analogies, and had drunk a third bottle,—he was convinced, that not only had the apple spun as it fell, but that the whole world turned round. If you would prove the centre of gravity—get drunk.

My son, it is well to drink from your own bottle; but it is still better to drink from another man's.

"Revenons à nos moutons," as the wolf said when he went to the sheepfold.
"What do you take me for?" as the pickpocket remarked to the policeman.

THE MEDICAL STUDENTS.

(New Series.)

CHAPTER V.—A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF THE DEBUT OF JACK RANDALL AND MR. SIMPSON BRIGGS IN PUBLIC.

THE mansion of melody, before which Jack Randall and his friend now rested, had the appearance of a small private house which had come to distress, and was now forced to keep a gin-shop for its subsistence. A flaming placard in the window, whose component letters were staggering about as if they had taken a little too much, informed the public that there was a "Concert every Evening" within, and two long bills, wafered to the panes of glass, set forth, in attractive display, the programme of the evening's amusement, the principal feature being the gladiatorial posturing of the Syrian Indefatigables.

Upon paying a penny each to a dirty fellow who stood at the bar,

SOMETHING UNEXPECTED.

Mr. Simpson Briggs and Jack Randall were allowed to ascend an exceedingly unsafe staircase to the first floor of the mansion, the whole of which was appropriated to the "Grand Concert Room." The apartment was decorated with tawdry daubings, which on a minute inspection were discovered to be intended for romantic views of imaginary localities, where mountains, lakes, ships, Gothic ruins, Grecian temples, waterfalls, and Swiss cottages, were grouped together in magnificent confusion, as if the world had been put into a kaleidoscope, and tumbled about all ways to see how it would look perfectly broken to pieces. All the skies were endowed with perpetual sunset, merging from deep orange into dirt; all the water had little boats on its surface sailing any way they chose; and the whole series was mellowed with a *chiaro-oscuro* of gas and tobacco, which had a very fine effect, inasmuch as it softened the outlines, and produced a series of tints which could not be obtained by other means.

A series of rough benches were placed across the room, having ledges in front on which to stand whatever refreshments the company chose to indulge in—pipes and porter apparently forming the staple commodities of the house. The company themselves were rather numerous than fashionable; but experience has proved that it is impossible to command an exclusively aristocratical audience in London for a penny, and so Jack Randall found them quite as select as he expected. They took their seats; and ordering a pot of half-and-half, awaited the commencement of the entertainment; in the interim reading two placards in the room, one of which conveyed the following announcement:—

REMEMBER! DON'T FORGET!
THE TENTH OF DECEMBER IS THE NIGHT!
THE BLOOMSBURY BRAHAM AND THE LITTLE WONDER!
A STUNNER FOR A PENNY!
COME EARLY!

These cabalistical innuendos were as incomprehensible to Randall and Briggs as they doubtless are to our readers; but the *habitués* of the room appeared perfectly to understand the attractions set forth. Another bill stated that "the Judge and Jury Society met there every Sunday evening;" the entertainment in question consisting of mock trials—a species of amusement much relished by the "gents" of London, the whole of the jokes and humour thereunto attached being brought down to the most debased standard of animal intellect.

The commencement of the concert was announced by the waiter, who knocked a wooden hammer against the back of the door; and then some drapery was pulled up with a clothes line, and discovered the orchestra—a recess about six feet square, part of it being occupied by an old jingling square piano. At the instrument was seated a melancholy-looking female, about-five-and forty years old, attired in a faded shawl and bonnet, of that fashion only to be met with in Drury Lane on wet evenings. She immediately commenced thumping out some popular air upon the keys, with an enthusiasm which made Mr. Simpson Briggs wonder at the tenacity of the wires; but the piano appeared to have its spirit broken down by years of long unmitigated suffering, and now patiently put up with any infliction it encountered.

"Give your orders, gents," shouted the waiter at the conclusion of the 'overture;' "give your orders, gents, and Mr. Lumson will oblige."

The announcement was received with much tabular percussion; and the object of the applause suddenly leapt upon the platform, attired in a dirty frock coat, dirtier waiscoat, and very dirty shirt indeed. After some masonic communication with the pianiste, he fell into an attitude and sang "The White Squall," throwing such grand expressions into the words "a hocean grave," that it quite frightened his auditors. When he had finished, the piano suffered another ten minutes' torture, and then, after another request from the waiter that the guests would give their orders, Mr. and Mrs. Simms 'obliged'—the singer of the White Squall descending from the orchestra, and not at all proud, sitting down amongst some of the company, and, resuming his pipe, just as if he had been a common mortal.

Mr. Simms was a small man with somewhat the air of a journeyman glazier without his apron. He had on a pair of faded black trowsers which had evidently never been made for him, and shady white Berlin gloves with remarkably long fingers, that would have rendered the process of picking up a sixpence from the table a task of extreme perplexity, had he felt inclined to do so. Mrs. Simms had on an elegant cloak, apparently worn inside-out to look imposing; and two gaudy silver flowers were stuck in her hair, which had a very brilliant effect. The lady and gentleman then sang a duet expressive of the minor annoyances and *désagrémens* attending the married state; and they quarrelled so naturally, that Jack Randall agreed with Mr. Briggs," the perfection could only have been obtained by long and unceasing rehearsals at home."

"What may I offer you to drink, ma'am?" said Jack Randall with an air of extreme politeness, as the lady concluded. "You must need some little refreshment after your exertion."

"I'll take a draught of your beer, if you please," replied Mrs. Simms.

"Certainly," said Mr. Simpson Briggs, handing the pewter with much reverence to the lady. Then, turning to her husband, he continued,—"And you, sir—what will you do me the favour to drink with me?"

"I thank'ee, sir," replied Mr. Simms; "I'll take threepenn'orth of cold."

Mr. Simpson Briggs had not the slightest idea what was meant by the professional gentleman, who, to judge from a perpetual short inspiration of air through his nose, and slight huskiness in the upper tones of his voice, had laid in a sufficient quantity of cold already; so he told him to give his order to the waiter, and he would have the pleasure of settling the account.

The curtain then fell, to prepare for the exhibition of "The Gladiators;" and when it rose again, the audience beheld two gentlemen in long drawers and cotton "jerseys," with their arms apparently thrust down the legs of stockings, and their hands and faces chalked and floured, who were standing in attitudes expressive of animosity. Then the piano uttered some imposing chords; and one of the gladiators threw his fist out in defiance towards one of the gas lamps; and the other appeared to invoke the inmates of the second floor, first looking uncommonly savage at a crack in the ceiling, and then knocking his chest three times with his fist, which proceeding enveloped him in a cloud of white dust—no doubt emblematical of glory. Then they showed the audience how the ancient Romans fought—which was, apparently, by standing on their heads, getting upon one another's shoulders, hanging out at right angles with their foot round the neck of their adversary, tying themselves into knots, and various other very remarkable feats, which are certainly not adopted in the pugilistic encounters of the present day, but which nevertheless much edified Mr. Simpson Briggs and his friend. They applauded the performance loudly, and declared it could not be surpassed—although a gentleman near them in a shiny hat and shirt-sleeves observed—"They fit a deal better the night as he seed 'em afore."

When this division of the programme concluded, there was a slight hiatus in the amusements, as the gladiators divested themselves of their attire, and put on their every-day clothes, which were also very much after the antique. Taking advantage of a temporary pause, Jack Randall rose from his seat, and, without saying a word about his intentions to his companion, thus addressed the company:—

"Ladies and gentlemen—I have the pleasure to inform you that my esteemed friend on my right—"

"What the devil are you going at?" inquired Mr. Simpson Briggs, half frightened, as Randall placed his hand upon his shoulder.

"Or-*der*!" shouted a voice from the end of the room.

"Hush! I'll tell you," replied Randall. "My esteemed friend on my right," he continued, "has commissioned me to inform you, that

he is so delighted with the harmony, he wishes to contribute to it himself."

"Jack—hang it!—don't be a fool;" again interrupted Briggs.

"His natural modesty," persevered Jack Randall, "prevents his telling you so himself." And then, looking doubly mysterious, he added—"You little know who he is."

At these words most of the people in the room rose from their seats to peep over one another's shoulders at the illustrious visitor, who,

A STARE-CASE.

knowing that when Jack Randall had once started upon any subject, you might as soon attempt to stop a mail-train with a turnpike of barley-sugar, gave himself up for lost, and allowed his friend to go on.

"Nephew of the immortal Rubini," continued Jack, "by his uncle's side, he only waits the certain retirement of his gifted relative to appear at the Opera. In the mean time, he delights his friends; and, with your permission, the gentleman on my right—Mr. Allen Harrison Templeton Briggs—will favour us with the celebrated comic song from the opera of 'Semiramide,' or 'The British Worthy;' and, on this occasion only, he will sing it with the chill off, and a cinder in it."

And amidst the vociferous cheers of the company, who anticipated something immensely grand, Jack Randall seized Mr. Simpson Briggs by the arm, and literally dragged him into the platform—the people taking his resistance for the modesty of real talent, and in consequence redoubling their applause.

BOIL, BRITANNIA; OR PUNCH'S PÆAN.

Rejoice, great Mistress of the Sea,
The Affghans and Chinese are whack'd;
All hail, tremendous fall in tea:
Welcome ye dollars nicely sack'd.
Boil, Britannia—thy kettle boil away;
Sing, Roo, too, tooit-tooit-tooit-tooit, tol di day!

Oh, bombs and trumpets, guns and drums!
Oh, Mars! oh, Momus! glorious day!
When British bayonets to the slums
Drove vanquish'd China at Shanghae!
Boil, Britannia—thy kettle boil away;
Sing, Roo, too, tooit-tooit-tooit-tooit, tol di day!

Hurrah! hurrah! we've got Hong-Kong,
And *won't* we rather keep it too?
Shan't we at half-price buy Souchong?
I calculate we shall; don't you?
Boil, Britannia—thy kettle boil away;
Sing, Roo, too, tooit-tooit-tooit-tooit, tol di day!

Come down, thou proud and pig-tail'd foe,
With chests of fragrant "Mix'd" and "Green;"
Change our *Gunpowder* for "Pekoe;"
"Bohea" be hang'd! infusion mean!
Boil, Britannia—thy kettle boil away;
Sing, Roo, too, tooit-tooit-tooit-tooit, tol di day!

Nations not so bless'd as we,
Hawthorn and sloe-leaf cups shall drain;
But we will drink the best of tea,
While good old matrons sing the strain—
Boil, Britannia—thy kettle boil away;
Sing, Roo, too, tooit-tooit-tooit-tooit, tol di day!

BIFRONS; OR, NUMBERS ALTERED.

Le plus dangereux ridicule des vieilles personnes qui ont été aimables, c'est d'oublier qu'elles ne le sont pas.—Rochefoucauld.

The lounger must oft, as he walks through the streets,
Be struck with the grace of some girl that he meets;
So graceful behind in dress,—ringlets,—all that—
But one gaze at the front—what a horrid old cat!
You then think of the notice you've seen on a door,
Which informs you, of "70 late 24."

A CAPITAL LOT.

We earnestly call the attention of our readers to the following announcement, as the most eligible opportunity that has ever occurred for the investment of capital.

Mr. SPARROWS

has been honoured by being chosen by Lord Dunbet to sell by auction that
PALACE-
like building, called Aspirant Cottage, situated within ten or twenty miles (or thereabouts) of
THE LAKES,
with most diversified and extensive
WOODLANDS,
consisting of a small
ORCHARD,
through which an overpoweringly beautiful and
MAGNIFICENT VIEW
might be made, by cutting down all the
TIMBER.
This superb and splendid
MANSION
is within sight of a beautiful
VALLEY,
through which an exquisite little "rippling brook" might doubtless be brought, on the banks of which
TWO BOATHOUSES
could, at a trifling cost, be erected, to contain as many
YACHTS,
which would be delightful for any gentleman fond of
AQUATIC SPORTS.

GETTING ABOARD.

The river, too, no doubt, would do well for a
TROUT STREAM,
and perhaps also for
SALMON.
The owner of these eligible premises could, it is supposed, easily obtain leave to shoot over
OBLIGATION PARK,
by bribing the keepers of those
EXTENSIVE PHEASANT PRESERVES.
The house contains one room, which is admirably adapted for an
ELEGANT DRAWING-ROOM,
but which will do equally well, with a well-covered table, for an
AIRY DINING-ROOM.
or, if well stocked with all the
ENGLISH CLASSICS,
would make a
SPLENDID LIBRARY.
The
SERVANTS' HALL.
is not very extensive; but anybody who liked the house could pull it down, and build a new one with
FIVE SITTING-ROOMS,
to say nothing of
SEVENTEEN BED-ROOMS,
to which might be attached
EXTENSIVE COACH-HOUSES,
and, if you were likely to require so many horses, a
TWENTY-ONE STALL STABLE,
with innumerable and well-fitted-up
KITCHEN AND OUT-HOUSES.
He could also buy, if he had money enough,
TEN THOUSAND ACRES
of Land, and, at a considerable expense, make a beautiful
SERPENTINE CARRIAGE DRIVE
to the house; and upon this land he might build as many as
EIGHTY FARMS,
the rental of which would be upwards of
HALF A MILLION STERLING
in as many years.
Catalogues lie as usual.

CHILD SNOBSON'S PILGRIMAGE.

THE GOOD NIGHT.

I.

* Adieu! adieu! the wharf and shore,
Where steamers stand in view;
The newsmen shout, the porters roar,
And shriek the cabmen too.
Yon omnibus that leads the way,
We follow in its flight;
Farewell to all, is all I say—
My creditors, good night!

GIVING HIM THE SLIP.

II.

A few short hours, and they will rise
To duty's dull routine,
They'll look no doubt from earth to skies,
But I'm not to be seen.
Deserted is my second floor,
It's hearth with fire don't shine,
Wild duns are gathering round the door,
My cat within doth whine.

III.

Come hither, hither, my little page †,
Why dost thou weep and wail?
In what to give I did engage,
Thou fearest I shall fail;
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye,
My purse is not too long,
Yet take this sixpence—not e'en I
A merry boy would wrong.

IV.

Let purse be low, and funds be shy ‡,
I care not, it is true;
Yet marvel not, Sir Child, that I
Am looking rather blue;
For I have from my mother cut §,
Who sent me for some gin,
And if the wind the door has shut,
Oh! how shall I get in?

A YOUNG MAN OF ENLARGED NOTIONS.

V.

"My father whops me frequently,
Nor cares if I complain,
When I'm sent out, and instantly
Do not come back again."
"Enough—enough, my little lad,
Your mouth you'd better shut;
I'm hearing things about your dad,
When it is time to cut.*"

VI.

"Go faster, go faster, my cabman bold,
Why in the street dost stick?
Is it thy horse is dull and cold?
Then warm him with a lick."
"Deem'st thou my beast is broken down?
Sir Child—I think you're mad;
There's not a cab in London Town †
Can boast a better prad.

VII.

"My horse can't penetrate a wall,
And there's a coach before,
Which stops the way—You've heard me call—
I cannot do no more."
"Enough—enough, my cabman good,
Thy speed let none gainsay;
You'd see, if read my heart you could,
Why I dislike delay."

VIII.

And now I'm off the pavement stone,
Along the wood we flee.
How pleasant 'tis to be alone,
Where none can follow me!
Perchance my cat will whine in vain,
When fed by stranger hands;
But long ere I come back again,
She'd scratch me where she stands ‡.
With thee, O Cab, I'll quickly go,
Where gas lamps gaily shine,
Nor care what street thou takest me to,
So not again to mine!
Welcome, welcome, ye northern squares;
And when ye fail my sight,
Welcome, suburban thoroughfares.
My creditors, good night §.

* The idea of the "Good Night" was probably suggested by the beautiful stanzas beginning with "Good morning to your night-cap."

† This little page was a casual boy that he met in the streets. "I took the boy with me," says the poet in a letter to his mother, "as far as the cab-stand to carry my carpet-bag."

‡ "And funds be *shy*." The notion of attaching shyness, or modesty, to money is not new, but it is highly poetical.—*Original note.*

§ Seeing the boy sorrowful, the poet spoke to him of the cause, and got the touching reply that is embodied in this and the following stanzas.

* The poet had a curious tendency to make himself out worse than he really was. From the above stanza it would seem that he had spoken unfeelingly to the boy; but, from private letters, it would seem to have been quite the other way—at least in this instance.

† "There's not a cab in London town."
This beautiful line stood in the original MS. as follows:—
"There's not a cab in all the town."

‡ The poet was a good deal attached to his cat, which was the only living thing, as he often said afterwards, that he then regretted leaving. At a future period of his life he formed other more reasonable attachments.

§ The "good night" is one of the most beautiful things in the English language. From the first line to the last, from the centre to the end, and then down the middle, and up again to the beginning, it is one uninterrupted gush of passion.—*Jeffrey.*

The "good night" is thrown off in the poet's best vein. It is wild and romantic, but not the less true on that account.—*Wilson.*

MUSIC FOR THE MAD.

Some ingenious M.D., who wants only the A. between the two letters to make the addition to his title complete, proposes *Music for the Mad* as a cure for insanity. We know that music is said to have charms to soothe the savage breast; but we should be sorry to trust ourselves among a set of dangerous maniacs with no other defence than a *cornet-à-piston*, an octave flute, or even a trombone; though the last, when pulled out to its full length, might keep the madmen at a respectful distance. We had rather be protected by iron bars than trust for our safety to bars of music; and, if singing were to be recommended, we should instinctively strike up "Monster, away!" if we found ourselves *tête-a-tête* with a lunatic. If Bedlam were to break loose, and an Italian organ-boy were to be accidentally passing at the time, if we are to believe the advocates of Music for the Mad, there would be no reason to apprehend anything serious.

PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS.—No. LVI.

SOCIAL MISERIES.—No. 13.

"Are you the young man who threatened to pull my nose!"

SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

THE SONG OF THE PAWNBROKER.

LADY, you bid me stand thy friend
In the sad moment of distress;
I fain would some assistance lend—
Thy wants 'tis not for me to guess.

SHORT COMMONS.

Then speak—nay, do not sob and sigh on;
In words thy bosom haste to ease.
What wouldst thou?—Ah! 'tis the flat iron!
I'll make it fourpence, if you please.

Lady, I cannot give thee more—
I'd make it double if I could;
For, the whole neighbourhood explore,
You'll find my offer very good.

Lady, thou need'st not feel subdued,
You'll find a bolt behind the wicket;
There, lady, none can now intrude—
Shall I at once make out the ticket?

Well, well—I'm wrong, as I'm alive!
But, as you wish, it needs must be:
'Pon honour, I'm advancing five
Where duty bids me lend but three.

Name and address—nay, don't look down;
'Tis only form—don't shilly-shally;
Say anything.—"Well! Mary Brown,
Barnaby's Buildings, Cranbourne Alley."

WRONGS OF THE STOMACH.

THE drudgery of the stomach, like that of the Cinderella of romance, or the maid-of-all-work of real life, is not only excessive, but vile. The ostrich, according to the showman (though this Cuvier does not mention), can digest iron; but marine stores are not adapted to the human gizzard. You can as well get blood out of a post as chyme out of a pebble; and it is considered the extreme of folly to mistake chalk for cheese. Time alone is omnivorous; and by the most venerable old women and cleverest physicians it is agreed, that there are some things which are good to eat, and others which are not.

"B'aint the inzide of a pig, now, a good deal like a Christian's?" is a question often asked, by agricultural gentlemen, of the country surgeon. This inquiry was, no doubt, suggested by the analogy observable, in respect of feeding, between the rational creature and the grunter: and certainly the resemblance between a dish of soup and a bucket of wash is by no means a very distant one. The hog, however, was intended by Nature for a promiscuous eater; and that interior resemblance which has caused the "Christian" to imitate him is rather moral than physical. The brute's stomach, therefore, cannot complain: but that of man is with reason a grumbler.

The "wrongs of the stomach," now about to be deplored, begin in its very infancy. Instead of being dealt with according to the intention of Nature, it is consigned, if a stomach of quality, to the care of a nurse, who wronging, as she does, her own stomach, four times at least, and probably five or six, a-day, cannot possibly do justice to that of her suckling. If a plebeian paunch, and thus far more happily circumstanced, it is still the victim of maternal voracity, which, by unlimited indulgence, upon the plea of weakness, in steaks and stout, inflicts upon it an immensity of ill.

Green gooseberries, crude pippins, unripe plums, nuts, and wall-fruit; hips, haws, sloes, blackberries; lollipops, barley-sugar, hard-bake, elecampane, Spanish licorice; cold turnip, raw carrot, jam, treacle, and pastry,—are a few of those unwholesome substances, vulgarly termed trash, which, in the urchin or small-boy state, denominated by the sentimental "life's early spring," the stomach has commonly to endure. Oh! how it sometimes *aches* with these accumulated injuries; and how often, it breaking down like an ill-used donkey, must ipecacuanha and antimony remove its galling burden.

Its wrongs during the period of adolescence are manifold and grievous. Its hours of labour are now lengthened, and it is worse treated than a factory girl or draper's assistant. At twelve, one, or two o'clock, when all sober people are in bed, it is often (and this too by medical students, who ought, one would think, to know better) employed on devilled kidneys, stewed cheese, or as the waiters say, cheeses, Welsh-rarebits, poached-eggs,

HOT JOINTS EVERY DAY.

chops and shalots, scalloped oysters, tripe, sausages, and the like rebellious materials, besides being compelled to dispose of stout, half-and-half, and ale, by the quart, and being finally aggravated into unhealthy activity by various "goes" of alcohol.

Abernethy, who pleaded the cause of the stomach before "PUNCH," used to say, that a man was either a fool or a physician at forty. He is both sometimes—before then and afterwards; but that by the by. The not inconsiderable section of mankind, whose medical and general knowledge are at *par*, that is to say, below it, at that age, continue to the end of their days to treat their stomach as formerly—the sapient and medical few only allowing repose and attention to soothe its declining years.

The insidious way in which the stomach is wronged is enough to provoke one's indignation. It is only by gross bribery and corruption of the palate that those things are smuggled into it which give it such trouble and annoyance. It is by the aid of pickles, sauces, condiments, and such like treacherous helps, that the work of injustice is achieved. Curries, fricassees, fricandeaus, haricots, hashes, and so forth, are so many contrivances for imposing on the hapless stomach.

The wrongs which are done the stomach under pretence of physic, whether by quacks out of the medical profession or in it, are also deeply to be lamented. How often are calomel, James's powder, and magnesia, not to mention henbane, foxglove, hemlock, arsenic, and the like nice and wholesome things, inflicted on the undeserving sufferer! And the government, for a consideration in the shape of revenue, abandons it, unprotected, to solar tinctures, universal pills, mirific balsams, cough-lozenges, and real blessings to mothers.

The last and most grievous wrong under which the stomach groans is that of privation or pinching, as perpetrated according to law in the Union-workhouses throughout the kingdom, where poverty, on a "coarser kind of food," is dieted somewhat below the scale of crime. But this is a subject on which PUNCH finds it impossible to dilate without both losing his temper and spoiling his beauty; he will here therefore conclude, hoping that he may not have invited attention to the manifold wrongs of the stomach entirely and altogether in vain.

AMPUTATION A LUXURY.

IT will be seen by the papers, that a man had his leg cut off the other day without knowing anything about it, he having been, during the operation, under the influence of Mesmerism. If an individual can have his limbs

DIVISION.

cut away in this fashion, and only misses them when he wakes up and wants to use a leg or an arm, it is high time that animal magnetism should be cultivated as a branch of Medical Education. We should strongly recommend that the Animals' Friend Society should take the matter up and insist on butchers and poulterers being compelled to magnetise bullocks, sheep, ducks, geese, and capons, before killing them. The application of Mesmerism ought not to be omitted even in the case of an ordinary flea, if the sufferings of a fellow-creature (and fleas *are* fellow-creatures, though they are sometimes very unpleasant fellows) can be alleviated by the process alluded to before the work of slaughter is begun upon.

READINGS IN THE NEWSPAPERS.

BY JACOB DRYASDUST, F.S.A.

A PROVINCIAL paper, lately, in giving an account of some public dinner at Cheltenham, very much astonished me. The fun appears to have waxed fast and furious indeed, as it informs us "the Duke of Sussex was then drunk amidst long-continued cheering." I have a great hereditary respect for the Royal Family—my taxes are punctually paid—and my hat is invariably taken off when "God save the Queen" is played, although on a street organ—still, I cannot consider this conduct of his Royal Highness as either decorous or praiseworthy; in fact, it appears to me, he could not have been quietly drunk; he could not have sunk under the table in a respectable, gentlemanly way—there would then have been nothing to attract attention; but I fear this "long-continued cheering" must have been called forth by some uproarious merriment on his part—such as dancing a hornpipe on a china plate, or crowning himself with a bottle-stand. And if my good feelings were horrified by this recital, what must I have experienced when, on reading a little further, I found that "the Bishops and the rest of the Clergy being drunk, the Rev. Mr. Holwell returned thanks." This was really too bad; and I was much pleased to see that it elicited no cheering. I am rather puzzled to guess why the Rev. Mr. Holwell returned thanks *because* the Bishops and the rest of the Clergy were drunk—respect towards his own cloth should have induced him to say nothing about it.

The "*appropriate* singing," as the paper terms it, was rather curious. After the health of the Duchess of Kent had been proposed, Mr. Maitland sang "A jolly full Bottle;" and after a similar honour had been paid to the Bishops and Clergy, he performed "Here's a Health to all good Lasses." The Bishops, when fully robed, have certainly an appearance somewhat similar to that of old women; and this may account for Mr. Maitland's mistake, especially as he no doubt indulged in the festivities of the day.

We are frequently informed "The Queen, last night, went in state to the Opera, in *six* carriages." I am anxious to know how this operation is performed, and why she should then require such extraordinary accommodation: but I entertain a dislike to crowds, (having two very bad corns,) and therefore have never been able to satisfy myself on this point by ocular inspection. "Bell's Life," about a month ago, in giving an account of some race, said "Milo was first, Cartwheel second, and the other horses were *nowhere*"—what could have become of them?

We hear that Cerito danced the Cachuca "like an angel," a very useful piece of information, as I was not previously aware (never having seen angels dance) that they are in the habit of standing on one toe, and twirling round until their garments have assumed the shape of an expanded umbrella; it also proves that Gentlemen of the Press have some knowledge of beings of a higher order than their own. The "City article," assures us, "money is a *drug* in the market," "cotton is looking up," "lead is heavy and won't go off," and "there was little done in sugar." A morning paper, in mentioning the late wreck of the convict-ship, said, "it *pleased* Providence to order that all, but ten, should be destroyed."—The Globe contained "an *interesting* case of poisoning;" and that affair of Woolley and Briers was described as "highly romantic."

The titles adopted by those who write letters to the Newspapers

SECURING A FRIEND IN THE PRESS.

on various subjects, are frequently classical and grand, rather than appropriate.—"Junius Brutus" lately assured the Times, that the Marylebone Vestry had committed a shameful job, relative to wood-paving.—"Cato" of Covent Garden, complains indignantly of the annoyance he experiences in walking down Holywell-street; the Jews there pertinaciously insisting, that he must have made his appearance, either for the purpose of buying *their* old clothes, or disposing of *his own*.—"A lover of truth," sees no reason why the Public should not be admitted into St. Paul's Cathedral, without payment of the twopenny fee.—"Fiat Justitia" mentions the gross inattention of the police, in permitting little boys to trundle hoops in the streets,—and "a Friend to his Country and a Constant Reader," inveighs in bitter terms against the proceedings of certain scavengers, who persist in sweeping the dust and mud to *his* side of the street, because he gives them no christmas boxes.

It must gratify the bridegroom's feelings, when he finds his account of the "Marriage in High Life" "solemnized in the presence of a numerous assemblage of the bon ton," and departure of the "happy couple to spend the honeymoon at their seat, Grove House, Camberwell," appearing in the Times, with the unexpected heading of "Advertisement,"—and still more delightful is it for a modest author to discover his paragraph, descriptive of the "powerful sensation" to be created by the forthcoming novel, entitled, "Delicious moments, or, the Man in the Pastry Cook's Shop;" its tremendous delineations of "various celebrated Personages," and its "erudite and soul-entrancing moral vein," inserted immediately after very similar praises of "Mechi's Magic Strop," and followed by a pathetic exhortation to "Persons about to Marry."

LIST OF AMUSEMENTS IN THE METROPOLIS.

THE Menagerie at the foot of Waterloo-bridge.—Open, gratuitously, throughout the year. Feeding time—optional with the proprietor.

Parade of the Police in Scotland-yard.—A limited number of spectators only allowed—the directions to "move on" being always peremptorily given when a mob of more than four are observing the evolutions.

The Piers along the river between London-bridge and Chelsea are open to promenaders throughout the year. The gayest time for those whose object is pleasure will be found to be the time when a vessel arrives and takes its departure.

The Telescope in Leicester-square.—Open during starlight or moonlight, throughout the year. The charges are matter of arrangement with the proprietor; but the Stars are lumped into pennyworths, and the Great Bear is divided into halfpenny lots, while the Constellations are all to be viewed for sums proportionate to their importance and magnitude.

General Post delivery, between nine and ten.—This highly interesting process goes on simultaneously in all parts of the Metropolis, and is a favourite amusement with young persons who delight in following the postman round his district.

Changing of the Sentries in the Park.—This entertainment is repeated every two hours, and, particularly by juvenile strangers, is much run after.

The Exhibition at the Horse Guards, open throughout the year from ten till four, is a powerful rival to the Wax Works in Baker-street, and the former has the advantage of being gratuitous. It consists of two splendid specimens of cavalry, which are on view at the time already stated. The only restriction on the public is, that they are expected not to make grimaces at the "specimens."

The Telegraph at the Admiralty works occasionally throughout the year, and no ticket is required to confer the privilege of watching it. It forms an F very accurately, and its ingenious attempt to constitute a Z has now and then been considered highly successful.

There are several miscellaneous amusements in the metropolis, consisting of music, exhibitions of pictures, libraries, &c., all of which are gratuitous. Occasional selections of literature, laid out in open umbrellas, are sometimes to be met with opposite St. Clement's Church, and a great deal of sound political knowledge can be picked up in Holywell-street, where the Parliamentary Blue Books are open to the public inspection at all hours.

NEWSPAPER EXPRESSES.

OUR daily contemporaries are disputing as to the priority of their respective despatches, but they are not perhaps aware, nor is the public either, that *Punch's* expresses beat anything ever known in the annals of helter-skelter.

"Our Boy" has the most ample latitude allowed him to spare no expense in hastening with copy from the various contributors, and on the day of going to press, he is permitted to incur the outlay of the toll on Waterloo Bridge, to save the time of going round by Blackfriars or Westminster.

The report of the Lord Mayor's Show in *Punch* was so tremendously in anticipation of anything any other journal could have effected, that it has not even yet appeared entire in the columns of any of our contemporaries, who have only made a few extracts from it. On the 9th of November we had a land and water express actually going all day, for we had made a liberal arrangement with a waterman for the use of his wherry, and had engaged a cab (by time) so that it might be prepared to start at any hour to the printing-office.

We do not say this with any desire to boast, but merely to show that we are not outstripped by any of our contemporaries in zeal to provide information, or in lavish liberality to ensure speed in communicating the most important details.

Fashionable Intelligence.

Mr. Snooks and family arrived at Farrance's hotel on Thursday morning last. They partook of mock-turtle, and instantly started for the East in a Blackwall omnibus.

Mr. Jones's new turn-out attracted much attention in the Park on Sunday. It consisted of an entirely new Chesterfield wrapper, splendidly emblazoned on the buttons with black silk in a raised pattern, and a velvet collar of surpassing richness. It was whispered, in circles likely to be well informed, that it was one of the nineteen-and-ninepennies.

Mr. Brown has broken up his establishment in Whetstone Park, and has taken an attic at the West End for the season. The workmen are busily employed in alterations, and the whitewasher is expected to be got out on Monday. The painter will begin on the same afternoon, and Mr. Brown will move in on the same evening.

"Punch's" Foreign Intelligence.

Our own Express, in anticipation of the General Postman, brought us messages and parcels down to the moment at which we write, and we have also received a telegraphic communication from the cad of a Mile-end omnibus.

The passage from the Hungerford outskirts to the Charing Cross frontier has for some time been "blocked up," but our last advices speak of its being rapidly "blocked down" with the wooden pavement.

The hitherto isolated town of Walworth is in a state of the greatest excitement in consequence of a regular communication having been commenced between that place and Camden Town, over the plains and bridge of Waterloo. There was a public meeting on the subject at Walworth-gate, at which the turnpike man presided. He gave letters of safe-conduct to the enterprising driver, who set out on this hitherto untravelled line of road, and signals were exchanged at all the side bars—the passport, or ticket of leave, being in some few instances examined.

Our correspondent at Putney speaks of an expected revolution. The parish junta had resigned *en masse*, and a mounted patrol had been traversing the roads in the neighbourhood during the greater part of the night, but nothing serious had transpired. If the foreman is firm, the flame may be extinguished.

The news from Chelsea is of the most invigorating character; and Brompton has gained another signal victory. Chelsea is to paint both sides of the railings that mark the boundary, and Brompton holds the fire ladder, as a guarantee that the terms of the arrangement will be literally complied with. Chelsea is also to repair the Brompton engine, broken in attending a fire in Chelsea, and the Brompton beadle continues at the Chelsea station-house for security, until the treaty has been ratified. The former power is to permit an ambassador to reside in the territory of the latter, and the lodging is to be paid for out of the rates; but this is likely to create heart-burnings among the inhabitants. The trade in Chelsea buns is to be thrown open to the Bromptonians, and only five per cent. is in future to be levied on cockles taken off the coast of Battersea.

THE PEACE WITH CHINA.

Our contemporaries are in ecstacies (and so are we) about the peace with China. Several grocers in the Metropolis have ticketed their Rough Congou and Fine Pearl Hyson with pleasant allusions to the friendship hence.orth to exist between the two nations; and, at one establishment, we have observed that the Mandarin who has been so long stuck in the window, with a paper in his hand requesting the public to "try the four-and-nine penny mixed," has been brought into a more conspicuous position, and has now a label round his neck, announcing "a great reduction in teas," and the "triumph of British valour. . . ."

The best of the joke is, that tea will be dearer now than it has ever been before; for it happens that the Chinese have undertaken to pay 21 millions of dollars without having a single rap towards it; and they intend to raise the money by taxing every pound of tea that is exported from the country. Thus, what we receive with one hand we shall pay with the other; and

SUBTRACTION.

we cannot but admire the cunning of Tao-Kwang in making us liquidate our own demands out of our own pockets.

It is true that we shall find, in the five ports thrown open to us, a most delicious outlet for some of our manufactures; that is to say, if we can bully the Celestials into adopting our wants and habits as their own which—as the usual cry about civilisation has been already got up—will no doubt be the consequence.

We shall, perhaps, teach them that bald heads and barbarism are synonymous—a conviction which, if once knocked into them, will give an impetus to our wig-manufacturers; and if, under the pretext of civilisation, we can compel them to put on bear-skin coats, with sou'-wester hats, we shall impart a refreshing buoyancy to the slop-market.

We perceive that there is a probability of a live Mandarin coming over to this country; and if such a thing should occur, we shall not be astonished to see him underlined at the Adelphi, as engaged at an enormous expense; for—at all events, when poor Yates was alive—if the Emperor himself had come over, the Brother of the Moon would have been humbugged into allowing himself to appear as a star for "six nights only."

Now that the Chinese are doomed to "civilisation," they may make up their minds to be bullied, robbed, and swindled in every direction; for, in the political vocabulary, "to civilise the people of a distant country," has a meaning which the treatment of the Indians in North America will give a pretty accurate solution of. France has already expressed a wish to have a hand in the fruits of the "civilisation," which is a proof that some very pretty pickings are looked forward to.

MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

The Geological Society met on Tuesday last for the purpose of breaking stones on the Hammersmith road. Much dissatisfaction was expressed at the lowness of the remuneration, 7*d.* a-day; and as the arguments against it were chiefly of a physical kind, and as in convincing an obstinate overseer they broke the bridge of his nose and the queen's peace, several of them were lodged in the station-house of the T Division. In the course of their researches an article was discovered, which the ignorant supposed to be a pewter quart pot—the initiated, however, declared it to be an ancient sacrificial vessel used in libations, probably to Bacchus. It has since been converted by an ingenious workman into silver shillings. It was whispered that one "Fellow" in a fustian jacket had found some antique copper coins; whether this report be true we cannot tell, but it appears probable, as he was fined 5*s.* on the following morning for drunkenness, and a friend, of great experience in such matters, assures us it is impossible to get comfortably drunk on 7*d.* a-day.

The Electrical Society met for the purpose of trying a new method of making thunder and lightning for theatrical use. Mr. Job Swinger delivered himself of a long oration on "The Law of Storms," which was

A PERFECT FLORA.

practically illustrated by his wife, who made her appearance with a broomstick to inquire why he staid out so late at night. The meeting was afterwards electrified with astonishment by their housekeeper, who demanded her quarter's wages: it was resolved that she should have them—when she could get them. Some mention was then made about the Court of Requests, Rights of Englishmen, and Kitchen-stuff. Electrical eel pies were ultimately partaken of, and some of Whitbread's stout, in order to trace the galvanic action produced by the contact of the pewter pot with the moisture of the under lip.

The Astronomical Society went on Tuesday last in a patent safety-cab to the pit of Covent-Garden Theatre, for the purpose of determining to what "order of *Stars*" Adelaide Kemble and Mrs. Shaw belong. The meeting was subsequently adjourned to Evans's, but we could not discover the result of their observations, as the only words we caught were, "Two goes of whiskey and some mild Havannahs." We noticed a curious fact—one of them paid for four pints of porter less than he took; owing, no doubt, to the absorbing nature of his meditations.

The Zoological Society met on Wednesday: a paper was read on the "bears," "bulls," and "lame ducks" of the Stock Exchange, their nature and habits. One member informed the meeting that he had "caught a Tartar," and requested to know what he should do with her; on being pressed to explain, he stated that his landlady had collared his trunk for a week's rent in arrear, and taken away the street-door key: he was advised to pay the demand, if possible, and if not, to turn patriot and get an act passed "to enable nobody to pay nothing to no one, not by no means." Some specimens of "orchestral fiddlers," "soul-entrancing poets," "nice young men," and "noble lords," were placed among the mammalia, as studies for future ages.

Jacob Dryasdust, F.S.A.

PEACE WITH THE PIG-TAILS.

PEACE has issued with the palm-branch from the gates of Pekin. The poppy war is ended. There shall again be free commerce in Souchong, and Opium shall again be hot in the mouth. The war "bequeathed by the Whigs" to Sir ROBERT PEEL, returns to the minister (as MOREAU said of NAPOLEON, "*ce gaquin est toujours heureux*,") a very handsome profit on the ball and powder expended in this great moral lesson on the uneducated Chinese. For once, Victory besides the laurels round her brows, has a balance of ready money (when paid) in her pocket. As for the loss of life on the part of our gallant forces, we believe the whole amount of the casualties of the war will be found correctly stated below:

From over perspiration in pursuit of the enemy	1 full private.
From a supper of unripe cucumbers	1 drummer.
From want of 'bacco	1 boatswain's mate.
Desertion with a daughter of a mandarin	1 midshipman.
Total loss	4

We do not think that even the Poor Law Commissioners, with all their extravagant valuation of the specimens of the genus *homo*, will consider the country not sufficiently remunerated by the Chinese for the loss of these poor men, when all other expenses incidental to the altercation shall have been duly settled. As for the powder and ball, the Chinese cannot contend that they have not received them, and as honest men (and beaten barbarians) are bound to pay for the goods accordingly.

However, in our vaingloriousness, let us not attribute to the pusillanimity of the Emperor of China what, in the spirit of truth, should be allowed to his philanthropy. The Emperor gives his three years' promissory word for the payment of 21 millions of dollars. Our correspondent at Pekin favours us with what he pledges himself to be the true imperial cause of this munificence. The Emperor has at his heart a great admiration of the English. The groans of the Income Tax have been heard on the other side of the Great Wall; hence, our Pekin friend (he is the same gentleman who supplies *The Observer* with its Theatrical Intelligence) informs us that the Treaty of Peace was accompanied with a private note to Sir ROBERT PEEL assuring him that the dollars were wrung from the imperial chest by a strong compassion for the condition of Englishmen generally, coupled with a hope that the large surplus would be conscientiously devoted to the alleviation of their misery. Of course, it is in the breast of Sir ROBERT to confess or deny this, as by office allowed. We are, however, prepared to champion the veracity of our correspondent, who, in continuation, says—"This note is written with the vermilion pencil, and dignified with the usual imperial postscript—'*A special edict: respect this!*'" At present we shall say no more. If, however, Colonel SIBTHORP put any question to Sir ROBERT on the opening of Parliament, the reader may know who the interrogative comes from.

The dollars, however, are a minor advantage. John BULL, having expended so much powder and ball, and applied so much cold iron, to the Chinese, is in future to be treated like a gentleman. He has washed out the "barbarian" in the blood of two or three thousand bipeds, and is henceforth to be recognised as a pretty fellow. Chinese bowels, touched by English bayonets, relent from their arrogance, and acknowledge the bowels of the British as of equal kidney. We are to have no more of the "barbarian eye"—such eyes being for ever knocked out of the Chinese vocabulary. How grateful to teach the verbal courtesies of life by "the adamantine lips" of forty-two pounders! Thus, considering war as the handmaid of politeness, we hope the time will come when our gallant marines employed on foreign service will be only known as "the Schoolmasters abroad," and the "Rocket Brigade" give place to the "Chesterfield Rangers!"

Besides the dollars and the civility, we are to have five Chinese ports open to English commerce. Politicians and bagmen may exult at this, and in the anticipative eye of profit, already see the Emperor of China clothed in a Manchester shirt, all his wives in Manchester cotton, and the whole of his court handling Sheffield knives and forks, to the lasting disgrace of the time-honoured chopstick. The arithmetical spirit of commerce may rejoice, but the gold-buttoned Tories of China must howl and mourn; the mystery of China is broken—destroyed like one of China's tea-cups. For ages has she been to the rest of the world as a magic lantern, fitfully revealing strange, uncouth things, to staring nations, and then with a *presto* shrouding herself in the mystery of darkness. Barbarians have now been behind the curtain, and handled *the slides*.

What we are pleased to call the future civilization of China, has been prophesied from various and opposite causes. Mons. DE LAMARTINE thought the first click of English percussion-caps might be the preludizing note of hope to the Celestial Empire; in a late letter from an English surgeon, we are afforded other joyful anticipations. The British Leech notices, with much self-complacency, certain successful cases of amputation suffered by Chinese prisoners; who, when first submitted to the knife of the operator, believed that he was the executioner sent to torture them; but whose better opinions advanced with their bodily cures, and who finally held up their stumps in admiration of British humanity. "These men returned to their houses," says the surgeon, rejoicingly, "must have their moral influence!" Thus, English civilization may travel through China upon a wooden leg.

England, however, may not be alone in the goodly work. France already cries for five harbours of commerce—she is already loud for her Cinque Ports in the Chinese waters. "If England have five, why not we?" asks the French press. Now, as this is a matter quite between Louis-Philippe and the brother of the man in the moon, we must leave them to settle it. We may just remark, that "perfidious Albion" does not monopolize all the gunpowder and iron in the world: if France want five, or even fifty ports, she has only to do as we have done—quarrel, fight, and get them.

The island of Hongkong is for ever ceded to the British crown. Already different parties have been named in the various club-houses as the future governor. We can, however, upon authority state, that the office has not yet been offered to Lord FRANKFORT (whose invaluable Chinese snuff-boxes gave him, it was thought, a peculiar claim to the post); but that Lord CHESTERFIELD has, in the handsomest manner, offered to become trustee for the receipt of the twenty-one millions. Should his lordship's offer be accepted, we will publish the intelligence in a second edition. Q.

THE POLICE AND THEIR WHISKERS.

A CONSIDERABLE sensation has been created amongst the Metropolitan Police, by a general order on the subject of whiskers. Various conjectures have been hazarded as to the cause for the resolution which has been come to by the Commissioners, and several of the force have revolted against a measure involving the loss of that which they emphatically declare to be dearer than life—their personability. Considering that the greater part of a policeman's occupation when on duty is to ogle the servant-girls, it is equivalent to a downright disqualification, to call upon them to sacrifice all that many of them have to depend upon for success in that particular branch of their profession which we have just now alluded to. "If we are to be disfigured," say some of them, "let the figures be taken from our collars, but let not the disfiguring process be put in practice upon our visages."

Such has been the panic in the force that the Commissioners have been induced to reconsider the matter, and a return of the state of the whisker crops throughout the Metropolitan Police has been ordered. It would seem that five in twenty have sandy whiskers; two in forty have none at all; one in ninety is sure to cut himself whenever he shaves; and three in thirty have their whiskers almost meeting under their noses. It is expected that there will be a modification of the recent order, and that six square inches of whisker will in future be allowed to every member of the Police force. A public meeting of the body has been called, and the chair is to be taken by A. 1., who has shown considerable spirit in resisting the order, and is cultivating mustachios under the very nose—not of himself alone—but the Commissioners.

On the 1st of December was presented, for the pence and praise of the universe,

Punch's Pocket-Book for 1843!

WITH UPWARDS OF ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS,

Forming an elegant little volume equally adapted for the reticule of the Sovereign and the pocket of the Lord Mayor.

Punch's Almanack for 1843!

Will be ready to set the world in a ferment on DECEMBER 31st.

WE make the announcement, that everybody in existence may anticipate a Happy New Year without any fear of disappointment.

"I'm down upon you"—as the young beard said to the chin.
"I feel for your situation"—as the probe said to the bullet.

London: Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars

PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

LETTER XX.—ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF GAMING.

My dear Son—You will, I trust, after these many fond and anxious epistles, look upon all men as divided into two classes—the men who eat men, and the men who are eaten. With this conviction, it will, I hope, be your determination always to obtain a good, sufficing belly-full of your fellow-creatures; and never to contribute, in your own person a single mouthful to the banquet of the anthropophagi.

It is a vulgar mistake, the very crassitude of ignorance, to look upon only those men as man-eaters, who despatch their victims with a club or tomahawk, and lighting the festive fire, make their own maw an honourable tomb for their enemies. This mode of eating only distinguishes the savage from his more refined brother, who disguises and sophisticates his cookery, and by the aid of certain social sauce, makes even himself forgetful of the horror which—to use the cook's phrase—is the stock of the feast.

In your boyhood, you were, I know, a most active taker of bird's nests. It was your delight to possess yourself of the eggs, ere the process of incubation had commenced, and having very tenderly sucked out the contents, you would thread the mere shell on a piece of grass, as a trophy of your adroitness and good fortune. My dear boy, it is quite possible—indeed, it is every day accomplished—to treat the substance of men, as you have treated the eggs of larks and sparrows. How many successful egg-suckers could I point out to you, who applying the thousand means with which law and social chicanery supply every man, wise and adroit enough to use them,—have so sucked and sucked, that they have left nothing but the mere outside—the fragile shells of men! There is my old acquaintance, Barabbas Moses, with his sixty in a hundred. Twenty years ago he lived by putting off pencils, with apocryphal lead in them. How has he grown thus rich—how has he become thus treble-gilt? My son, he has been a most enterprising egg-sucker. How many birds of fine feather has he destroyed in the egg—how many shells of men might he wear about him! It is a poor thing to scalp a man; a coarse, rough operation: but to feast upon his vitals, nay, to abstract his very marrow from him, to leave no blood-mark there, yet leave him with sufficient vitality to crawl about and look like a man—that, my son, is the master-piece of civilization, the genius of refined life.

There is, however, a more open—a more generous mode of living upon men; a mode, dignified by fashion, exalted by authority—I mean gaming.

The gamester is, indeed, a privileged person; a creature, who merges all the petty, wearying anxieties of life into one sublime passion. Become a gamester, and you are fortified, nay, exempt from the assaults of divers other feelings that distract and worry less happy men. Gaming is a moral Aaron's rod, and swallows up all meaner passions.

Consider, my son, the vigilance, the self-concentration, the judgment, the quickness of wit, and at times, the dexterity of finger, necessary to a successful gamester; and you will look upon the character with still-increasing veneration. Did you ever know a gamester fall madly in love? Did you ever know him, if a married man, waste his profitable time, his profitable thoughts, upon the woman he has buckled himself to? If he be a father, what is the laughter of his children to the melody of the dice? What human hearts to the ace and king of the same suit, when trumps? He is exalted far above the weakening influences that pull down other men, and from his elevation looks with a cold eye of dignity upon the pettiness of human affections. You will hear other men rave about the beauties of nature; of hill and dale, mountain and flood. To the gamester, how small the space that bounds his imagination—but then how rich, how fertile—those half-dozen yards of bright green cloth!

You will hear men talk about the sweets of industry; of the dignity of labour; the more especially those men who never yet set their foot to a spade, or their hand to a plough. The sweets of industry! what are they to the sweets of fortune? And for the dignity of labour, give me, say I, the dignity of luck!

Observe what is called the industrious man. Mark his daily martyrdom. He rises early; breakfasts lightly; hurries off with his bread-and-butter yet undigested to his labour. He toils his eight, ten, nay twelve hours; comes home; eats his crust; and with hardly strength remaining to take off his stockings, slinks wearied to bed. In a brief time—how very brief!—the cock crows, and the industrious man has serious thoughts of shaving; again he is up—again has he bolted his morning meal,—and again is he out to go over the drudgery of how many thousand yesterdays! The year's wound up; and for all this toil, this anxiety, this daily crucifixion of spirit, the industrious man counts one—two—shall we say three hundred golden pieces? For all this tedious misery—three hundred pounds!

My son, turn your eyes to the gamester. He rises when he likes—dallies, at "his own sweet will," with his breakfast. He then lounges away the hours, pleasantly meditating on the coming night. He enters the arena. With what a graceful assurance doth he take the box in his hand. One—two—three: he throws sixes, and pockets five hundred pounds! What a miserable, felon, outcast sneak-up does your industrious man appear after this! What a poor, sweating slave! Whilst on the other hand, what an air of power is about the gamester! What a glory—what a magic! He inherits in one minute by the potent shake of his elbow, all that poor, sordid, labour wears its back into a hoop for—its eyes into blindness! Will you, after this, ever dream of becoming that miserable negative—an industrious man? Depend upon it the true jewels of life—rightly worn—are the four aces. Hope has been vulgarly pictured with an anchor. Let your hope carry a dice-box!

As for luck, you may nearly always ensure that, if you properly educate your perceptions, and your fingers. Cultivate your thumb-nails, my dear boy; the smallest sacrifice to the personal graces is not lost upon the gamester.

But I will take the worst side of the picture. You are doomed to be unlucky—you are fated always to lose. You have no genius—like the genius of Socrates, that always popped into its master's hand the very trump required,—to aid and abet you. The world turns its back on you; and neither by cards nor dice can you fob your brother mortal out of a single guinea. Debts come in like the waves about you: you have no home—no abiding-place! This is the moment, my son, for you to exercise the most heroic of virtues. There is cord—there is steel—there are silver rivers. If you cannot live, you can die; and dying, you will have this consolation: if you have steadily and inexorably vindicated the character of a gamester, your death will inflict no pang upon a single creature left behind you; and you will have the pleasing consolation to reflect that you have never done the world a greater service than when you quitted it.

Why is the Welsh language like the Maelstrom?—Because it is not easily *sounded*.

"I'm a *rising* young man, and a capital *prospect* before me"—as Sinbad the sailor said when he was lifted into the air by the eagle.

"I blush for you," as the rouge-pot said to the old dowager.

"I shall never be able to make this passage out," as Sir John Ross said when he couldn't find his way to the North Pole.

"Messages carefully delivered," as the ear-trumpet said to the old maid.

"Please to remember the Name and Address."—A disappointed play-wright has had the malice to write over the door of the Dramatic Authors' Society:—"*Ici on parle Français.*"

A DELICATE HINT.

Mr. Punch occasionally reads the weekly papers. Among the literary intelligence, he observes that there is always a list, and generally a long one, of "Books received for review." Now he begs to say, that he has hitherto received no books for review, and he would very much like to know why? He will be most happy to review any works that may be sent him,—if they are worth reviewing—that is to say worth having; if otherwise, he will let them alone, and not, as too many of his contemporaries do, inflict upon them disguised satire in the shape of unmerited praise. If they are absolutely bad, he will quietly light his cigars with them. The kind of books that Mr. Punch feels himself best qualified to criticise, are really interesting novels, useful scientific publications, important works on China, Egypt, and other remarkable nations, and on Natural History and Architecture, magnificently got up and illustrated. It may appear singular; but the circumstance of their being handsomely bound will heighten his appreciation of them amazingly.

In his perambulations through the streets, Mr. Punch is continually struck with the beautiful prints and engravings which he observes in the windows. Be it known, though he says it that should not, that his taste in art is admirable; how is it, therefore, that he never sees any of these pictorial novelties at his office? Neither the Queen, nor Prince Albert, nor the Royal Infants, nor views in Affghanistan, nor Nash's Interiors, nor Morrison's Haddon Hall, nor Hunt's nor Tayler's latest gems, nor those of Cattermole, nor Edwin Landseer's last litter, has he ever beheld upon his counter. Mr. Moon, Messieurs Hodson and Graves, what are you thinking of?

Mr. Punch has now before him a double "Times;" one half of it consisting of advertisements. Now it is in his power to give immense publicity to any thing if he pleases: and there are various articles of utility and of luxury, which, if enabled to pronounce upon them, he will be delighted to celebrate for nothing. Why not let him *try* "Tallyho Sauce" and "Potted Yarmouth Bloaters;" why not secure his advocacy of Tailor's-Bills-Reform by making him a first rate suit of clothes? He will have no objection to attend in the office an hour every day, to be measured. He is allowed by his friends to be a capital judge of wine, and would gladly enhance with his suffrages the value of a stock of Champagne, Burgundy, or Claret, or even of Port or Sherry, were a few bottles of it sent him to taste. He is an excellent hand at choosing furniture; now it would be much better than sending a car about town, plastered all over with recommendations to go to this place or that when you marry, to make him a present of a little bedding, a few tables and chairs, and a looking-glass or so, of which his description should be as graphic as his acknowledgments would be grateful. Mr. Punch is astonished that no one has ever thought of thus seeking notoriety through him. He is a connoisseur in boots; but, will it be believed? the Pannuscorium people next door to him have never once so much as sent in to ask if he were troubled with

CUTTING A TROUBLESOME ACQUAINTANCE.

corns, and if so, whether he would condescend to make trial of their invention!

It is a peculiar feature in the character of Mr. Punch, that he has an intense relish for everything that is good. He will therefore willingly permit tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, nay, vinegar and pepper; whatever, in short, is excellent in its way, to be submitted to his critical inspection. His connexions are so extensive, that he hopes no fear lest he should not know what to do with such or such articles, will cause any sort of property to be withheld from him. He will find plenty of uses for any one's "elegancies;" for spoons, watches, plate, crockery, stove-ranges, fire-irons, dust-pans, kettles, or scrubbing-brushes; in fine, to him, as some illustrious author says, or might have said, of somebody—"*Omne piscis est quod venit ad rete.*" If he find his present advice likely to be followed, he promises the public that he will take a warehouse; and that there may be no mistake in any quarter as to his capacity for goods, he begs it to be understood that he is decidedly open to marine stores.

An idea has suddenly occurred to Mr. Punch, which he sincerely hopes may be incorrect; but the surest way to find whether it is or is not, will be to state it. His idea is this.—He questions very much whether there is not something in the old proverb, "Great Cry, and Little Wool," and whether the majority of your advertising gentry are not, in a slight measure, humbugs, of whose wares a conscientious individual like himself, would be unable to speak in praise. If he is out in this conjecture, let them refute it by adopting his suggestion.

BALLADS OF THE BOYS.

No. III.—THE POT-BOY.

They tell me childhood's happy prime
Is of our lives the sweetest time;
They say it but my heart to cheer.
Alas! I cannot deem it truth,
While thus I pass my early youth
In carrying out and shouting—"Beer!"

No more upon the cheerful green
('Tis Newington, of course, I mean)
Can I in bat or ball delight;
For I must go the beer to leave,
From silent morn till dewy eve,
And then again till dusky night.

My young companions cluster round,
And often mock the mournful sound
I utter on my cheerless way.
How oft my heart—like pots fill'd up—
Brims o'er with woe's too bitter cup;
I could not, if I would, be gay.

NAVAL PROMOTION.

If as I take my walks abroad,
A moment I to play afford,
On some too fondly cherished spots,
The effort to be glad is vain;
For on my young bewilder'd brain
There bursts the gloomy cry of—"Pots!"

Then up my leather strap I take—
I hate the noise the measures make,
As jingling at my back they hang;
For I was born to better things,
Like the young man who comes and sings
Upstairs each night with nasal twang.

Complaint, alas! is idle now;
To destiny I needs must bow,
For sorrow is the mortal's lot.
It was the fate of man to fall;
And, like myself, they'll one day all—
Somehow or other—go to pot.

Foreign Intelligence.

We are entirely destitute of papers from every quarter, and we are consequently left to our own speculations. The Punjaub is in a fearful state, and Shah Soojah has declared himself independent of every thing. Akbhar Khan is desperate, and Ibrahim Pacha is suffering from elephantiasis in his left eyebrow. If this causes him to take a different view of matters in the East, his indisposition will have been productive of lasting benefit.

Dost Mahomed, through the influence of Deen Mahomed, is to have the order of the Bath; and the mess into which the Indians are thrown gives every hope of pickles from that quarter.

Our arrivals from America bring us nothing but a dishonoured bill which we have placed in the hands of our attorney. It speaks of a total want of orders.

"It's only once a-year," as the Queen said to Dr. Locock.

"With all thy faults I love thee still," as the alderman said to the decayed Chester.

"Your goodness overpowers me," as the gentleman murmured to the champagne, when he couldn't rise from his chair.

"THE MARTYRS OF SCIENCE!"

A FEW months ago SIR DAVID BREWSTER produced a book bearing this thrilling title. If the work be out of print, and Sir DAVID contemplate a new edition, there is a species of martyr abounding at the present time in London, which claims admission to the volume. We really have greater compassion for "the Infant Thalia" at the Adelaide Gallery of Science, (think of the science of "the Highland Fling!") than for GALILEO! Humane reader, contemplate for five minutes the surpassing impudence of these scientific men. They open a gallery to show the marvels of electricity, galvinism, sodas, alkalis, pneumatics, &c., &c. Well and good. People went and were set up scientific for life, at the small cost of one shilling. Their minds were enlarged by mice gasping in air-pumps—they felt their divinity "stir within them" from the shock of the electric eel. These things, however, grew flat and dull, and Science—"star-eyed maid" indeed—went to some poor man's cradle to seek some supplementary wonder! Science was successful, and lo! we have "the Infant Thalia" to recommend by a "jockey's hornpipe" and "Highland fling" the discoveries of NEWTON, and DAVY. Wise, philanthropic JOHN BULL likes to drink at the stream of science, but then the old ass must have his draught sweetened with some such quack compound as "that wonderful little creature, the Infant Thalia!" Poor minnikin—hapless "martyr to science!"

CHILD SNOBSON'S PILGRIMAGE.

VI.

AND Snobson went, alas! he knew not whither,—
And, what was more, the Child—he did not care;
He knew the cab would take him safely thither—
But where is thither?—Echo answers, "Where!"
He'd only bargain'd for a shilling fare,*
And no exact direction had he given;
The vehicle was enter'd in despair—
His bosom, when he call'd the cab, was riven—
Child Snobson heeded not the place where he was driven.

VII.

What beauties does High Holborn first unfold †!—
The Inn of Furnival—the house where Day
And Martin, in bright characters of gold
Upon a board their blended names display.
And should the traveller only cross the way
And walk a mile or so, his tired feet
Will reach the spot so beautiful and gay
Where, turning down a wide and handsome street
Call'd Farringdon, he'll come—right slap upon the Fleet.

VIII.

But whoso entereth within the door
Will find its small apartments desolate—
The little rooms will ring with mirth no more;
Nor will the racquet-players elevate
The ball against the prison-wall so straight;
No more the merry chum, with beer elate,
Shall deem himself a prisoner of state—
The charm, alas! at length is dissipated:
The Fleet with the Queen's Bench is now incorporated ‡.

IX.

The paltry prisoners did not prize these scenes.
Oh, art, why waste thy wonders on such men? *

DRAUGHT UPON A COUNTRY BANK.

A wall of glorious brickwork intervenes,
Surmounted with an iron rail. And then,
Ah me! some spikes on top of that again (*agen*).
The eye upon such strength does here dilate;
The chances of escape are none in ten;
And e'en the boldest spirit could but wait
Till his discharge was lodged, in due form, at the gate.

* He'd only bargain'd for a shilling fare.

The poet has here sacrificed truth to poetry, for, by private letters to his mother, it would seem that the fare was at least a one-and-eightpenny. In the original MS. the line stood

He bargain'd for a one-and-eightpence fare,

which had been subsequently corrected to

He bargain'd for a twenty-penny fare:

but the line as it now stands was eventually adopted.

† What beauties does High Holborn first unfold!—

This line is a close imitation of that in Byron, only that the word "Lisboa" in Childe Harold is High Holborn in Child Snobson. Whether the Child ever thought of going to Lisboa, cannot now be ascertained; but it is clear that if he did, he altered his determination, and proceeded to High Holborn in the first instance. On the principle that the way to Oxfordshire is down Tooley-street, it may be said that the way to Lisbon is along High Holborn.—SCOTT.

‡ The Fleet with the Queen's Bench is now incorporated.

The poet was frequently in the Fleet, whither he *was often* taken at his own request by *habeas*. There are letters to his mother now in existence, dated from the Fleet, wherein he requests her to perform certain pecuniary operations with a view to his release; but we find nothing relating to this point of his career, except in the archives of the Insolvent Court. In these the name of Snobson occurs rather frequently.

* Oh, art, why waste thy wonders on such men?

"These fellows," says the poet in a twopenny-post letter, "seem to have no taste for the architectural beauties of the place, and its massive solidity seems to be entirely thrown away upon them. For my own part, I never look at the splendid brickwork without a melancholy and sentimental feeling, which I can scarcely account for."

A "CHESTERFIELD" FRAGMENT.

IT is well known that that speckless peer, Philip Dormer, Earl of Chesterfield, wrote sundry letters to his illegitimate son, with the paternal intention of making him a most polished rascal. We believe the Earl was not very successful in his purpose, the offspring of his loins turning out more fool than knave. It was imagined that all the Earl's epistles had been given to a thankful generation. Within the last few days, however, the subjoined fragment of a hitherto unpublished Letter (duly attested) has been brought to our Office; and as at the present moment it may be read with some interest, we hesitate not to print it. His lordship's notions of the dignity of the female character were somewhat lax, even for a peer. He writes:—

"* * * * * * * * * Women you are to consider as mere goods and chattels; toys and trinkets which, purchased for the hour, are to be cast aside when the hour shall be passed. The ignorance of women is extraordinary: they absolutely know nothing of the laws of this happy country, and are therefore altogether at the mercy of the better educated sex. Thus your friend may be desirous of purchasing some foolish, weak, unprotected girl. In such a matter your friend has every claim upon your best services. You may then suggest the settlement of a legacy on the wench as the price of her honesty; and, more, to give a solemnity to the bargain, may offer yourself as trustee for due payment of the same. Sir Pandarus of Troy would not have offered less. Well, the simple girl closes with the offer, and is gulled. Your friend refuses to pay the annuity, and you, from your knowledge of the law, are aware that the victim has no redress, the law sanctifying no immoral obligation. The world, to be sure, may call you a—" [*Here the M. S. is illegible; but the feelings of the reader will, doubtless, supply the proper words.*]

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.

MR. SKYLIGHT, for a mode of obtaining from the moon a superior kind of lunar caustic.

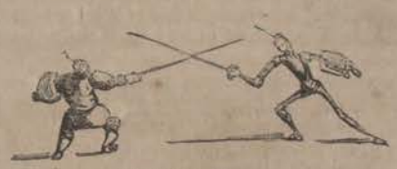
Mr. Snooks, for a method of extracting butter from butter-cups.

Mr. Timkins, for a new plan of ruling the waves with an ordinary ruler.

Mr. Elderberry, for a new process for the cultivation of sea weed in ordinary garden ground, and transplanting the common stinging nettle without the necessity for taking hold of it.

Baron Nathan, for a new Cracovienne applicable to new laid eggs.

Mr. Charles Kean, for an entirely original system of point and counterpoint.



A DRAWN GAME.

THE (FRENCH) FOX AND THE (CHINESE) GRAPES.

A cunning fox, of Gallic breed,
(Which is an artful brute indeed,)
Perceived some Chinese grapes to hang
Upon the vine of Pao-Kwang.
They look'd so much to Reynard's taste,
He grieved that they so far were placed.
He leap'd towards them; but 'twas plain,
They were too high for him to gain.
A British bull-dog, passing by,
Upon the grapes did set his eye;
And, without making more ado,
He seized them right in Reynard's view.
"Pshaw!" said the Gallic fox, "if I
Had condescended but to try,
I could have got, with perfect ease,
Abundance of such grapes as these;
And, now I look at them again,
They are not worth the smallest pain,
For, when their quality is known,
I 'm sure they 're better let alone:
I 'd spurn them, were they in my power;
Oh, yes, 'tis clear the grapes are sour."

Moral.

When bragging Frenchmen miss a prize,
They feign the object to despise:
Get it they cannot, it is true,
But they can sneer at those who do.
Then let them sneer, since we are winning—
Which has the truest cause for grinning?

RECIPE FOR A MAN OF LETTERS.

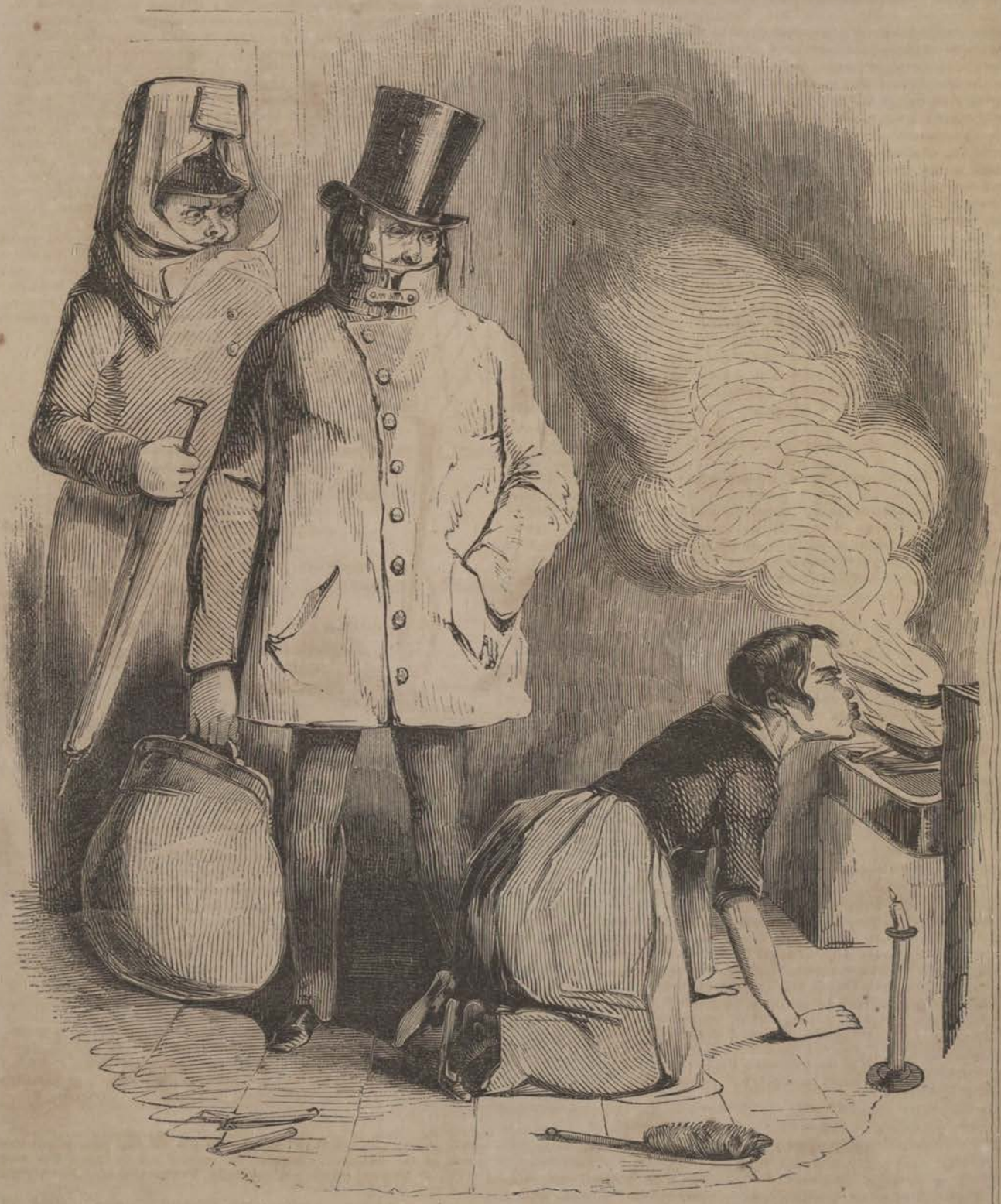
How to make an Evening Paper.—Provide yourself with a good stout pair of scissars, which you can purchase of your hardwareman at a moderate figure. Then desire your cook to make you some strong paste, or, if you should not have a cook, purchase the article of a neighbouring cobbler. Having thus procured your tools, you will buy a Morning Newspaper called *The Times*, which is sold by one Lawson, of Printing-house-square, Blackfriars. Cut from this to your liking, and having pasted what you have extracted on little bits of paper, forward it to your printer. Publish at four o'clock, and you will find your paper meet with all the success—it deserves. Be careful not to insert the word "Times" after any extract you may make, as that will considerably mar the effect.

N.B.—If there should be a second edition of the paper called *The Times*, you will lay out an extra five-pence in purchasing the same. Cut the new matter neatly out, and insert it in your Evening Journal, taking care to head the same "From our own Correspondent."

Having followed the above rules, you will find yourself the editor of an Evening Paper.

PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS.——No. LVII.

SOCIAL MISERIES.—No. 14.



HAVING sent up a letter to your landlady, saying you will return to town with your country friend and agent, at half-past six on Monday next; and requesting that she will not fail to have a good fire and warm cup of tea prepared against your arrival. —— You return, after a six hours' journey outside the Highflyer, on one of the coldest and wettest days in November, and find that your letter has miscarried, and you and your friend are in the above pretty predicament.

SONGS OF THE FLOWERS.

NO. IX.—THE SONG OF THE TULIP*.

I 'M a costly Tulip—and I sell
For a price that humbler flowers astounds;
I'm Antwerp's famous Citadel,
And I cost six hundred and fifty pounds.
They may talk of the priceless violet blue,
I scorn such sentimental trash;
But the Tulip's value is sure to be true,
When 'tis bought and paid for in sterling cash.
They press the Jasmine to the heart,
The modest Rose they seem to prize,
When lovers from each other part
With lingering looks and streaming eyes.
But the Tulip is cherish'd more than they,
For where is another flower on earth
Of which 'tis possible to say,
Six hundred and fifty pounds 'tis worth?

THE MEDICAL STUDENTS.

(New Series.)

CHAPTER VI.—THE CONCLUSION OF THE CONCERT.

NOW, Ladies and Gentlemen, but especially the Ladies,—said Jack Randall, as he dragged Mr. Briggs to the front of the stage, with the air of a manager leading forward a *débutant*, who exhibits the pantomimic reluctance at the prompt side of the proscenium usual upon such occasions—"My friend, Mr. Allen Harrison Templeton Briggs, has every song at his command that was ever known, and he wishes you to name your favourite one."

There was an instant of silence after this announcement, no one liking to make the first choice. But presently the gentleman in the shiny hat and shirt-sleeves, begged Briggs would oblige the company with "Spare that 'ere tree." This encouraged others to solicit their favourite ballads; and the whole audience began simultaneously to call out for the songs they most wished to hear, which included "Halice Gray," "The Single Young Man Lodger," "My Art's in the Islands," and "Hot Codlins;" but the popular desire was certainly in favour of a lyrical effusion which appeared very well known to the frequenters of the concert under the title of "O crikey! don't I love my mother!" a burst of natural affection, which in point of intensity could be equalled but by few ballad writers of the present day.

During this period Mr. Simpson Briggs had been apparently enacting the struggles of "The Gladiators" over again with Jack Randall, in his strenuous efforts to free himself from the grasp of his pertinacious friend. But Jack had seized hold of his collar with the clutch of a cast-iron policeman, and, taking advantage of the violent struggles of Mr. Briggs, turned it to account by calling out,

"Imitation of Messrs. Blanchard and Ellsgood in the drunken combat of the Dumb Girl of Genoa."

This speech he followed up by springing and stamping about in the most approved melodramatic style, nevertheless keeping a firm hold of his friend. The elderly female at the piano, imagining that it was all intended, began to play some of the same wild chords with which she was wont to accompany the evolutions of the Syrian Indefatigables; and at the same time the company, taking it all for granted, came down with thunders of approbation, which increased as Mr. Briggs became more and more energetic in his efforts to get loose. At last he collected all his force, and with a violent spring broke away from Randall, and tumbled off the platform, coming down all in a heap upon the nearest table, which fortunately had only pewter pots upon it, or the damage would have been most extensive. Another cheer greeted this feat, which was also supposed to be part of the performance by the spectators; and then, as a concluding hit, Jack threw himself into a posture of triumph, and informed the company it was a representation of "Achilles slaying the learned Hygeist," being the first words that came uppermost, and having a relation in sound if not in sense, with the name of some statue he had seen on the terrace-garden at Windsor Castle.

"What a fool you are, Jack," was the salutation with which Mr. Briggs greeted his companion, as Randall, having bowed to the audience, stepped from the platform, and resumed his seat.

"Hush! hold your tongue," replied Jack. "Great lark—immense—they think it was all meant."

"Song! song! song!" cried many voices from different parts of the room.

"Here—they insist upon your singing," said Jack, *sotto voce*, to Mr. Briggs.

"Oh—nonsense! you know I can't. I never sang a note in my life."

"All right, sir. I'll make an apology, and sing one myself."

Whereupon Jack Randall rose, and, turning to the company, informed them "that the exertions of his friend had somewhat disabled him from complying with their request, but that, with their permission he would attempt, though he was

LABOURING UNDER A COLD,

to contribute to the convivial harmony of the evening."

Fresh applause followed his speech; the audience did not appear particularly to care who the song came from, provided they got one; and Jack Randall, with all the assurance in the world, once more ascended the platform. He understood enough of music, to be able to get through a trifling piano accompaniment, and having requested "*The pianist*," with much politeness, to vacate her seat in his favour, he took his place at the instrument. There was a little confusion created at first starting off, by the leg of the music-stool getting into a hole in the floor, that had been made for the insertion of a post when the wonderful man-monkey exhibited his supernatural performances, which the bill stated, "placed him at once on an equality with the animal creation." This little accident was awkward, inasmuch as it shot Jack Randall off his perch: but immediately recovering, he favoured the company with a ballad which alluded to a young lady passing through the different stages of maid, wife, and widow, under the various head-dresses of a wreath of roses, orange flowers, and weeds; and proving the keen observation of Jack Randall, who made very minute remarks on her appearance, although he confessed that he saw her but a moment: "but," added he, looking at a dirty piece of music before him, upon which some vivacious predecessor had drawn a lady's profile, taking a sight, "methinks I see her now."

Had Jack Randall been ambitious, the reception which the song met with, from all except the regularly engaged professionals, would have incited him to further displays of his musical and vocal talent. But recollecting the grand secret of success in life, to retire when you have made a good impression, he acknowledged the plaudits of the company by a very magnificent bow, and having requested they would do him the favour to drink his health in a gallon

* The other day, a Tulip-bulb, called the Citadel of Antwerp, was sold for 650*l*.

of half-and-half, which he would settle for with the waiter, he resumed his seat.

"I ask your pardon, Sir," said a very cadaverous-looking man, approaching him; "I ask your pardon, Sir, but my benefit is fixed for the tenth of December. I am the Bloomsbury Braham, what is mentioned in the bill. If you would give me a song, you would greatly oblige me."

"Oh certainly, certainly," replied Jack. "Two or three, any songs, all sorts of songs—comic, Italian, or *mentiental*." Then raising his voice he added, to the room in general:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"The hour is come that we must part; but the remembrance of the happy evening we have passed together, will never be eradicated whilst memory holds her seat in my brain's parliament. In the name of my friend, Mr. Allen Harrison Templeton Briggs, whom you have have not heard to-night, but who trusts on some future opportunity, not far distant, to have the pleasure of again contributing to your enjoyment, we respectfully bid you farewell."

And amidst a storm of concussions, in which the tables suffered considerably from the bottoms of the pewter pots, the two students left the room, and sallied out once more into the open air.

The theatres were just over, and all was noise and confusion amongst the carriages assembled, except the vehicles at the private box entrance of Drury Lane, whose drivers and footmen had been quietly sleeping on their boxes for the last hour and a half, and required nothing less than an actual personal insult to arouse them. As soon as they had passed the stage door, and the usual crowd of loungers about it,—friends of the drum, cousins of the thunder, and convivial acquaintances of the first citizen and second peasant, Jack quietly informed Mr. Briggs "that it was his intention to arouse the ire of the John Thomases."

From a keen observance of human nature, Jack Randall had observed, in his nightly perambulations, that when coachmen go to sleep upon their box, which is the invariable result of waiting above twenty minutes in the open air, they always let their whip drop upon their left arm, towards the near side of the carriage, and supported in a measure by the knees of the footmen, who are snoring at their side. Jack consequently found the thongs of all the whips belonging to the coachmen of the company in the private boxes, hanging over the pavement, like so many fishing lines. So he tugged down every one that came in his way, with a sudden jerk, and then let it fly back again, startling the coachman from his slumbers, with the general accompaniment of a flick in the face from the thong, as the lash recoiled. By the time he was awake, Jack and Mr. Briggs had walked on to another carriage, and this facetious amusement was repeated until the whole line was in a state of great excitement, trying to catch him with the lash of their whips—which intended punishment always fell upon the next passer-by—or saluting him with such jocular speeches as "There goes two tailors!" "Halloo! you counter-jumpers, here's your master a-coming;" or "Are you out for the night?" to which last inquiry Jack generally replied that he was, with the key, and that his mother didn't know it.

AN ARCH FELLOW.

After a few more practical jokes, at the expense of the ham-sandwich men, and the vendors of "Frrrruit-pie orrrr-ra meat!" for gallery consumption, Mr. Briggs avowed his intention of going home, because, as we have stated, his landlady was religiously rheumatic, and did not like Medical Students or late lodgers. And Jack Randall, who could not get to sleep if he went to bed before three in the morning, wandered into the parlours of various taverns, to see if he could find some acquaintances in any of them to sup with, concluding his evening in a most unexpected manner, to which, in all probability, we may hereafter refer.

"You can't pass here," as Poet's Corner said to Thorwaldsen's statue of Lord Byron.

A "TRIED" COMPANY.

THE extraordinary patronage awarded by an intelligent public to that rose-bud of the Old Bailey, Miss ALICE LOWE, has induced a spirited and enterprising manager to engage, at an "enormous expense," a whole company of actors and actresses possessing, in a peculiar degree, those elements of popularity which have been found so intense in their application in the case of the Maid of Frankfort. At present, we are not permitted to give the name of the manager, who has thus devoted his whole fortune (one wig, a hare's-foot, and a cake of vermilion) to the advancement of public taste: we, however, break no faith in enumerating a few of the company, who will shortly make good their claims to the applauses of the town:—

MR. COVEY BURK'EM. This gentleman is engaged for the heroes of melo-drama, and brings peculiar advantages to the task, having been arraigned at York Assizes for a desperate highway-robbery; he was, however, happily saved by a flaw, being indicted as *Covy*; that is, without the *e*.

MR. JAMES TWITCHER. A tenor voice, of extraordinary sweetness. Indicted at Croydon on a charge of pot-stealing; but discharged, no witness appearing against him.

MR. JONATHAN DE WILD. A low comedian of great versatility. Stood in the pillory once at Wakefield, for an imputed case of perjury. Irresistible in a comic song.

MR. TOTHILL LOCKIT. Excellent in the old men. Of great provincial celebrity, having been tried in three separate counties for child-stealing, and proving in each case a triumphant *alibi*. Inimitable in the pathetic fathers.

MR. HENRY PADDINGTON. Very genteel as the walking-gentleman. Once privately whipped for stealing a baby's necklace.

MR. BINNACLE BLACKFLAG. Great in the sailors. Was tried upon a charge of murder and piracy on the high-seas, but received the "benefit of the doubt" on the part of the jury. Hornpipe wonderful; rocking-step and double-shuffle not to be surpassed.

MISS VIRGINIA DIVER. This young lady is expected to be really "the acknowledged heroine of domestic drama," from her intimate acquaintance with every station-house in London. Her first benefit will be under the patronage of the new police. Was once put on her trial for picking the pocket of a bishop at Exeter Hall, who declined to prosecute.

MISS LYDIA SLAMMERKIN. (Late of Fleet-street.) This lady plays first comedy; and if her own defence at the Old Bailey, on a charge of pawning her landlady's counterpane may be received as any evidence of her wit and vivacity, her stage powers will be astonishing.

MRS. ALICIA SELLMAID. An admirable representative of the eccentric old women and mothers. Has in her time attracted great public notice; and was peculiarly honoured by the parish in which she lived, the authorities having, day and night, stationed men with paper lanthorns at her abode, to make known the merits of her dwelling-house.

These are the principal members of the Company as yet new to the London stage; but we are happy to say that the Manager, with a determined spirit to meet the taste of the town, has, reckless of cost, at an immense expense engaged—

MISS ALICE LOWE!

We can also assure the public that all the minor arrangements of the Theatre are regulated in the same spirit manifest in the above. Hence, the very stage-door-keeper is a returned convict, nor is there one of the money-takers who has not survived a charge of embezzlement.

AN OLD JOKE MADE AS GOOD AS NEW.—Why is the Nelson monument like a young Cantab? Because it gets on *by degrees*.

GLORIOUS TERMINATION OF THE WAR WITH CHINA!

GRAND GOVERNMENT SCHEME!!

SUPPLYING THE METROPOLIS WITH TEA!!!

THE War with China is over—Confucius be praised for it. Sir Henry Pottinger is to be created Lord Hyson—having for his armorial bearings, three Mandarin's heads, tied together by their tails, surmounted by a *teapot volante*.

Tea will now be plenty, and Sir James Graham has hit upon a notable scheme. The great New River reservoir, from which the City is at present supplied with water, is to be immediately converted into a huge *metropolitan teapot*, the delicious contents of which will henceforth form the material of circulation through the many veins and arteries which now convey to every corner of the City that insipid trash called water. As soon as this is effected, it is supposed that the neighbourhood of the reservoir will become the favourite evening promenade for the ladies. It was at first proposed that the infusion should be made regularly twice a day in the Thames, so that the Metropolis might be supplied on the grandest scale. But this was objected to, on the ground that it would hold out an irresistible tempation to suicide among the elderly females, particularly those among them, who, by their own obstinacy and self-will, are doomed to a cup of *single cursedness*, and who would be seen plunging daily in dozens from the parapet of Waterloo-bridge.

Furnaces, on an immense scale, are to be constructed below the reservoir. These furnaces are to be attended by battalions of Sinecurists and State-Pensioners, who, in consideration of the arduous duties to be thus imposed upon them, are to be allowed their tea gratis, twice a-day, although they are to find their own bread and butter. As Lord Abinger is in search of official promotion, it has been decided to make him General Superintendant of the Fire Department. The Duke of Newcastle is to furnish the necessary amount of coal. Before being distributed the tea is to be prepared with milk and sugar in the reservoir, and tasted, to see that there is a proper harmony between all the ingredients, by a Committee of Taste to be appointed for that purpose, and to consist of the Duchesses of Sutherland and Buccleuch and the Hon. George Edward Anson, assisted by the Earls of Haddington and Aberdeen. As it is supposed that an enormous amount of sugar will be required, the English ports are to be thrown open to the Brazils; and to meet the deficiency in the revenue, which this is expected to occasion, Sir R. Peel intends to impose a tax upon teeth—which, it is thought, will drive false ones out of the market. To meet the demand for milk, the Duke of Buckingham has engaged to keep 10,000 head of "horned cattle" in the neighbourhood of the reservoir. The office of Lord High Dairyman is to be conferred upon Sir Edward Knatchbull; and Colonel Sibthorpe is to be immediately despatched to St. Petersburgh to negotiate a treaty with the Emperor Nicholas for a regular supply of Polish turnips, as fodder for the cattle. The turnips are to be of the best and juiciest kind—the one the Colonel carries on his shoulders to be a sample to the Autocrat.

Pumps are to be erected in the various streets and squares of the City, by which troughs will be kept constantly supplied, from which the passer-by may suck himself full by means of one of several tubes which is to be kept dangling from their respective troughs for the public accommodation. The intended fountains in Trafalgar-square are henceforth to squirt out hot tea; Nelson's column is to be diverted from its original purpose, and is now to be completed as a memorial of our glorious Chinese triumph—its elegant shaft is to be crowned with a splendid Corinthian capital, which latter is to sustain a *Mammoth Britannia-metal Teapot*, from which a constant stream is to descend upon the head and shoulders of King Charles. For this brilliant idea the Government is indebted to the Colonial Secretary. White Conduit House will be deserted, and Tea-gardens established in the neighbourhood of Apsley House.

Measures will also be adopted for the supply of the other large towns of the kingdom from the same source. All the railroads, proceeding from the metropolis, are to have attached to their different trains a set of patent locomotive urns, by which the beverage can be transmitted *hot* to Birmingham, Manchester, &c.; and Viscount Lowther is digesting a plan whereby the smaller towns can be supplied through the Post Office.

The two houses of Parliament are to be liberally supplied. In the Upper House, the Lord Chancellor will preside over the tea-table. In the House of Commons, each member is to be provided with a *tube*, from which, by means of a *stop-cock*, he can refresh himself in the midst of a long debate. The Radical members are only to have a tube between every two of them. Messrs. Hume and Roebuck going together, &c. Sir Robert thinks that when this is effected, there will be less difficulty in "making a house;" and is confident that fewer of the members will hereafter get drunk.

The small reservoir in the Green Park is to be converted into a great pap basin, for the special use of the juvenile generation; to which the Dowager Lady Lyttleton is daily to convey the Prince of Wales and Princess Royal, for their morning meal. Over this, the Queen Dowager is to preside.

The refuse tea leaves are to be given to his Grace of Buckingham, to manure, with them, the vale of Aylesbury. By this politic step, the Government expect to re-acquire his Grace's countenance and co-operation.

A FRIEND TO LOOK UP TO.

It is rumoured in the best informed circles that, when all is completed, it is the intention of her Majesty to invite the various crowned heads of Europe to a great tea-party; on which occasion it is intended to take advantage of hospitality, and secure, if possible, Louis-Philippe's consent to the *right of search treaty*. The President of the United States will not be invited, because he is "too vulgar." The Cabinet have not yet decided to send a card to Espartero the Regent; or whether it will be altogether safe to solicit the attendance of his Holiness the Pope, as it is probable that his coming in contact with the Archbishop of Canterbury might occasion a row.

THE MOON'S RISING AND SETTING.

IN the year 1843, there will be a new moon thirteen times, but it has not yet been discovered what is done with the old ones.

The moon will be eclipsed by the clock at the Horse Guards, when it gets into perigee behind the tower in the centre of the building. When the moon is in the crescent it may be seen either in Mornington or Burton, and it will be in the last quarter some time after Michaelmas.

WATERLOO BRIDGE REPORT.

THE shareholders in Waterloo Bridge met a few days ago, and a very animated discussion took place upon the prospects of the company. The old debt remains in *statu quo*, and the middle-aged debentures with the coupon continues without the interest. A proprietor wished to know what was to become of the original adventurers; and whether they were likely to get anything in the end. The chairman replied that it would be quite at the end if they ever did get anything.

A subscriber was desirous of putting a few questions. He wanted to know what was paid for the exhibition of the playbills on the freehold railings belonging to the company (*Hear, hear.*) He thought that the display of those things injured the bridge, for many persons who intend going over it and paying the toll were likely to stop to read the play-bills, and forget all about the bridge. (*Much cheering*). The chairman said that was for the consideration of the shareholders. His (the chairman's) duty was to hear (*hear*) and say nothing. (*Order*). The same shareholder would ask whether the Revd. O'Gorman Gregg was the real lessee of the railing on which was exhibited the placard headed "a bloodless cure

for the tooth-ache," and whether the company acted fairly by an old tenant in letting any part of their premises to the proprietor of the specific for curing the tooth-ache by "smoking only." (*Hear.*) The chairman had not seen the contract with either party, nor had he the honour of an acquaintance with the Rev. O'Gorman Gregg; but he believed the Rev. Gentleman had not remonstrated with the company. (*Cheers.*) A shareholder was happy to see that suicides preferred jumping from Waterloo in preference to the other bridges. He thought this was owing partly to the reduction of the toll, and as it was expedient to meet the wishes of the public generally, he was glad that the company seemed to give complete satisfaction to that unfortunate class of customers. The accounts were then audited. It appeared that after paying all the current expenses with a portion of the old balance, and an instalment on the unfunded debt, there remained some loose silver and a few halfpence, which it was decided should be added to the old rest, for the benefit of the fifth class of reversionary creditors.

Theatrical Intelligence.

Miss Kelly's little band-box has again closed for further "extensive preparations," with a view to the production of more "attractive novelties." The plan pursued during the past short season, of advertising a favourite farce or drama, without stating the names of the pieces, gave general satisfaction. The cook (as stage manager) or the housemaid (as prompter) came with a small list, like the waiter at an eating-house, of things "ready in the house," and the visitors, or visitor, selected his own entertainment. The affair was managed thus:—

Housemaid. What will you please to take?

Audience. What have you got?

Housemaid. There's "Sergeant's Wife," "Sister of Charity," "Irish Tutor," (just up), "The Nayades," (every part cast), "Mrs. Parthian at Home," (quite hot.)

Audience. Let's have a bit of "Mrs. Parthian at Home."

Housemaid. We don't cut it sir, but you can have one act of the "Sister of Charity," or a slice of the "Sergeant's Wife," but Mrs. Parthian can't be divided.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

This plan, of course, suited all tastes, but we have not heard whether it is to be continued in future seasons.

We don't know whether there is to be a Christmas pantomime for the holiday folks; but if there is, though the parlours and drawing-rooms may not fill so well, the lessee may calculate on crowded attics, and overflowing washhouses during the festive season.

We understand that Mr. Hamilton from "The Band-box," is to appear at the Adelphi. Mr. H. was a great favourite in Dean-street, and while his quiet humour told well with the garret and kitchen, he was excessively popular with the first-floor and the dining-room.

THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION AND WALKER.

This young lady has been lecturing on the Constitution, at the National Hall of Science, in High Holborn. She took a rapid view of history from the time of Noah down to last week, and treated on every thing inclusively, from the fall of Adam to the ousting of Lord Melbourne. The constitution she observed was originally invented by

MAJOR AND MINOR CANONS.

De Lolme, had been afterwards a great deal shapen by Morison's pills, and was now expected to revive by the bolus of Chartism. Morison, she said, used to prescribe forty of his celebrated No. 6. She, Miss Mary Anne Walker, recommended millions of No. 1, and that in fact No. 1 should be kept in view by all of them. She then took a rapid glance at the reign of Boadicea, gave a summary of the wars of Hengist, and came naturally down to our own day, in which the presentation of the Chartist Petition, and the removal of the committee to the station house in the cart on Kennington Common at the great meeting last year, were very graphically touched upon. Miss Walker particularly called upon the young men and entreated them to embrace her and her principles. In speaking of herself she, of course, spoke only for herself, and did not mean to pledge Miss Susanna Inge, or any other of her female compatriots, to any particular adhesion; but what she, Miss Walker, once embraced, she would throw all her heart and soul into, and stick to it, (*loud cheers*). Miss Walker also observed, that the young men were comparatively cold. She had expected more from them, but had been disappointed. With regard to the women, let them look at the Spartan mothers, who cut off their hair to make bowstrings. She, Miss Walker, could not do that, for she wore a front, and her back hair was a good deal dwindled away; but they had her heart, and that was better than her hair any day. She then quoted a passage from Smith's Wealth of Nations, and a paragraph from the halfpenny illustrated newspaper, when in a peroration, compounded of scraps from Blackstone, Punch, Vattel, Boz, the Times, Joseph Jenkins, and Miss Martineau, she sat down amid a whirlwind of applause, from every corner of the building.

THE SONG OF THE HUMBUGGED HUSBAND.

She's not what fancy painted her—
I'm sadly taken in;
If some one else had won her, I
Should not have cared a pin.

I thought that she was mild and good
As maiden e'er could be;
I wonder how she ever could
Have so much humbugg'd me.

They cluster round and shake my hand—
They tell me I am blest:
My case they do not understand—
I think that I know best.

LOOKING AT BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

They say she's fairest of the fair—
They drive me mad and madder.
What do they mean by it? I swear,
I only wish they had her.

'Tis true that she has lovely locks,
That on her shoulders fall:
What would they say to see the box
In which she keeps them all?

Her taper fingers, it is true,
'Twere difficult to match:
What would they say if they but knew
How terribly they scratch?

On the 1st of December was presented, for the pence and praise of the universe,

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WITH UPWARDS OF ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS,

Forming an elegant little volume equally adapted for the reticule of the Sovereign and the pocket of the Lord Mayor.

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PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

LETTER XXI.—THE PHILOSOPHY OF GLORY · THE SWORD AND THE GOSLINGS.

My dear Boy,—I hoped that, long ere this, your hankering passion after what is called glory, had died a natural death; and that you had begun to consider glory at the best but as a dull mountebank—a thing of strut, and frippery, and emptiness.

When St. Austin was a little boy, he and his mother went on a day's pleasure with a certain Roman prætor, to pay their respects to the tomb of Cæsar. St. Austin has handed down to us the following lively portrait of the imperial corpse. "It looked of a blue mould; the bone of the nose laid bare; the flesh of the nether lip quite fallen off; his mouth full of worms; and in his eye-pit a hungry toad, feasting upon the remnant portion of flesh and moisture; and so," moralizes the saint, "he dwelt in his house of darkness." He did no such thing; he had vacated his dwelling. Death had written on the corpse "this house to let," and the worms and the toad became the tenants! Well, and what had they to do with Cæsar? What had the "blue mouldy flesh" and the "nose laid bare" to do with Cæsar dead, more than the paring of Cæsar's nails with Cæsar living? Is the evil fame that may be flung upon a house, to attach to a previous occupant? Our maiden queen Elizabeth made sundry progresses; honoured sundry mansions with her night-cap. What, if, in lapse of time one of these houses should have so fallen in reputation, that its after iniquity has been published by candle and paper lanthorn, does the evil fame of the house taint or soil the ermine fame of our spotless Elizabeth?

One Jeremy Taylor, who can occasionally twine death's-heads with rose-buds, and strew a coffin with spices, tells us a story of a fair young German gentleman who, though much importuned by many young ladies to sit for his portrait, would never consent. (So far he was right; for if there be a plague upon earth, it is the plague of sitting under a continual struggle to call into your face and keep there, your very prettiest and most amiable look, until duly fastened by pigments upon wainscot or canvas.) The fair young Herr, however, made at last a compromise. He, in the handsomest manner, consented to sit for his portrait after a few days' burial, upon the honourable understanding that the painter visiting the vault, should limn the corpse just as it appeared: giving no cheek "a little red," putting no complimentary dimple in the chin, but painting death to the life. The painter was sent upon his mission, and found his sitter with "his face half-eaten, and his midriff and back-bone full of serpents; and so he stands pictured among his armed ancestors." And a very foolish figure he must cut among such goodly company.

Fear not, my son; I am not about to clap in with those shallow moralists who would show the nothingness of glory, by showing that which is, indeed, no part of it; who would put the living Cæsar's nose out of joint by displaying his nose "laid bare" in his coffin; who would prove that it was a vanity of vanities to paint a fair young German whilst *in* the flesh, because when he took his departure from it, and was no longer in any way answerable for any disgrace it might fall into—serpents might gender there. Let us follow out this philosophy.

The Germans, as you know, are a nation of cabbage-eaters. They sophisticate good wholesome worts with vinegar, and Beelzebub alone, who supplies some nations with cooks, knows what beside. This vegetable wickedness they call *sauer kraut*. Now, let us imagine the immediate descendant of the fair-haired young German, with his napkin tucked under his chin, about to plunge his fist into the dish. He pauses—looks serious—a tear steals into the corner of his eye: solemnly removing the napkin from his button-hole, he rises, and remembering that the church-yard wherein his ancestor was decently deposited, has been converted into a vegetable garden, he points to the *sauer kraut*, and exclaims,—"Behold the vanity of all earthly things; the particles of our beloved ancestor have undergone a very peculiar arrangement; what *was* our dear friend Karl, is now a—Cabbage!"

Now, do we not gather as fine philosophy from the savoy as from the serpent? What is either cabbage or snake to Karl, who, crowned with amaranth, looks down from his starry home upon his would-be-wise descendant, and thinks him a prodigious noodle for pausing in his dinner?

I have, I know, in a former letter, indicated the shallowness of this reasoning as exposed by my very intimate friend the Hermetic Philosopher; but your last letter, my son, in which you would fain draw a picture of military glory, has tempted me to this iteration. I have pondered upon your picture; now, look at mine.

Many years ago I solaced myself with a brief residence in France. Purchasing a blouse, and donning a cap, I avoided the intrusive honours that might otherwise have been paid to the reputation of Punch, and to the vulgar I

". . appeared some harmless villager."

On a certain Sunday, I had taken my customary stroll towards the fields. I well recollect it was Sunday from a sudden jarring of my moral sense—a shock to my feelings. I was overtaken by a cart rattling on at a good pace: it contained half a dozen men and women, laughing as if there were no world to come, and looking as joyous and as happy as though the devil himself were a mere abstraction. The worst remains to be told; the cart, in addition to the merry-makers, contained a fiddle and a bass-viol; and it was but too evident from the affectionate way in which the instruments of sin were hugged by two of the men in the cart, that the unhallowed cat-gut was to be fingered that very day to the tripping toes and heels of the wicked. I, who had for years been disciplined by the moral regularity of an English Sunday—I who had spiritually paid reverence even to Sabbath-keeping housemaids, as, with noses flattened against parlour and kitchen panes, they solemnly pondered on sin and death, and the vacant street before them, wondering when the milkman would come, and especially wondering if John Roberts would keep his hour; I, thus naturalized to the proprieties, felt my blood bubble to my cheek as I beheld the fiddle and the viol, and was rushing forward to check the horse, and remonstrate with the wicked holiday-keepers, when, happily, I observed that the driver was furnished with a long and unusually substantial whip. I stopt, said a short prayer for their souls, and struck into the fields.

Sunk many fathoms deep in my feelings, I was wandering over a field of vetches, when I was startled by the loud and significant utterance of miscellaneous oaths, while a half-quacking, half-whistling noise rose as a sort of under-accompaniment to the execration. Lifting up my eyes, I beheld a *garde-champêtre*, in cocked hat, with a drawn sword. Now, a *garde-champêtre*, my son, is a sort of field-constable, who takes charge of the crows in his district, with the sloe and blackberry bushes; who sees that the moles are not disturbed in their subterranean operations, and who benevolently assists the hogs out of the mud, should they chance to stick in it; albeit the provision of nature was never more beautifully displayed than in the anatomy of French hogs, for Nature knowing what dreadful miry roads they have to walk upon, has benevolently put them upon stilts. To return to the *garde-champêtre*.

I looked and beheld this field-officer, as I have said, in cocked hat and with drawn sword; and there he was swearing and shouting, at

what—think you? Why, a drove of goslings! They had—bold birds!—intruded beyond their own proprietary; and there was the *garde-champêtre* with his drawn sword—methinks I see the blade now, gleaming in a July sun!—driving those bits of quacking, whistling, waddling flannel before him—now with his weapon patting a straggler into the ranks—now urging one—now chiding another—until he got them all into very good marching order—and then with a sweet serenity, he subsided from swearing into singing, and cocking his cocked hat, he struck up—

"En avant, marchons!
Contre leurs canon,"—

the goslings, with all their might, quacking and whistling in chorus.

I turned round, and pensively leaning my back against a tree, watched the *garde-champêtre* as he marched along; and as he sang and the goslings responded to him—the hapless goslings, guided by the sword to have their throats cut some day for the kitchen,—I said to myself—

"There goes glory!"

From that day, my son, I have never seen a regiment of horse or foot without thinking of the goslings.

LETTER XXII.—ON THE CHOICE AND TREATMENT OF A WIFE.

My dear Son,—It was the remark of a no less distinguished mountebank than Cardinal de Retz—(he and I were very intimate, albeit he never publicly acknowledged the acquaintanceship),—that it mattered little what were the talents of a man, what was his good fortune in every other respect, if he were unlucky in a wife. By which the Cardinal meant—and if he did not, I do—that a wife to be justly called the better part of a man must bring with her a sufficient quantity of the precious metal: otherwise, she is only flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone; a burden of clay, and not an ornament of gold. Happily, my son, this truth is now so generally acknowledged in good society that, unless you were wilfully callous to its influence, you could not fail to be affected by it. A wife is the husband's chattels—the philosophy of law declares it: indeed, the spouse of your bosom is considered by the law to be goods in a more especial degree than any other property. A man robs you of your wife, and thereby—I put an extreme case—snaps your heart-strings: you lose your better half, and you sue the thief to make good the loss by the payment of so many pieces of metal. The same man, respecting your heart-strings, makes a snatch at your watch-chain, and takes to his heels with the booty. You shout "Stop thief!" but the rogue escapes you. Well, the thief would quietly arrange the matter; would, for a fair consideration that should remunerate him for skill and loss of time, render back the abstracted chronometer. Hereupon the law cries—"What are you about? what! compromise a felony? Beware of the penalty!" No: you must put the thief into the dock, if he can be caught; you must punish him for the wrong he has done to society by stealing your repeater. If, on the other hand, he steal your wife, the matter—by the benevolent aid of judge and jury—may be settled between you, and your attorney empowered to give a fair receipt for the damages. Thus, above all other mundane possessions, a wife is property.

It is with this conviction of the true value of female excellence, that you must cast your eyes about you for a wife. You are to reflect upon the huge amount of evil brought upon man by woman, and are therefore in your own person to obtain as great a degree of reparation as is possible from the daughters of the first offender.

You know the condition of a wife in the savage state. She is the drudge of her despotic lord; who does little but look at himself in a glass, if he have been lucky enough to change skins for one; sings, eats, plays, and meets in council. His wife with a wooden mattock, or the shoulder-blade of a buffalo, digs the earth and sows the corn; she drives away the birds, and in due season, gathers the harvest: she pounds corn and salts buffalo's meat; and hews wood and draws water, and prepares the feast; in journeys, she carries the poles of the wigwam, and when a station is pitched upon, it is she who sets the wigwam up, her sovereign lord, the Great Eagle, doing nothing. My dear boy, it is even so in the very best society: that is, if the woman herself do not labour in all these menial offices, she brings the money by which they are done, and the convenience and enjoyment of her husband are equally well insured. In whatever rank of life you are doomed to move, you are to choose your wife as the Indian chooses his squaw—for her ability to minister to your idleness.

I am sorry to say it, in England, women are held in even superstitious veneration: for the most part treated as creatures of superior sensibility of heart and refinement of spirit. (There are, certainly—as I have already indicated—many exceptions to the rule, proved by those successful husbands who are lodged, boarded, dressed, and allowed pocket-money by their helpmates.) The absurd deference paid by us to our women is finely rebuked by Continental nations, where they have the prettiest words for the *beau sexe*, and nothing beyond. I know not a more dignified condition of man than that frequently exhibited at a French *café*; where, at ten in the morning, husbands and fathers are to be seen immersed in *ecarté*, the wife—the mere squaw—keeping a fitful eye upon her shop from the recesses of her back-parlour. My son, I know you are fond of billiards. Obtain a wife who by the work of her fingers, or by the produce of acquired gain, enables you to grow grey making cannons,—and at the worst, you will know something of the true dignity of wedlock, its beauty and its excellence.

In your choice of a wife, never forget that age is to be honoured when associated with money. Nothing more reverend than silver hairs with gold in the pockets. Besides, by marrying a woman well-stricken in years, you will be insured against the tortures of jealousy, at least on your own part, and what is more you will have continually by your side (that is, when you are at home) a memento of the certain decay of mortality; which memento, if you rightly consider it, will be the surest inducement for you to enjoy life by every strictly legal means in your power. In all your pleasures, however, respect the laws of your country. Remember, that an act of parliament is like a rock; it matters not how nearly you approach it, so you do not bump against it.

As for your days of courtship, you are to remember that as woman is the weaker animal, it behoves your magnanimity never to cross her fancy even in its most ridiculous whimsies. Give her, as horsemen have it, her head as much as she likes until you turn *from* the church: you may then assert the supremacy of manhood, and revenge the wrongs of Adam.

There are various ways of attaching the sex: but the surest is, not to attempt to shine and sparkle, and go off in crackers of jokes before them. Women, somehow, have the same fear of witty men as of fireworks; and thus, how often do pretty lively creatures link themselves to fools! The most certain plan of success (I have it from a woman, and I believe an excellent authority) is any way to *interest* them. In my own case—(I thought your poor mother had a deal of money, but—well, never mind)—I at last affected consumption. For a long time your mother refused to have me; when, however, I made her believe that I should not live six weeks, she married me directly. If an heiress refuse you, pretend to take to your bed with typhus fever, and ten to one but she'll insist upon your getting up to go to church with her.

If, after long courtship, you find the lady has not the money you at first imagined, hesitate not a moment, but drop her. It may seem cruel, but depend upon it, 'tis all for her good. As for the nonsense of romantic writers about the wear and tear of the female heart, 'tis a lie in print, and nothing more. Wear and tear! Female hearts never tear: no, my son; they always stretch.

THE "SABRE" AND THE "CROSS."

THE subjoined paragraph from a French journal, the *Commerce*, is still vital in some of our newspapers :—

"Before the Minister of War made a grant of 5,000 acres of land in Algeria to the community of the Trappists, the head of the order, at the Minister's request, visited the colony, and reported that an establishment of his order there would effect much good, by holding out an example of the *best mode of reclaiming the waste lands*. General Bugeaud is said to have *embraced the plan with delight*, and to have said to the superior—*The sabre* FIRST *my reverend father, and* THEN *the cross*."

How beautiful is Christianity, and especially French Christianity, in regimentals! BUGEAUD—pious BUGEAUD!—is worthy of still higher promotion. We would have him gazetted "General of the Army of Martyrs;" even though the said army—raised in France—should not be more numerous than that of General BOMBASTES.

The bullet first, and *then* the consecrated wafer! The burning of Arab houses—the groans and agony of murdered men—the despairing screams of violated women—the wailing and misery of orphan children, and then—yes, and *then*—The lamb-like priest, the healing oil and honey of the church, the sanctifying censers, and, most hideous mockery of all, the blaspheming TE DEUM!

The cross set up by the French Mars in Algeria! What should we say of the murderer and burglar who should leave a copy of *The Whole Duty of Man* on the hearth-stone of his victims? But there are a set of Christians who constantly confound the cross with the gibbet, and deem a place of bloodshed and rapine the spot of all others best chosen for it. There is no doubt that General BUGEAUD is of this persuasion. We can fancy him, in his meekness, setting a morning edge to his sabre on the cover of the New Testament.

The Trappists, however, are received in Algeria with, it may be said, military honours. They are to be allowed to reclaim waste lands; and may have this comforting assurance that, under the active patronage of General BUGEAUD, they will lack neither territory nor employment. By means of the sabre, the cross may be planted in the midst of thousands of war-blasted acres. What its influence may be on the homeless, desolate, stiff-necked Arab, we know not; but we have our fears, and suspect that the native wickedness of his heart will make him deaf to the voice of the charmer—the Trappist. Indeed we are prone to agree with a profound and humane correspondent in *Galignani's Messenger*, who a week or two since, sketched the character of the Arab in a few bold, black lines, and then opposed to it, in bright and softly-blending colours, the moral and religious beauty of his conqueror. The Arab's religion, said the reasoner sorrowfully, is a religion of revenge; how, then, is he to be won by the charity, the self-denying loveliness of the Christian faith? We allow the difficulty: since, where in Algeria is he to meet with it? The infidel will scarcely love that as the fire of Christianity which burns his homestead; nor will he be quick to acknowledge the meekness of the dove, when he has to satisfy what, in his ignorance, he deems the maw of the vulture. To burn his crops may, indeed, make him yearn for daily bread; but scarcely in that confiding and affectionate spirit required by HIM who framed that sublimest invocation.

"The Sabre first, and then the Cross!" And so, on his own showing, is Marshal BUGEAUD waste-land maker to the Church. If, however, our memory fail not, the Marshal's apophthegm smacks of the plagiarist. Was there not an enthusiast named MAHOMET, who, a few centuries since, rose in this same land of Arabia, and exclaimed, "The Sword and the Koran!" Doubtless, the influence of the place—the *genius loci*—has touched the Marshal; hence, he would associate with Christianity what was hitherto considered the peculiar maxim of Mahometanism. Christianity, even in Arabia, had, we thought, other weapons than cold steel. Marshal BUGEAUD a *changé tout cela*.

But waste lands in Algeria! Waste lands occupied by the French! How can this be? Let us expose the fallacy.

Professor JOHNSTONE, in his recent *Lectures on Agricultural Chemistry*, says that "one ton of bone-dust is equal to fourteen tons of manure." Now, it has been shown by French statists themselves, that the possession of Algeria has, up to the present time, consumed seventy thousand Frenchmen! We are aware that the valuable members drawn from French society, to compose the great body of the French army, are not fastidiously selected for their height or weight of bone, and will therefore concede that more than an average number of skeletons may be required for the ton, than if weighed—and how rarely has Justice used her balance to weigh such materials!—from the skeletons of Prussian pandours or English life-guardsmen. Nevertheless, the bones of seventy thousand of the smallest Frenchmen must, according to the chemist's showing, weighed out in tons and the land duly drest therewith, have gone far to redeem the curse of sterility originally laid upon the soil. Such is certainly our impression; and yet it is hard to disbelieve the holy Trappist—harder still to suspect the most Christian, cross-respecting general. Are we then to imagine that the usefulness, the high social and moral value of the soldier, as employed in Algeria—cutting throats, burning, destroying, and carrying away captive—is confined to these humanizing deeds of his active life? Is he, of all mortal compounds, to be of no utility when dead? Does he render back nothing to his ill-used mother earth? Alas! it is even so; for the bones of seventy thousand Frenchmen have been laid in Algeria, and still—ungrateful soil!—the land is barren. In the old poetic day, armed men sprang up from merely dragons' teeth; and now, we find whole battalions dug into the soil, that sends forth nothing better than wild chamomile or chickweed. We cannot, in the case of gallant captains buried in Algeria, prefer even the pious aspiration of the poet :—

> "O'er thee, then, may thyme and sweet-marjoram wave,
> And fat be the grazier that feeds on thy grave!"

The fields of Algerian glory yield not a single breakfast to a stubble goose. No—all is barren. We traverse the bloody earth, encumbered—not, it seems, enriched—with the bones of seventy thousand men, and find there neither ear of wheat, nor (oh! believe it, General BUGEAUD), sprig of laurel.

Sad tidings, these, for France; for as it is calculated that Algeria will annually consume (consume is the word) seven thousand men, the fathers and mothers of the "material" should at least be comforted with the conviction that they are watching, nursing, petting, their children to die a death of African glory. This consolation is, however, denied to them. Bones at this moment nascent in the wombs of France will, if present policy continue, be dug into the soil of Algeria, and still—for every purpose that should ennoble man,—still it will be barren. To be sure, Christianity, which with our old-fashioned prejudices we would have to prevent slaughter, may—in the Trappist's masquerading gown—come after the fight, and for the sake of future fertility, beg a portion of the pillage; and some future captain, in the piety of his soul, may reverentially bestow the stolen goods of the brigand on the frock of the fanatic.—The mummery of the future may be but a repetition of the mummery of the present.

"The sabre first and *then* the Cross!"

The drum, and *then* the Voice crying in the Wilderness—the devastation of Arab crops, and *then* the Loaves and Fishes—the pioneers, and *then* the Twelve Apostles—General BUGEAUD, and THEN—the gentle JESUS!

Is not the rule of precedence perfect? Q.

SONGS OF THE TARIFF.

No. I.—THE COLONIAL ASS.

THE deep-rolling sea they've carried me over—
From home and from kindred they've dragg'd me away;
In vain do I turn on each side to discover
A voice to respond to my own mournful bray.

They've brought me from scenes where the pastures are growing
In thistles so rich, and abundant in grass;
Where rivers so limpid were constantly flowing.
And Nature appear'd to be made for the Ass.

But here, should I need a luxuriant thistle,
Or hope for a handful of newly-mown hay;
For the first the poor Donkey all vainly may whistle,
While the last is dealt niggardly out once a day.

Oh! chain'd to the cart of the vile costermonger
Are all of my tribe who the Custom-house pass;
Ill treatment, hard work, and perpetual hunger,
In England await the Colonial Ass.

But, alas! it is vain my affliction thus telling—
Complaining I know will but little avail;
For none on the Donkey's lament will be dwelling—
His back they will load, but they'll heed not his tail.

Ye English! could nothing in reason content ye—
A tariff for Donkeys oh! why did you pass?
For sure 'mongst yourselves there already were plenty,
If you ne'er had let in one Colonial Ass.

CHILD SNOBSON'S PILGRIMAGE.

X.

Where am I? at the portal of the park,
Which nestles at the foot of Primrose Hill,
As to its mother's breast, the new born lark
Nestles and nestles near and nearer still;
Then bursts into a carol wild and shrill,—
The Regent's Park,—where art with nature blends,
To form a sight our eyes with tears to fill,
For here the Colosseum's bulk extends
From Regent's planted groves—to long Albania's ends.*

XI.

Here the chain'd eagle, with a broken wing,†
The type of liberty for ever lost;
Too faint to croak, and never taught to sing,
Glares with glazed eye, upon the vulgar host
Who the Swiss cottage threshold may have cross'd,
And must the king of birds for e'er remain,
Having small scraps of biscuit at him toss'd;
Is there no hand to break his rusty chain,
And send him screeching back to his wild life again?

XII.

Here is the land of artificial ice:
And here the pseudo Swiss doth also dwell,‡
Who by a little masquerade device,
Is made to look the character full well.
Until he speaks—then any one may tell
He is a cockney of the broadest kind,
Put there the pastry and the fruit to sell,
To those who are to purchase it inclined,
And sleeping there at night, the premises to mind.

XIII.

While stands the Colosseum London stands;
When falls the Colosseum London falls

A MOVING SCENE.

(They mean the picture done by many hands,
Which decorates the Colosseum's walls:)
Alas! this prophecy the sense appals,
For Robins—auctioneer of vast renown—
Has issued a prospectus where he calls
The whole attention of the astonished town,
To his intent to knock the Colosseum down.§

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

TROY WEIGHT.

It would seem that in Troy six carats were equal to one pennyweight; or, in other words, that carrots were sold at the rate of six a penny in that famous city of antiquity. Helen is said to have had red hair, and we ought not therefore to be surprised that in Troy carrots were extremely plentiful.

VOCATIVE CARET.

APOTHECARIES' WEIGHT.

It would seem that the Apothecaries were formerly a very sober class of men, for according to the old standard they had three scruples to a dram; but whatever those scruples originally may have been, some of the apothecaries of our own day have got over them.

BEER MEASURE.

Beer measure varies exceedingly, and depends a good deal upon the honesty of the person employed to go for it. It is generally something less "in your own mugs," than in the pewter-pot; and it is a curious fact that a pot of porter brought by a juvenile becomes shorter in quantity the longer the distance he has to carry it.

DRY MEASURE.

The measure when used by the proprietors of fruit-stalls is different from any other. It is formed by battering the sides of pewter pots, and occasionally placing leaves in the bottom. A balance, made from the bottom of a small candlestick and the lid of a large saucepan, is well adapted to the dealings of itinerant vendors.

ACCIDENT FROM THE FOG.—So thick was the late fog, that a gentleman suddenly putting his head out of the door received a concussion of the brain!

* From Regent's planted groves to long Albania's ends.

This stanza is so highly wrought, that we almost lose sight of the sense in the excess of the sentiment. That the Colosseum goes back from the Regent's Park into Albany Street, is the simple fact upon which the poet has founded that beautiful tracery of poetical imagery which brings up "Regent's planted groves," and places "long Albania" before the eye in a sort of poetical kaleidoscope, which the mind becomes at last, almost sickened with splendour to dwell upon.—MOORE.

† Here the chained eagle with a broken wing.

The history of this eagle is a very affecting one. The bird was born at Exeter Change, and was sold on the pulling down of the building. It was purchased to give a classical air to the Colosseum, but as if disgusted with the cruelty of this idea the miserable bird always puts on a most commonplace appearance at the approach, of visitors.—*Note in the original MS.*

‡ And here the pseudo Swiss doth also dwell.

I found this Swiss a very intelligent fellow. He says he fancies himself a veritable inhabitant of the Alps all day, but he admits, that at night, he turns off the water which forms the mountain rivulet, and takes off the costume, which belongs to his employer. He has, on several occasions, visited the rocky pass opposite his dwelling for the purpose of sweeping away the bits of orange peel thrown there by visitors. Sometimes it is impossible to get him to descend from the character of a Swiss, but I once tried him by affecting to have eaten less pastry than I had really taken. He came out very strongly on the occasion alluded to.—*Authors' note.*

§ To his intent to knock the Colosseum down.

This splendid and classic property is destined to fall beneath the Robinsonian hammer. The poet has felt a delicacy in treating at length a subject which, in the hands of Mr. George Robins, will no doubt give rise to one of the finest pieces of fiction in the English language. His mind imagination has already converted into a fine speculation, and a means of realising a princely income.

PUNCH AND THE COLOSSEUM PRINT.

"The Illustrated London News" has promised its subscribers a large view of London, to be called the Colosseum Print; and our contemporary pompously announces his intention of taking his sketch from "a lofty eminence of London," which it required "official authority" to enable him to reach. This "lofty eminence" turns out to be the Duke of York's Column, and the "official authority" is the man put at the bottom of the column to beat off the boys and take the threepences, by the payment of which the public can purchase the "privilege" that our highly-illuminated

ECONOMY; MAKING BOTH ENDS MEET.

contemporary is so exceedingly "nutty" upon. It is, however, asserted that the artist goes up the winding staircase "by the generous and nobly-granted permission of General Maitland, for himself and his co-trustees; who have thus confided to us," says *The Illustrated London News*, "an exclusive right! that stimulated our proprietors to a degree of exertion which they hope will prove worthy of the signal mark of favour!! they have received." We cannot see the exclusiveness of a right which may be enjoyed for threepence almost any day in the week, between the hours of ten and four; while the only stimulus to exertion which we can perceive is the stimulus necessary to induce any one to mount to the top of the column. If the proprietors are allowed to go up as often as they like for nothing, it may be, perhaps, considered "a signal mark of favour;" and we can only say that "sich a getting up stairs" we never did, and never wish to see.

Punch has some idea of giving his readers a print of some great metropolitan thoroughfare, but we have not made up our minds where the most picturesque view could be taken from. Whetstone Park is a well-sounding name, but would make an indifferent picture; and Baldwin's Gardens may be open to a similar objection. Trafalgar Square, as seen from the spout of St. Martin's pump, would make a fine scene; but we have applied to the parochial authorities, and they refuse us the privilege of sending our artist to the spout, and it is impossible that we can afford to make our arrangements unless we have recourse to the spout as circumstances may require. Blackfriars Bridge, from the Waithman Column, is certainly open to us, and we are glad to announce that the trustees of that miraculous piece of masonry have liberally offered us the use of the railings; and the spikes are at our artist's service for the whole of the necessary sittings.

DOWN WITH THE FACULTY.

The "Times," a few days since, contained the following announcement:—

"Morisonian Prizes of 30*l*., 20*l*., and 10*l*., for the three best Essays on the Medical Liberty of the Subject. For further particulars, see the ninth number of the Hygeist, published on the 1st instant, at the Medical Dissenter Office, 368, Strand, and all the Hygeian Agents throughout the country. British College of Health, Hamilton Place, New Road, London."

Mr. Punch has determined on trying for the 30*l*.;—not that he cares about the coin, which, should he be successful, will be handed over to the Street-Sweepers' Fund Society. Let the Public judge of his performance.

THE MEDICAL LIBERTY OF THE SUBJECT.

Vainly have ignorance and superstition combined to extinguish the pipe of mind, and to cast a wet blanket on the fire of genius. Galileo was persecuted by the Inquisition, John Huss and Jerome of Prague were burnt by the Council of Constance; Columbus was quizzed, and Newton derided—in vain. Fruitlessly did Prince and Prelate endeavour to tread out the flame of truth: it flared up in spite of priestcraft and oppression; and now, like a Boccius-light on some proud eminence, it diffuses far and wide over the nations its refulgent beams.

So will it be with medicine. The faculty, like the bigoted hierarchy of the middle ages, by tongue, by pen, and by the iron arm of legal tyranny, are endeavouring to crush and quell the spirit of medical dissent. Will they succeed? We rather think not. The hour is coming when the College of Physicians shall meet in mortal shock the College of Health. The dismounted doctors shall bite the dust, the idols of prejudice be trampled under foot; and the true worship of Hygeia, established throughout the earth, shall be denominated "The Reformation of the Nineteenth Century." Yes. Already we have reformed our House of Commons, we are even now reforming our tailors' bills; and the reform of our physicians' fees—tremble, ye licensed homicides!—is at hand.

The universal medicine (sold by *respectable* agents in every considerable town throughout the world) cures all diseases. This fact, which thousands are ready to substantiate on oath, speaks for itself. Why, then, are the impostors called medical men, whether physicians, surgeons, or apothecaries, longer permitted to delude the public? Were the grand truths of medical dissent once acknowledged, they would not be tolerated another day. Their practices and practice would be together suppressed. "But what, then," the superficial thinker may ask, "will become of the medical liberty of the subject?" We answer, that liberty is not *licence*; on the contrary, that it is inconsistent therewith: consequently, that where it prevails, there can be no *licentiates*. True liberty of conscience, in medicine as well as in everything else, is not the liberty of thinking as we please, but the liberty of thinking right. We say that we are right, and the faculty wrong, as we can prove, if necessary, by three millions of well-authenticated cases; inclusive of that of Simon Saunders, aged forty-two, who was cured last week of club feet and cataract, by a few doses of the vegetable pills. The following is an authentic copy of the letter which was received from Mr. S.:—

gentelmen.

i rite to Thank you for the Restorashun of my preshus i-sight witch wos Restor'd by your Vegeble Pills and also 2 Club Feet. I had been to sevver all surgens for my Feet and was cut by One most Cruel but It was of No Use. And at Batholimew's Ospedle they sed I'd Got a caterack and must be Cotch'd wich I thort I had Bin suffer'd enough Befor a wouldn't wen a frend recommeanded me for to Try yure Pils witch I did and after pussiveren in 2 Boxis wos Perfecly Cured both of my Sight and the other. And this cums hopin it Finds you wel as it Leaves Mee so no more at Present from

Your Greatfool Servant
simon Saundrs.

Mr. Saunders may not be an educated person; but the value of a man's testimony depends not on his literary character. *Now* what will the world say? The above almost miraculous case, for the publication of which, in a darker age, we should inevitably have been sent to the stake, must carry to the most sceptical mind a conviction of the truth of the Hygeian system. But our enemies feel, in their secret souls, that we are in the right. A certain distinguished surgeon was asked confidentially, not long ago, whether the Universal Pills would really cure all diseases, and he whispered that there was no doubt they would—equally well.

It is time that the grievances of the medical dissenters should be removed. The persecution which they suffer is a disgrace to the age. It is pretended by interested parties that their complaints are unfounded—that they are not persecuted at all. But what are the duties imposed on the Vegetable Pills—what are the verdicts of coroners' juries when patients, for want of taking a sufficient number of boxes, have died, but persecution? Nay, what is the very existence of the medical professior, but a virtual persecution of the medical dissenter? The Hygeists are in the sole possession of truth; every opponent of the truth is a persecutor; and therefore the opposition which medical men must, as long as they are tolerated, offer to Hygeian verity, is in itself persecution. Or, to vary the argument: persecution is the deprivation of any man or body of men of their rights. Now, it has been abundantly proved that the College of Health ought exclusively to be allowed to practise medicine; consequently, to allow anybody else to do so, is an infringement of its due privileges.

It is arrogantly asserted by some perverse people that the Hygeists ought to consider themselves well off; that while they have only to lay out a little money in order to realise by their vocation splendid fortunes, physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries are obliged first to spend enormous sums in their education, next to pass severe examinations, and after all to take the very doubtful chance of getting any

patients—whereas these pretended hardships of theirs involve the severest insult and injury to medical dissent. The expense of medical studies was intended to keep the profession what is called "respectable," and the examinations to close its doors against those whose consciences will not allow them to subscribe to erroneous doctrines, as all doctrines are but these two—that all diseases arise from impurity of the blood, and that the Universal Pills will cure them.

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tier, his first care was to settle the confiscated estates on his faithful creatures, and the Bedford Arms were transferred, among others, to the first duke, who hoisted his ensign over the portico. Hugh de Buggins, surnamed the Khapper, from his prowess in the field, was for a long time inaccessible to the arts of John; but the wily monarch having offered him a bribe, at once won him over. The Elephant and Castle, of which de Buggins had been appointed keeper, thus fell into the usurper's grasp, and it was demolished, among the other baronial edifices that fell a prey at about that time to the sovereign's vindictiveness. It was rebuilt at a late period, and has at length taken the form in which we now find it. The principal apartment in the Castle is the donjon keep, now converted into the bar, and the metal helmets of the old retainers have been probably melted down into pots for modern purposes. The only relic of feudalism now remaining in this apartment is a blunderbuss under the clock, and the vassals have given place to vessels of various sorts and sizes.

The lord of the land, or landlord, who first unfurled his banner with the emblem of the Elephant on the Castle wall, has since been gathered to his fathers; but the present holder gets leave and licence to retain the ancient sign, by doing suit and service once a year to the assembled magistrates. The refectory is a square apartment, used in the present day as a parlour; and the Castle turrets have been cut away frightfully into attics, while the watch-tower, if one ever existed, has been removed to make way for chimney-pots.

Stowe, in his Survey, speaks of the Elephant and Castle as a "Rygghte ancientte spott," and Crutchley tells us that it is exactly a shilling fare from Westminster. If the Castle should ever be fortified, its guns could be fired into the windows of the Fishmongers' Almshouses on one side, and would command the road to London-bridge on the other. As a defence, it would seem to have entirely lost its value; but as a pot-house, it still stands proudly pre-eminent.

Are you an agriculturist? Not exactly—but I have lived for the last twenty years by Gray's Inn Fields (grazing *fields*).

CON BY THE NEW LORD MAYOR.

If a lady wanted a boa and tippet why ought she to buy it at a baker's? Because there she'd get a *muffin*.

THE MEDICAL STUDENTS.—(New Series.)

CHAPTER VII.—HOW MR. SIMPSON BRIGGS WAS COMPELLED TO LEAVE HIS LODGINGS.

SOON after the events of the last chapter, the usual placidity of mind which Mr. Simpson Briggs enjoyed, was somewhat startled by a letter he received from home. The epistle, which was from his governor, went to state, that, as the lectures were nearly over, he feared his son would only idle about in London, and had therefore better return to his home; which was somewhere on the line of the Southampton Railway, and rejoiced in a kind of lath-and-plaster omnibus, which ran at all kinds of odd hours to meet the trains; and never started at the same hour two consecutive weeks, after the manner of railway omnibuses in general.

Now this desire on the part of the old gentleman to have his son at home was exceedingly inconvenient to Mr. Simpson Briggs for several reasons. Firstly, he had no wish to return; secondly, he owed for three months' lodging, and people lately had got into a nasty habit of expecting to be paid for their goods; and thirdly, if he went, he would be expected to pay his debts. At present, he lived upon credit from his landlady, who, being a pious old lady, as we have stated, thought him a very quiet steady young man, was ignorant

EVENINGS AT HOME.

that he was a medical student; and from his noiseless habits, not only trusted him so long, but would even have lent him five pounds had he wanted it.

He was ruminating what he should do, with the letter in his hand on the morning he received it; when his meditations were broken by a most discordant noise in the street below, resembling a tune played backwards on a cracked horn, and followed by shouts of "Yo-he-o!" "Lurli-e-ty!" and other vivacious outbursts of mirth. He immediately, to his extreme horror, recognised Jack Randall's voice, whom he had always studiously avoided asking to his lodgings; for knowing the rather exuberant hilarity of his disposition, he feared that his presence might offend his quiet old landlady, and procure him a notice to pay for and quit his abode at the same time. And Jack Randall had been in general very considerate, and not at all obtrusive; but he was in superabundant spirits this morning, and evidently boiling over with something he wished to tell his companion.

"I say, old fellow, let us up, will you?" was the question that greeted Mr. Briggs as he opened the window, and put his head out to check Randall's hullaballoo.

"Well, come up, if you must," replied Simpson, in a tone of resignation; "but why are you kicking up that awful riot?"

"All right," replied Jack; "I only wanted to see if you were at home." And thereupon he pulled the bell, and knocked at the door, and blew the horn, all at once, with a perseverance that threw the whole household into convulsion: and no one could have told which was the most alarmed—Mr. Simpson Briggs or his landlady.

In two minutes more Jack Randall had clattered up stairs, and entered the room. He looked exceedingly rakish, and had evidently been knocking about all night; which manner of passing the hours devoted to slumber having rendered him rather thirsty than otherwise, his first speech was an inquiry as to the presence of beer in any of Briggs's secret closets. A bottle of stout was forthwith produced from some mysterious recess, which Jack Randall emptied into a pewter pot he found in the hat-box, stating it was very low to drink beer out of glasses. And having pronounced his state of health to be much better after his imbibition, he proceeded to exhibit an old cornet-à-piston he held in his hand, which he had just purchased at a second-hand shed, and then offered to give Briggs a specimen of its tone.

"No, don't—pray don't!" cried Simpson, quite alarmed; "you'll tire yourself."

"Not at all, my dear fellow," said Randall, putting the instrument to his mouth, and producing a series of sounds seldom equalled and never excelled. "There," he continued, as he stopped for lack of wind; "there! what do you think of that? I mean to play it down to the races—how are you going?"

"I don't think I shall go at all," answered Simpson; "the governor wants me at home. How are *you* going?"

"All right," said Jack, "on a soda-water truck; devilish pleasant way too, when the corks don't fly with the heat. Look here," he continued, darting off to another subject, as he took a small quill from his pocket; "here's a funny thing!"

And to show the powers of this instrument to his friend, he poured some beer into the inkstand, and inserting one end of the quill into the liquid, blew through the other, when a loud whistle was the result, bearing a close resemblance to the chirp of a bird. "It beats Herr Von Joel hollow, don't it?" he asked, with admiration, as the performance concluded; "I gave a penny for it, as I come along in the Recent Incision."

"The what?" asked Simpson.

"The Recent Incision—it's the polite name for the New Cut. Let's give the people in the street the benefit of it."

"No, don't, Jack," earnestly implored Briggs.

"What prime plants you've got here!" said Randall, heedless of Simpson's petition, and opening the window, on the outside ledge of which were displayed several flower-pots of mignonette and other cockney floricultural favourites. "They look very dry, though—don't you think I had better give them a little beer?"

"No—what are you thinking about?" cried Briggs, in agony; "you'll kill them."

"Devil a bit," returned Jack. "It'll do them good—make them blow all colours at once;" and without another word, he distributed about a pint of stout over the hapless flowers, which running over, dripped down upon the heads of the people who were passing below, and produced a storm of salutations far more expressive of choler than courtesy.

"There!—see what mischief you are doing, said Mr. Briggs. "Now, come and sit down quietly, and tell us what you did last night after the concert. I left you in Covent Garden."

"Well, I went and played billiards, at the rooms we generally patronise, and lost five shillings—all I had, except sixpence."

"I know that table, well," said Briggs; "I ought to; I was locked out one night, and slept upon it. They made me pay nine shillings in the morning for my bed."

"How so?" asked Jack Randall.

"Six hours' use of the table, at eighteen-pence an hour," returned Simpson.

"Well, cut on, where did you get to next?"

"I went to Evans's! There I had a pint of stout, and sang a song."

"Oh! gammon, Jack!" observed Mr. Briggs, in a tone of disbelief.

"True bill, sir," answered Randall. "I'll sing it now."

"No, don't, don't—pray don't!" cried Briggs. "I tell you, you mustn't make a noise here."

But Randall did not appear to heed the trouble of his friend, but cleared his throat, as if in preparation, and then broke out into a run

ONE OF WEE-BEAR'S WALTZES.

of such wonderful facility and execution, that there is no knowing where it would have ended, if a knock at the door had not interrupted it, and an accompanying voice, which uttered, "If you please, Mr. Briggs, missus will thank you to be a little quieter, because there's a sick lady in the house."

"There now, Jack!" cried Briggs. "See what a scrape you will get me into. Never mind the song—you can sing it to me another time. Where did you go next?"

"Oh—I forgot to tell you," answered Randall; "I met two of the students at Evans's—Robinson and Parry, with a new man named Hicks, whom they were showing life to, and telling him all the lies they could possibly invent. Poor fellow!"

"What makes you say poor fellow?"

"Because he's in the police-office, and will be brought up at Bow-street this morning."

"How's that?" asked Simpson.

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tier, his first care was to settle the confiscated estates on his faithful creatures, and the Bedford Arms were transferred, among others, to the first duke, who hoisted his ensign over the portico. Hugh de Buggins, surnamed the Khapper, from his prowess in the field, was for a long time inaccessible to the arts of John; but the wily monarch having offered him a bribe, at once won him over. The Elephant and Castle, of which de Buggins had been appointed keeper, thus fell into the usurper's grasp, and it was demolished, among the other baronial edifices that fell a prey at about that time to the sovereign's vindictiveness. It was rebuilt at a late period, and has at length taken the form in which we now find it. The principal apartment in the Castle is the donjon keep, now converted into the bar, and the metal helmets of the old retainers have been probably melted down into pots for modern purposes. The only relic of feudalism now remaining in this apartment is a blunderbuss under the clock, and the vassals have given place to vessels of various sorts and sizes.

The lord of the land, or landlord, who first unfurled his banner with the emblem of the Elephant on the Castle wall, has since been gathered to his fathers; but the present holder gets leave and licence to retain the ancient sign, by doing suit and service once a year to the assembled magistrates. The refectory is a square apartment, used in the present day as a parlour; and the Castle turrets have been cut away frightfully into attics, while the watch-tower, if one ever existed, has been removed to make way for chimney-pots.

Stowe, in his Survey, speaks of the Elephant and Castle as a "Rygghte ancientte spott," and Crutchley tells us that it is exactly a shilling fare from Westminster. If the Castle should ever be fortified, its guns could be fired into the windows of the Fishmongers' Almshouses on one side, and would command the road to London-bridge on the other. As a defence, it would seem to have entirely lost its value; but as a pot-house, it still stands proudly pre-eminent.

Are you an agriculturist? Not exactly—but I have lived for the last twenty years by Gray's Inn Fields (grazing *fields*).

CON BY THE NEW LORD MAYOR.

If a lady wanted a boa and tippet why ought she to buy it at a baker's? Because there she'd get a *muffin*.

THE MEDICAL STUDENTS.—(New Series.)

CHAPTER VII.—HOW MR. SIMPSON BRIGGS WAS COMPELLED TO LEAVE HIS LODGINGS.

SOON after the events of the last chapter, the usual placidity of mind which Mr. Simpson Briggs enjoyed, was somewhat startled by a letter he received from home. The epistle, which was from his governor, went to state, that, as the lectures were nearly over, he feared his son would only idle about in London, and had therefore better return to his home; which was somewhere on the line of the Southampton Railway, and rejoiced in a kind of lath-and-plaster omnibus, which ran at all kinds of odd hours to meet the trains; and never started at the same hour two consecutive weeks, after the manner of railway omnibuses in general.

Now this desire on the part of the old gentleman to have his son at home was exceedingly inconvenient to Mr. Simpson Briggs for several reasons. Firstly, he had no wish to return; secondly, he owed for three months' lodging, and people lately had got into a nasty habit of expecting to be paid for their goods; and thirdly, if he went, he would be expected to pay his debts. At present, he lived upon credit from his landlady, who, being a pious old lady, as we have stated, thought him a very quiet steady young man, was ignorant

EVENINGS AT HOME.

that he was a medical student; and from his noiseless habits, not only trusted him so long, but would even have lent him five pounds had he wanted it.

He was ruminating what he should do, with the letter in his hand on the morning he received it; when his meditations were broken by a most discordant noise in the street below, resembling a tune played backwards on a cracked horn, and followed by shouts of "Yo-he-o!" "Lurli-e-ty!" and other vivacious outbursts of mirth. He immediately, to his extreme horror, recognised Jack Randall's voice, whom he had always studiously avoided asking to his lodgings; for knowing the rather exuberant hilarity of his disposition, he feared that his presence might offend his quiet old landlady, and procure him a notice to pay for and quit his abode at the same time. And Jack Randall had been in general very considerate, and not at all obtrusive; but he was in superabundant spirits this morning, and evidently boiling over with something he wished to tell his companion.

"I say, old fellow, let us up, will you?" was the question that greeted Mr. Briggs as he opened the window, and put his head out to check Randall's hullaballoo.

"Well, come up, if you must," replied Simpson, in a tone of resignation; "but why are you kicking up that awful riot?"

"All right," replied Jack; "I only wanted to see if you were at home." And thereupon he pulled the bell, and knocked at the door, and blew the horn, all at once, with a perseverance that threw the whole household into convulsion: and no one could have told which was the most alarmed—Mr. Simpson Briggs or his landlady.

In two minutes more Jack Randall had clattered up stairs, and entered the room. He looked exceedingly rakish, and had evidently been knocking about all night; which manner of passing the hours devoted to slumber having rendered him rather thirsty than otherwise, his first speech was an inquiry as to the presence of beer in any of Briggs's secret closets. A bottle of stout was forthwith produced from some mysterious recess, which Jack Randall emptied into a pewter pot he found in the hat-box, stating it was very low to drink beer out of glasses. And having pronounced his state of health to be much better after his imbibition, he proceeded to exhibit an old cornet-à-piston he held in his hand, which he had just purchased at a second-hand shed, and then offered to give Briggs a specimen of its tone.

"No, don't—pray don't!" cried Simpson, quite alarmed; "you'll tire yourself."

"Not at all, my dear fellow," said Randall, putting the instrument to his mouth, and producing a series of sounds seldom equalled and never excelled. "There," he continued, as he stopped for lack of wind; "there! what do you think of that? I mean to play it down to the races—how are you going?"

"I don't think I shall go at all," answered Simpson; "the governor wants me at home. How are *you* going?"

"All right," said Jack, "on a soda-water truck; devilish pleasant way too, when the corks don't fly with the heat. Look here," he continued, darting off to another subject, as he took a small quill from his pocket; "here's a funny thing!"

And to show the powers of this instrument to his friend, he poured some beer into the inkstand, and inserting one end of the quill into the liquid, blew through the other, when a loud whistle was the result, bearing a close resemblance to the chirp of a bird. "It beats Herr Von Joel hollow, don't it?" he asked, with admiration, as the performance concluded; "I gave a penny for it, as I come along in the Recent Incision."

"The what?" asked Simpson.

"The Recent Incision—it's the polite name for the New Cut. Let's give the people in the street the benefit of it."

"No, don't, Jack," earnestly implored Briggs.

"What prime plants you've got here!" said Randall, heedless of Simpson's petition, and opening the window, on the outside ledge of which were displayed several flower-pots of mignonette and other cockney floricultural favourites. "They look very dry, though—don't you think I had better give them a little beer?"

"No—what are you thinking about?" cried Briggs, in agony; "you'll kill them."

"Devil a bit," returned Jack. "It'll do them good—make them blow all colours at once;" and without another word, he distributed about a pint of stout over the hapless flowers, which running over, dripped down upon the heads of the people who were passing below, and produced a storm of salutations far more expressive of choler than courtesy.

"There!—see what mischief you are doing, said Mr. Briggs. "Now, come and sit down quietly, and tell us what you did last night after the concert. I left you in Covent Garden."

"Well, I went and played billiards, at the rooms we generally patronise, and lost five shillings—all I had, except sixpence."

"I know that table, well," said Briggs; "I ought to; I was locked out one night, and slept upon it. They made me pay nine shillings in the morning for my bed."

"How so?" asked Jack Randall.

"Six hours' use of the table, at eighteen-pence an hour," returned Simpson.

"Well, cut on, where did you get to next?"

"I went to Evans's! There I had a pint of stout, and sang a song."

"Oh! gammon, Jack!" observed Mr. Briggs, in a tone of disbelief.

"True bill, sir," answered Randall. "I'll sing it now."

"No, don't, don't—pray don't!" cried Briggs. "I tell you, you mustn't make a noise here."

But Randall did not appear to heed the trouble of his friend, but cleared his throat, as if in preparation, and then broke out into a run

ONE OF WEE-BEAR'S WALTZES.

of such wonderful facility and execution, that there is no knowing where it would have ended, if a knock at the door had not interrupted it, and an accompanying voice, which uttered, "If you please, Mr. Briggs, missus will thank you to be a little quieter, because there's a sick lady in the house."

"There now, Jack!" cried Briggs. "See what a scrape you will get me into. Never mind the song—you can sing it to me another time. Where did you go next?"

"Oh—I forgot to tell you," answered Randall; "I met two of the students at Evans's—Robinson and Parry, with a new man named Hicks, whom they were showing life to, and telling him all the lies they could possibly invent. Poor fellow!"

"What makes you say poor fellow?"

"Because he's in the police-office, and will be brought up at Bow-street this morning."

"How's that?" asked Simpson.

"Why, I think he ate too many poached eggs, and they rather exhilarated him; for when we got into Covent Garden, he would insist upon trying to drag us in a vegetable cart. He lifted up the shafts to do it, when the cart, which was loaded with turnips, was overbalanced, and tipped up backwards. The chain, which went across from one shaft to the other, caught hold of him, and lifted him up like a swing into the air, and there he sat."

"Well, and what did you do?"

"We saw the policem an coming, and ran away as fast as we could. Hicks was nailed, and I suppose by this time has paid his five shillings—very little lark for five shillings, though—was it not?"

"Uncommon," replied Mr. Briggs. "And where did you go next?"

"Why, I can't exactly remember," said Randall, whose ideas of his subsequent adventures appeared to be rather indistinct. "But, you see, here I am, allright, and fresh as a lark. I say, what have you got for breakfast?"

Mr. Simpson Brigg was compelled to confess that there was not a great deal in the house. Whereon Randall took upon himself to find out, and having looked into various closets and boxes, at last opened the chest which we have spoken of before as communicating with the floor below.

"Halloo!" he cried, with some astonishment. "What the deuce is this? I can see right down into the room underneath—Halloo!"

"Hush! for goodness' sake, don't kick up that row, Jack. The place was formerly an eating-house, and the dishes used to come up there from the kitchen."

"I know," said Randall, imitating the tone of a waiter, and bawling down the chest—"One ox, two mocks, three bullies, and a mutton to follow!"

"You will ruin me!" cried Briggs, in despair. "There's a very quiet man lives down there; and my landlady is so particular, that I shall certainly be told to go if you continue this diabolical uproar."

But the whole affair was so novel, that Jack Randall's excitement rose to the highest pitch; and intimating his wish to treat the gentleman to a little music, he seized the cornet, and blew a blast down it, that might have been heard on the other side of the street, and, in all probability, on the other side of the water.

THE STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

This useful body met last week, when Professor Sillyphellow read a very interesting paper on the Moral and Physical Condition of Omnibus Cads, in the Appendix to which there were some curious tables. It would appear from these, that ninety-nine Cads and one-8th out of 104 and $\frac{7}{10}$, pronounce the word "City," as if it were spelled Cty, without an i—which would seem to show that they are of Welsh extraction, and have probably obtained the name of Cad by descent from the Cad-walladers.

The Society has also prepared some curious statistical records from a recent survey. In a parish containing 1500 houses, there are no less than seven hundred children in arms, giving the enormous average of nearly half a baby to each house; and in calculating the number of street door bells, a still larger result is arrived at. Of seven hundred and forty-two knockers, there are six hundred and twenty out of the reach of a child, eighty-nine want fresh painting, thirty-two are in tolerable repair, and the remaining one has been wrenched off since the Society's last survey. Out of seven families occupying nine rooms, four had paid their rent, two had some idea of doing so, and the remaining one had made a point of always running away with the goods, in anticipation of any harsh proceeding on the part of the landlord.

HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER.

Among fourteen thousand children, eleven thousand could sing Jim Crow, two thousand nine hundred and eighty-six could whistle it, while the remaining fourteen had heard it, and knew it when played, but could not execute a note of it. There were two hundred and twenty-four blankets to one hundred and sixteen beds; and giving an average of three persons to each mattress, there would be $\frac{1}{2}\frac{3}{9}$ of a pillow to every father of a family of twelve children, leaving the mother the pillow-case. In sixteen attics, twenty-four people were employed in washing, eight were occupied in ironing, three had gone out to pawn trifling articles, and one was frying sausages. The same curious deductions have been made from the spread of Art Unions; for it would seem, that seven hundred and sixty-two rooms are ornamented with pictures, six hundred and forty of them containing portraits of popular performers, eighty-nine of which were decorated with tinfoil, and seventeen were entirely plain. In a collection of three thousand spelling-books, it was found that three-fourths of them were Mavor's, the one-sixteenth were Dilworth's, and the remainder miscellaneous. One leaf in two was dog's-eared, three in eight were soiled, $\frac{99}{12}$ in $\frac{8}{8}\frac{8}{4}$ were torn, and $\frac{1}{9}\frac{9}{0}\frac{5}{6}$ were without any covers. Of 250,000 families, there were 249,999 that regularly purchased Punch, and the remaining family regularly borrowed it. Out of sixteen adults, who had all taken degrees at Oxford, four were clergymen of the established church, six were at the bar, three were gentlemen of independent property, and the remaining one was lying drunk at the station-house. In a series of six-and-twenty milk jugs, one had no handle, fourteen were without spouts, nine had been riveted, while two were perfect. Of twenty pieces of orange-peel, lying in one street, seventeen were from three oranges purchased at the stall at the corner, two were left there by persons casually passing, and the remaining one, the Society, after several hours' tedious investigation, found no means of accounting for.

Theatrical Intelligence.

Mr. Fitztemkin's finally retires from the stage at the end of the present season, and is now going through the round of his principal characters at Covent Garden Theatre. The following are the definite arrangements:—

Monday.—The fourth Mariner in the *Tempest*, and second Conspirator in *Masaniello*. In the course of the week, the 17th Egyptian in *Semiramide*, and fifth Blackleg in *The Turf*. And twice more his favourite character of third Priest of the Temple of Brennus in *Norma*, being positively his last appearance but ninety-seven on any stage.

We cannot but regret the retirement of Fitztemkins, who is decidedly the last of the old classic school of supernumeraries now remaining on the stage. We, who remember the Petts, the Shegogs, and other brilliant luminaries of the last quarter of a century, feel perhaps more for the retirement of Fitztemkins than the majority of modern playgoers. He was one of the original assassins in the melodrama of the *Bloodstain Bonnet, or Heaven defend the right*, and his singing robbers in *Cursed Carmelite, or the Broken Bludgeon of the Blasted Briar*, will easily be forgotten.

A MAN OF PROPERTY.

The preparations for Christmas at the Royal Banner Saloon are on an enormous scale of splendour. There will be an original "Pantomime," and an entirely new butt of beer, on boxing-night; and an arrangement has been made not only with a recognised tragedian of humble circumstances, but also with an acknowledged burglar of every-day life, who is to appear in *Jack Sheppard*. A light comedian has been added to the company, and a pot-boy of provincial celebrity has also been secured, that the *corps* may be complete in every department. The leading lady will make her first appearance since her late severe fine by the police-magistrate, and the heavy father will also return to his post after his recent sojourn in Whitecross-street. The musical director has been busy for the new pantomime, and his expressive music to the upsetting of a basket of crockery is said to be a *morceau* which will give the lie to the base assertion that there are no native composers to support the claims of English Opera.

On the 1st of December was presented, for the pence and praise of the universe,

Punch's Pocket-Book for 1843!

WITH UPWARDS OF ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS,

Forming an elegant little volume equally adapted for the reticule of the Sovereign and the pocket of the Lord Mayor.

Punch's Almanack for 1843!

Will be ready to set the world in a ferment on December 31st.

We make the announcement, that everybody in existence may anticipate a Happy New Year without any fear of disappointment.

London: Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

PUNCH'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

LETTER XXIII.—A FEW LAST WORDS. PUNCH REVIEWS HIS LABOURS. THE LOTTERY OF LIFE.

Well, my son, I now approach the end of my labours. Reflecting upon what I have written, I feel that I may in a double sense call myself your father. You are not merely the offspring of my loins; but I trust, I may say, I have begotten your mind.

Yes, I have thrice scratched my head, and feel that I have nothing more to say to you. I have now merely to contemplate—with that delicious self-complacency which plays the divinest music on a man's heart-strings—the beauty and excelling utility of the labour undertaken by my parental love. I have now only to lean back in my easy-chair, and twisting my thumbs, see, with dreaming eyes, my beloved child playing a most prosperous part in this eventful world. Let others call it a vale of tears; you, my son, will walk through it with a continual chuckle. Let others groan over the uncertainty of daily bread; you, my son, will have "your teeth white with milk, and your eyes red with wine." Let others look with longing glance at pauper sixpences; you—for you have taken your father's counsel—will know where to lay your hand upon ingots.

Consider, my son, what gratitude you owe to destiny for making you what you are. You are the son of Punch. You might have been the child of a Lord Chancellor. From your cradle you inherited a wisdom denied to millions of others. Had you been born to finest cambric and Brussels lace, you had never been taught the beautiful truths of life, which it has been my paternal care to *tattoo* on your adolescent mind. The son of Punch! Consider, my child, the many many million chances you had against your being this, and be grateful for your exceeding felicity.

Mr. William Wordsworth says—

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar."

for a moment, adopting this poetical conceit, imagine the ...us of souls about to be despatched to this world, as a sort of ... settlement, an uncomfortable half-way house, on the road to ...rtal fields of asphodel. Have you seen whole clouds of ...ows congregating on the sea shore for their mysterious flight to ...re, still remains a mystery. This multitudinous fluttering of ... can give you but the poorest idea of the gathering of human ... bound to earth, and "trailing clouds of glory" from the home ...re about to leave. Your finite apprehension cannot grasp the ...el in its entirety; yet it may do something. You see the ...ds of winged souls—you hear their fluttering: you see that ...re like one another as swallow is like to swallow; their chirp ... the same key; no soul asserts a dignity over its fellow-voyager; ...ch has the same length of wing, the same hue of feather. These are souls not yet provided with lodgings; they are souls, so to speak, in the abstract. Well, swoop they come down on earth, and like the swallows I have spoken of, take their residence in clay!

Alas and alas! poor souls! Some are doomed to coal-pits, some to arsenic mines, some dig in misery and darkness, some toil and toil, and hunger and hunger; and every day is but the wretched repetition of the past. And yet with all this certain evil grinding and crushing thousands, how few among them would consent to draw their lot again, if Destiny were to hold forth her human lucky-bag, to give another chance! "No, no," says the Hottentot, with a proud downward look at his girdle of sheep's gut—"no, no; I don't draw again; for who knows? I might come up a Dutch boor." "No lucky bag for me," cries the Esquimaux; "I might lose my delicious whale blubber, and turning up an Englishman, be doomed to beef and porter." "Much obliged to you," says the poor idiot with a *goitre* at his throat as big as a foot ball,—"I hear there are such folks as Patagonians; straight-limbed fellows, seven feet high; no lucky-bag for me—I might be one of them."

If such, then, be the contentment of the great mass of the suffering world,—how prodigious should be your felicity to know that you are the son of Punch—to feel that you hold a position, the proudest, the noblest,—the—

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If the reader be a father, surely, surely, he will sympathize with my feelings.

I had not heard from my son for a long, long time. I was thinking of him, when I was startled by the knock of the postman. I know not how it was; but the smitten iron sent a chill through my heart, and the goose-quill fell from my fingers.

Our landlady—we were then in lodgings—brought me up a letter. My wife was happily from home; called to assist at a neighbour's labour. I immediately recognized the hand-writing of my son; and with trembling fingers, broke the wafer. I give the contents.

* * * "*Condemned Cell, Newgate.*

"Honoured Parent,—I have to the best of my abilities followed the advice sent to me from time to time in your Letters. You will therefore, as the Ordinary says, not be surprised to find I write from this place. It is a case of mutton, and I am to be hanged on Monday.

"Your Son,

"Punch, the Younger.

"P.S.—You will find that, in spite of my misfortunes, I have the credit of my family still at heart. I shall therefore be hanged as John Jones."

My heroic boy kept his word: and until this very hour, his mother is ignorant of his fate, believing him to be at this moment Ambassador at the Court of ——.

CONCLUSION OF PUNCH'S LETTERS.

THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

We have made some inquiries of the vendors of meat pies, and we find that the public appetite rose last week from $\frac{999}{10} + \frac{23}{100}$ to 999, being $\frac{6802}{99999}$ and a fraction above the average of the last fortnight. If we are allowed to take from appetite our data for health, it gives us a very satisfactory amount of salubrity during the period our calculation extends over. The public taste has run strongly in favour of the kidney puddings, which is to be attributed to the foolish prejudices existing against tariff pork and mutton, which the kidney interests have endeavoured to fan with considerable energy.

ARISTOCRATIC MOVEMENTS.

Lord Huntingtower left the Queen's Bench prison last week for the Court of Bankruptcy. After a long interview with the Commissioner, his Lordship returned to his residence.

Lord George Loftus paid a visit to the Insolvent Court. His Lordship did not retire until he had made himself practically acquainted with some of the forms in which justice is administered in the Court alluded to.

Count Bathyany and the Earl of Chesterfield visited the Court of Chancery. These distinguished noblemen entered with great spirit into the proceedings, and put a very interesting question to the Judge who presided there.

The Earl of Waldegrave is on a tour, and is understood to be studying the intricate theory of Outlawry.

THE FÜRST OF FÜRSTENBERG.

HEINRICH, the *Fürst* of *Fürstenberg* was most princely in debt. Accordingly, having the choice of two evils—either to be imprisoned or married for life—he chose the smaller one, and married. He thought it more agreeable to be a prisoner upon *parole*, by giving himself up to matrimony, instead of being held in durance vile for the natural term of his existence, by the tyranny of his creditors.

The Fürst of Fürstenberg had his standing army; he was compelled to contribute his complement of armed force to the Germanic Confederation; he had the privilege of coining his own money (though this was a privilege he very judiciously abstained from abusing); no less than sixteen quarterings emblazoned his coat of arms; and, with these distinctions, it cannot be much wondered at, if, after he had conferred them upon his wife, by allowing her to share them with him, he should think more of the honour he had paid her, than of the money she had paid him for it. Of his wife, since the day he had, by the gift of his hand, changed her from an obscure *Fraulein* into the most envied *Fürstin* of the kingdom, he had seen but little; nor, from the perseverance he displayed in not wishing to disturb the privacy of the Princess, did it seem that he was anxious to improve the acquaintance his marriage-day had introduced him to.

One evening—one rare evening—when he happened to be at home, Fritz, his confidential *valet*, who had grown grey in his devotion to the Fürstenberg family, said to him, "*Herr Graf*, I am sorry to cause you any uneasiness—but I think it is my duty to tell you what is going on here."

"Well, Fritz, what is the matter?" said the Graf with the most unfeigned indifference. "I know I shall hurt your feelings, my worthy *Herr Graf*,—but the fact of it is, that, whenever your Grafship leaves the Castle, your Grafship's back is no sooner turned, than in comes a young Abbot"—

DOGGING HIS STEPS.

"Well, Fritz, and what then?"

"The Countess is always uneasy when he is not with her, and is writing letters to him the whole day long. The servants declare that—"

The Graf stopped him in the progress of his revealment. He had heard enough. However, it was a matter he could not overlook—his honour was at stake—and he was bound, little as he cared for his wife, to take some notice of the affair. Before coming forward, however, he thought it better to be armed with some positive proof of the fact.

"Couldn't you procure me one of these letters, Fritz?"

"Nothing easier, *mein Graf!* They fly backwards and forwards at all hours of the day. I can promise you one for your breakfast to-morrow morning."

The first letter written by the Countess to the young Abbot was intercepted, and served up to the Count with his chocolate in the morning. This letter, exceedingly long, was full of the most violent passion, and the Count, as soon as he had read it, was in a state very similar to it. His first impulse was to rush to his wife's bed-room, and to demand an explanation. His honour was involved by this *intrigue*, and yet he disliked raising the scandal of the neighbourhood; so reflection suggested another plan, and, instead of confronting the compromiser of his ancestral honour, he proceeded quietly to the residence of the young Abbot.

"I have learnt, Sir,"—the Count said to him—"not without considerable surprise,—that you are in the habit of paying repeated visits to the Fürstin of Fürstenberg, though, on my honour, I have not the pleasure of knowing you. Nevertheless, I am inclined to believe, from the nature of your profession, that you are the most gallant man in the world; and so much good nature inspires me with the hope that you will not hesitate to comply with my demand, and will at once hand me over the letters you have received from the Fürstin, forming the whole of the correspondence you have lately held with my faithful and loving wife. I do not intend to bring them against her as evidence of her guilt. The matter, I promise you, shall be buried in the deepest secrecy; but only on the condition that you instantly leave the country, and return to me every one of the letters you have received from her."

"But I am not aware, Sir, of whom you are speaking;"—at last said the young Abbot. "I never had the signal honour, I can assure you, of being in correspondence with the Fürstin of Furstenberg."

The Count insisted, and the young Abbot only the more stoutly denied the assertion.

"Name any sum you like," said the Count. "Here, I offer you twelve thousand francs; and I will thank you in return to sacrifice your love, and to hand me over the many affectionate proofs my wife has given you of hers;" and, suiting the action to the word, the Count displayed upon the table the sum mentioned in twelve bank-notes of a thousand francs each.

GETTING RID OF THE BLUNT.

The young Abbot appeared to spurn the prodigal offer. The Count pressed more urgently than before, counted out another thousand francs, and the letters, after some deliberation, were at last given in exchange for the bank-notes. Choosing opportunely the moment when his wife was alone, he burst into the room, and threw upon the table the packet he had paid so dearly for, not without explaining, with greater warmth and irritation than he had agreed with himself to display, the agreeable way in which it had fallen into his possession.

"Your collection is imperfect, Count," interposed his affectionate wife with the greatest effrontery, scarcely before he had concluded his angry tirade—"take this one I have just finished; it will complete the series."

And she handed him a letter, of which the signature was not yet dry.

"D—n it! madam, have you the indecency to justify your conduct?" violently exclaimed the Count.

"Certainly, Count."

"What! madam, against these proofs?"

"Yes, Count, against those proofs even, as you are pleased to call them; for those proofs shall be the very documents of my proud acquittal."

The Count sat quietly down, for he was beaten out of the contest by the immovable coolness of his wife, and waited with no small degree of impatience to hear what ingenious fabrication she could weave, to extricate herself out of her criminal position.

But, alas! it was all true—too true. The Count could not gainsay a single word; and he threw himself round his wife's neck, like a child that implores pardon for some offence it has been detected in. This quarrel was the first occasion the Count had ever busied himself about his wife; and from that hour he learned to appreciate the many qualities that adorned her, and sought his happiness and society for the future in the charms of her he had too long neglected.

The mystery was very simple. It had grown out of the following circumstances:—The Count was a great linguist; but, of all living languages, he had devoted a marked preference to the study of English. He was well acquainted with all our poets. His greatest pleasure was to read English—his greatest enjoyment to speak it. The Countess, jealous to please him, had locked herself up since several months in order to master the difficulties of Lindley Murray. The young Abbot, whose acquaintance she had made from his coming to administer to her spiritual wants, used to assist her in this secret undertaking. The *billets*—the violence of whose passion had alarmed the Count—were a literal translation from an old English romance; written, like Pamela, in a series of letters, which had been borrowed for the purpose from the Count's own library.

EXTRAORDINARY DISPATCH!

The *Morning Herald* Express left the *Times* Office, Saturday morning, at the hour of publication, in a heavy drag.

CON. BY J. A. HERAUD, ESQ.—Why is my tragedy of the "Roman Brother" like a barbed arrow?—*Ans.* Because it 's very difficult to get out.

THE MEDICAL STUDENTS.

(New Series.)

CHAPTER VIII.—HOW MR. SIMPSON BRIGGS LEFT HIS LODGINGS.

THE only way to keep Jack Randall at all quiet was to give him something to eat and drink. Begging him, therefore, to restrain his musical and harmonic propensities whilst he called for the servant, he sent her out for some coffee and bloaters, which he hoped would keep Jack's mouth somewhat tranquil by completely filling it. He then produced a machine, bearing some resemblance to a tin bandbox, which he placed with great importance on the table.

"What the devil's that?" asked Jack.

"A Bachelor's Despatch," replied Mr. Briggs. "This will roast, boil, bake, stew, steam, heat flat-irons, melt butter, cook eggs, toast bread, and diffuse a genial warmth, all at once, with a ha'porth of brown paper."

"That's your sort," said Jack, "let it off then."

But this was not so easily done; for Randall, in his hilarity, had poured some beer into the box of lucifers, which was somewhat against their lighting; and after several vain attempts, he proposed borrowing some of Mr. Spiff underneath. But Mr. Spiff did not chance to be at home, so that Mr. Briggs, who knew he kept his lucifers on the top of a bureau, opened the chest of communication, and fished down it with a pair of tongs, finally producing the desired matches, after having in turns brought up some lobster's shells, a pewter go (which, if everybody had their own, would possibly have belonged to Mr. Rhodes), and then something which was very like a woman's cap. Fire was then produced, and the "despatch" set in action—brown paper being discarded from not having any, and the want of it clandestinely supplied by Jack, partly from the notes Mr. Briggs had taken at lectures; and partly from some hay which he secretly pulled out of the old easy-chair. The coffee arrived, and the breakfast was made, our friends laying the cloth on the top of the chest, because the table was covered with articles of study and recreation—books, pipes, inkstands, pewter-pots, and tobacco-jars.

"Jack," said Mr. Briggs, mysteriously to his companion, when their hunger was somewhat appeased, "Jack, I want to tell you something."

"Out with it, then," replied Randall.

"But you'll laugh?"

"No, I won't—honour."

"Well, then," resumed Briggs, with some hesitation, "I think I'm in love."

Jack Randall finished cramming the tails of the herrings into the bowl of Mr. Briggs's pipe, in which occupation he had been quietly engaged; and, looking the other steadfastly in the face, exclaimed—

"Gammon, Simmy! Who ever heard of a Medical Student being in love?"

"I'm afraid I am, though," replied Mr. Briggs, with a sigh. "Such a nice little girl!—quite well conducted and respectable."

"Oh, of course—of course," replied Jack. "Where did you meet her?"

"On the top of Primrose-hill, last Sunday; all amongst the nuts and bull's-eyes. She keeps a bonnet shop in Cranbourn-alley. I bought one of her own bonnets, and made her a present of it."

"More fool you," said Jack, briefly.

A REGULAR MUFF.

"Not at all," replied Simpson, half angry. "I gave her a handkerchief, besides, with a Union Jack on it—a flag, you know."

"I know," said Jack. "The wizard at the theatre had one, that went here, there, everywhere, and nowhere, all at once."

And here Randall caught up the tea-caddy, and was going to show Mr. Briggs some necromantic performances thereon, when the lid of the chest which formed their table was suddenly elevated, the whole of the breakfast equipage shot off upon the ground, and the head of Mr. Spiff, perfectly unconscious of the confusion he had created, appeared in the box, quietly asking—

"I say, Briggs, have you got my lucifers?"

Jack Randall went off at once into a roar of laughter, and Mr. Briggs got exceedingly irate. He thrust the lucifers into Spiff's hand without saying a word—for, indeed, he was somewhat overcome at the sudden *chute;* and, putting down the lid almost before the head of the intruder was out of the way, sat down upon it, and contemplated the ruin around him.

"Never mind," said Jack, with noble philosophy; "let us set to work and pick up the things; we can make all straight in two minutes."

And in his laudable attempt to absorb the coffee spilt on the chest and floor, he pulled out a large flag handkerchief to wipe it up, which he had no sooner displayed, than Briggs uttered a cry of terror, and exclaimed—

"I say, Jack! where did you get that?"

"Oh," said Randall, laughing with the most wicked fun; "A young lady gave it to me—quite well conducted and respectable—keeps a bonnet shop in Cranbourne-alley. I met her on Primrose-hill."

"What a horrid occurrence!" exclaimed Briggs, pale with astonishment. "That's the very handkerchief I gave my sweetheart!"

"What a joke!" replied Randall, laughing. "Now, come, I don't want to cross your love: we'll toss up who shall pay his addresses to her."

"I'm sure I shall do no such thing," said Briggs, whose dignity was quite offended.

"Well, then, we'll fight for her hand, like the knights of old," continued Jack.

"I can't fight, and I won't," replied Briggs.

"Yes, you can. I don't mean with fists, you know; bolsters are the things."

And in an instant this vivacious gentleman had pulled open the turn-up bedstead, and dragged a pillow and bolster from its depths.

"Now, come on," said Jack. "I'll keep the pillow, and there's the bolster for you. The long odds are on your side."

"I tell you I won't fight," said Briggs, getting near the window, which was open.

"Pshaw! come on," cried Randall; and hurling the pillow at Briggs, who stooped to avoid it, it went right through the window, knocking away the regiment of flower-pots, which immediately fell into the street, and an awful smash was the result.

"There—you *have* been and done it," cried Briggs, "that's the last move. The flower-pots have fallen on the china and glass stall; you've broken a pound's worth of crockery, and we haven't got half-a-crown to pay for it."

"I beg your pardon there," said the imperturbable Randall, "I think we've got a good deal to pay for it."

"Well, this is a settler!" cried Briggs. "I'm off, at all hazards."

And seizing a carpet-bag, from a peg, he rapidly began to cram his things into it. Two minutes had scarcely elapsed, before a noise was heard of people ascending the stairs, Jack divined their business, and immediately bolted the door, as one of the assailants knocked at it.

"Where's Mr. Briggs?" cried a voice outside, which sounded very like a policeman's.

"You can't see him," cried Jack in return. "He's ill in bed—I'm putting some leeches on him."

"But I saw this pillow fall down upon the glass, from his room," said the voice.

"No, no," returned Jack. "It's a mistake, it came from the floor above."

At this instant a horn sounded in the street, and Briggs ran to the window. "I knew it," he cried; "it's the Southampton railway bus. If I can but get out I am saved."

"Get down the chest," said Randall, "I think everybody in the house is up here on the landing."

"Open the door," cried the voices.

"Wait an instant till the leeches come off," said Jack, in reply.

"We will break it open," cried the invaders.

"Do if you dare," said Jack; and pushing the turn-up bedstead against it, he blew a fearful note of defiance on his cornet.

The crisis had arrived; Mr. Briggs, in the short interim, had crammed all his effects into his fishing-basket and carpet-bag; the beauty of which latter article is, that it is never so full but you can put something else in. Begging a rapid pardon for the intrusion, he threw his things down into Spiff's room, and followed by Randall, descended after them, letting the lid close over their heads. In another minute, he had gained the street unopposed; for, as Jack had suspected, all the people of the house were up on the landing outside their door. The omnibus was at the end of the street; a short run enabled him to overtake it, and plunge into the seclusion of its interior; and Jack Randall, after telling Mr. Spiff he should be happy to serve him in a like strait, and begging he would tell the landlady that Mr. Briggs left all effects they could find for the benefit of his creditors, also took a hurried departure.

THE MOVING PARTY.

That same evening Mr. Simpson Briggs was located in safety at home, and Jack Randall, having got his certificates signed, of his first course of lectures, was once more domiciled with his old friend Mr. Muff, at Clodpole. Peace, and plenty of patients, be their portion.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE. READ! MARK! LEARN!

PRIVATE TUITION.

We have always advocated the dissemination of useful knowledge, with a view to the promotion of morality. By useful knowledge we mean, the length of the tails, ears, and snouts of various animals, the distance between the Earth and Georgium Sidus, the way to make pins and needles, and the like sort of information, from which we derive so much assistance in the daily transactions of life, such incitements to virtue, and such comfort and support in the hour of trial.

Various modes in which we might contribute to the destultification and good of our fellow-creatures, have occurred to us; and of these we will instance a few, just to see what our readers think of them.

It has occurred to us, in the first place, that many a mind might be advantageously stimulated to reflection, by truths not exactly novel, but newly put. For example,

"WATER.

"Water is a natural production, for which we are principally indebted to pumps. It is found in large quantities in long hollows or channels in the earth, denominated rivers, which communicate with a great hole or cavity, commonly called a sea. Sea water is salt—because it is: this, at least, is the opinion of the cleverest chemists. River water is for the most part fresh, though it often contains a deal of mud, and is sometimes much polluted with dead cats and other impurities, especially in the neighbourhood of large towns. Moreover, it is occasionally impregnated with *cocculus indicus* and lime; but the admixture is artificial, and usually perpetrated by poachers with an eye to trout. Water is also met with in inland fresh water seas or lakes, of the largest of which the Serpentine, viewed through the grand imaginative microscope, will give an excellent idea. It is likewise contained in a smaller sort of lakes called ponds, of which there are various kinds, as fish-ponds, mill-ponds, horse-ponds; so that each of these is a sort of a kind of a lake. It abounds, too, in gutters, puddles, and sinks, wherein, however, it seldom exists in a perfectly pure state. In little pearly gems, called dew-drops, it adorns "the rose on a summer's morning," and also the cabbage, the cauliflower, and vegetable world in general. Rain is water, even when it rains cats and dogs; hail, snow, and ice, are confections of the same fluid.

"Water, holding in solution chloride of sodium, and a few other things, is eliminated by the lachrymal gland of the human eye, in the shape of tears. Philosophers have calculated that the quantity of water which has been produced in this way since the beginning of the world, would suffice for another deluge. Tear-water may readily be obtained by a very pretty experiment. Take a small boy without friends, and pinch him hard by the ear, till he cries. Or serve a writ on a poor widow, or trifle with the affections of a young lady.

"Water, in combination with soap, especially the Brown Windsor variety of that substance, has strong abstergent properties; this truth, though generally known, is not so universally acted on as it ought to be. In some climates water is the principal beverage of man, and in this country it is largely consumed in the unmixed state, in gaols and union-workhouses. In private dwellings, however, and taverns, where hydrophobia generally prevails more or less, it is for the most part qualified by alcohol of various kinds, sugar, and

A CORDIAL WISH.

sometimes lemon. It enters into the composition of beer, and often much too largely, particularly when that liquor is fetched by a boy, who in returning with it from the public-house, passes near a pump.

"The consumption of water has been much increased of late by Priessnitz and Father Mathew; the former of whom administers it to seedy people as if they were plants. Whether it is as effectual to throw cold water on a disease as it is to throw it on a joke; whether an inflammation in a chest and a conflagration in a warehouse are to be extinguished in the same way; whether county fire-offices and county hospitals should be consolidated, and the parish doctor should take charge of the parish engine—are questions too intricate for discussion here."

We have also thought, that the inventive faculty might be pressed into the service of the schoolmaster, and that geniuses with a turn for fiction, but a distaste for dry study, might thus, for instance, turn their talents to account.

"TIN.

"Tin is a metal much in request, particularly by poor authors. It is imported in large quantities from Constantinople, where it is obtained from the bed of the Bosphorus by Christian captives, who go down for the purpose in a diving-bell. They bring it up in wicker baskets, and their pockets are carefully searched lest they should have fraudulently concealed any. Tin, however, fresh from the Bosphorus, is not in the state in which we commonly see it. It exists in the form of an ore, of which there are two species; one denominated *grauwacke*, which is grey and gritty, the other *kiebole*, of a softer consistence, brownish colour, and exhaling, when heated, an odour which the curious have compared to that of mutton-cutlets. These substances are exposed to a strong heat in a covered crucible; one with date-stones and yellow ochre, the other with pomegranate seeds and mahogany sawdust. The ore is thus reduced, and the melted metal is let off by a stop-cock, and runs into wild boar-skins prepared for its reception, which, with their contents, are known in commerce by the name *pigs* of tin. The New Tariff is said to have nearly doubled the importation of these pigs since it has been in operation."

Now if any philosopher should object, that the above is a tissue of nonsense from beginning to end, let him reflect, that the progress of discovery renders that which is one day science, stuff the next; and, therefore, that knowledge is equally useful morally, whether real or imaginary, provided people know no better. Would the foregoing piece of mineralogy be less likely to make a mechanic eschew gin and leave off beating his wife, than a paragraph in the Penny Magazine?

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